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·ALLENTOWN·PA·

SEPTEMBER, 1895.

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THE MUHLENBERG.

"Litteræ Sine Ingenio Vanæ."

Vol. XIII. ALLENTOWN, PA., SEPTEMBER, 1895. No. 1.

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Education: General and Technical.

By the Rev. John E. Whitteker.

[The address delivered at the opening of the twenty-ninth scholastic year of Muhlenberg College, in the College Chapel, Thursday morning, September 5, 1895.]

Mr. President, Gentlemen of the Faculty, Students of Muhlenberg College, Patrons and Friends of the same:

IT is with no slight misgivings that I come before you this morning to discuss a topic with which so many of you are so very familiar—peeping out, as it were, upon a horizon whose circuit taller men with keener vision have so often viewed before, and of which they have given pictures by tongue and pen, that only the master mind could conceive and the master hand could execute.

There was a time when I might have taken up the task with considerable assurance; but now (to change the figure), after so many years' absence from the class-room, and so many years of active service in other departments of church work, the edge of my Damascus blade has grown dull, its lustre is dimmed, and I handle it with an awkwardness that even startles and astonishes me. If, therefore, I make any ill-timed strokes or flourish it in obsolete style, you will considerately recall the fact that I belong to a race of teachers well-nigh extinct, and represent a kind of work that is fast finding its place among fossils, being brought out and exhibited, now and then, merely as an interesting relic. But as we love to linger on the simplicity of our forefathers, and are wont to humor the odd freaks of declining age, so kindly bear with me while I briefly outline the prevailing opinions of a past epoch, which, to my joy, here and there finds an echo yet, and to which I naturally cling as one clings to fond memories of the cherished long ago.

A generation back, before people began to walk on wheels and talk by wire, when students recruited their wasted powers in the potato-patch and calisthenics consisted in the skillful manipulation of the garden rake, and gymnastics were practiced on the positive pole of a pitch-fork; when, in short, men were so intensely practical in their bodily recreation, it does seem strange that they should be so utterly impractical in their system of education. But such appears to be the case, if we may trust the dominant ideas of the day, as so amply illustrated by the college catalogues which come up on all sides like the locusts of Egypt and literally cover the land.

1. From the general to the particular is the law of mental action. A child knows a chicken before it knows wing or feather; it knows a wagon before it knows wheel or axle. That is a plain, everyday fact. And anything that contradicts this natural law of the mind, being abnormal in itself, produces abnormal results. The educational principle is: First make the man, then make the mechanic. First give general studies to make the general man, then technical

studies to make the professional man. No one but a fool would give his child chisel and plane to play with because he wants him to become a carpenter. It might give him bias; it could not give him brawn or brains. All it would likely do would be to let his blood. What then? The man feeds his child on that which will develop his body and gives him such recreation as will strengthen his muscle, and then, when the lad has put on manly powers, he teaches him the art and trains him in the science of building. This order is universal in its application; it is the one rule without a favoring exception.

What we need, then, in the case of the intellectual man, is such a course of study in our schools and colleges as will best cultivate the powers of the mind, making the man a general scholar with scholarly habits and scholarly attainments. We all have the same faculties, some stronger, some weaker; some quicker, some slower; some in simplest embryo. What these faculties need is that which is sunshine and shower to the plant to bring it to full maturity. The chief, the only aim, I might say, at this stage is development. Hence, to secure that development, such studies are used and such hours are given to them as should cultivate to the fullest extent each hidden talent. The question is not one of practical results; it is one of mental growth. And whatever draws out the powers of the mind, irrespective of all practical ends, that is the thing to go into the course set for academic training. The question is not, What good will mathematics do? or What good will Latin do? when a man enters upon the duties of his calling. The question is, What good are these studies in quickening and cultivating the powers of his mind? so that when he takes up his calling he can do so with the full grasp and perfect mastery of a man.

No one would employ a child to do physical work that calls for the strength of a man. Yet people by the thousands will employ professional men of undeveloped minds to care for them, body, mind and spirit. To counteract this fatal tendency of our times, and to put education upon its own proper basis—in short, to make education educational as well as educating, should be the aim and effort of every school of higher culture. Hence they should be known and regarded, not as training schools for some particular calling, but as schools for the fullest and freest discipline of the mind. While it is true that such studies should be pursued as reach the end of all right education, still, along with the development of the mind, will be gathered up many important facts that, at some time or other, will serve a useful purpose. But that is only secondary. The primary idea in the selection of studies is, What will this study do for me in the cultivation of my intellectual faculties?

Now, there are two distinct lines of development. The one deals with the facts of life, the other with its probabilities. They are alike essential to clear, level-headed thought. The development for the former, it is universally conceded, is secured by the study of mathematics; that of the latter, by the study of the languages; while the so-called sciences are interjected as a fair balancing of each, leading a man both to observe and classify the great facts of nature. To develop these separately as well as conjointly, gives us the highest ideal of mental discipline; gives us, in short, the well disciplined, thoroughly developed man. This constitutes the man's general education.

2. That end attained, then, and not till then, is he ready to enter upon his technical education. What should the man of thoroughly disciplined mind do?

What should be his life-work? That depends upon inclination or environment. It may be settled by outward circumstances or it may be a matter of conviction. Whatever it may be, he now turns to it with that vigor of mind and concentration of thought which has come from long discipline. But now, the *purpose* of study being changed, the *class* of studies is also changed. Now he no longer applies himself to those branches which are used in quickening the powers of the mind, but to the facts of the profession which constitutes his chosen calling. Everything now centers upon this special avenue of his life. He no longer studies to grow, he studies to know. But just as the studies which were designed only as a discipline brought to his knowledge many important facts, so now the studies which are designed to store his mind with facts have, at the same time, much that secures mental discipline. And so the man whose aim is to grow begins to know; and the man whose aim is to know continues to grow. But these must come in their proper order and with perfect adjustment, otherwise the development will produce a monstrosity, or, as is most commonly the case, a nonentity.

3. If this be the true idea of education, general and technical—and few will be found seriously to dispute it—several interesting deductions, of necessity, follow; corollaries, as it were, to these two great demonstrated facts.

(1) Optional studies — the so-called elective courses—are a delusion and a snare. A delusion, because the option comes from a darkened understanding; and a snare, because he who follows them, sooner or later gets tangled in their meshes. It is a burlesque on education to let the uneducated choose their own course of study. It is like engaging a guide and then making him follow you; or employing a physician and then selecting your own medicines. It is like a child dictating to a parent, or a deaf man suggesting scales of harmony to a master musician. It is throughout a gross contradiction, a most silly absurdity.

(2) How many young men enter college with correct ideas on education? And having once got the correct idea, how many can trace out a course of studies consistent with it? If education consists in drawing out a man's powers and giving them a normal development, how can the undisciplined mind conceive even the end to be attained, much less choose the path that leads to its attainment? If the combined wisdom and learning of a thousand years have, by actual experiment, been enabled to prescribe a course of study which produces the best average all-around development, what a piece of presumption it is for every little upstart to pick out his own little path to suit the soft cuticle of his tender little feet!

(3) In choosing a series of studies a man will naturally follow his own tastes. He will, therefore, get a one-sided development, and, what is worse, the weakest side will go undeveloped. Soaring in one direction, he will ignobly sink in another; and the resultant of his highest soaring point and his lowest sinking point will bring him down to a very ordinary level. The very depth of the valley makes the mountain seem all the higher, and many a man, for a time, passes for a towering genius because of the wide stretch between his mental elevations and depressions. At best he is but an ill-balanced man, and whatever is ill-balanced is in danger, at any moment, of toppling to its ruin.

(4) The man who addresses himself to that which is easy of attainment, gets

but little discipline out of his study ; and the less the discipline, the less the development. Just as a man of the right metal rises up to all the bigness of his station, so a man of little stamina shrinks to all the littleness of his environment. He who deliberately chooses a narrow crevice in which to crawl, will soon shrivel up till he fails to fill even the narrow limits of his little nest. It is all upon the principle that from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he seemeth to have. The very fact that a man chooses that which is easy, brands him in advance as a slinking coward, incapable of endurance and lacking courage to face the great facts of life. Like lightning, his mind will follow the path of least resistance, and sooner or later spends itself upon trifles. And so he zigzags his way through life, in the end only to be grounded ; and then his light, erratic thing that it was, goes out in eternal darkness.

(5) By following inclination, a man not only loses the discipline which the most difficult subject assures, and which he specially needs, but what is even more fatal, he acquires the habit of shirking that which is difficult and shunning that which is distasteful. To do that which comes before us in the line of duty, whether we like it or not, marks the highest self-control ; and that is attained only by long, severe discipline. And that discipline is given nowhere so perfectly as in a regularly prescribed course of study, where the difficult and easy, the agreeable and distasteful, receive their share of recognition, regardless of the likes and dislikes of the student. It teaches him faithfulness to duty and application, irrespective of inclination. The advantage of such a line of training is evident. There is no profession that has not some unpleasant features in its practice. And he who has formed the habit of doing what he likes and leaving undone what he dislikes, is on the broad road to professional ruin ; while he who has learned to take up his task and perform it regardless of all contingencies, will not fall short of a resonable degree of success.

Young men, you are in no slight measure the architects of your own fortune. The years which you spend within these college walls are great formative years. The habits which you cultivate here as students are the index of your habits as professional men. Let there be, then, a faithfulness to the duties of each passing day, and you will go on from strength to strength in whatever avenues of life Providence may lead you.

The opportunities for advancement were never greater than they are to-day, but the demands for educated men in every department of human activity were never so great as now. Would you win in the struggle for position and win manfully? Begin *now*. See to it that your general education is a well rounded one. Follow it up by a thorough technical course, whether of law, medicine, theology, or any other calling to which you may devote the energies of your life. The school is a little world of its own unique kind. The habits you form here will control and measure your whole life-work. Fidelity here means fidelity there ; thoroughness here means thoroughness there ; leadership here means leadership there. Whatever you each would honestly attain as a man among men, you must honestly attain now as a boy among boys. Your college life will be a brief conspectus of your professional life. Plant the seed and the tree will grow. Lay the foundations deep and strong, and the building will stand. Here, above all places on earth, the Scriptural declaration

holds good, "Thou hast been faithful in a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things."

Evangeline's Land.

GRAND PRE, N. S., Aug. 19, 1895.

To the Editors of The Muhlenberg:

When you requested me to write a letter from the "Land of Evangeline," I was at a loss what to write, but now there are so many things that I am somewhat at a loss what *not* to write. For a short, cheap, profitable and romantic vacation, no student will make a mistake by selecting this province by the sea, this beautiful land where heaven's breath is so pure, "where the richest still are poor and the poorest still have enough and to spare." Before starting, refresh your memory by reading Longfellow's "Evangeline," and "Acadia and the Acadians," by the Rev. Dr. Roth.

The day trip up the Hudson will in some respects remind you of a trip up the Rhine. Saratoga should be seen in its gay holiday appearance. One of its greatest attractions is a reproduction of the house of Pansa, one of the best preserved houses recently excavated at Pompeii. This Pompeian house gives you an excellent idea of a Roman house in the first century of the Christian era.

At Boston I was the guest of the Rev. Ed. F. Keever, who very kindly showed me all the historic places in and around that interesting city.

As "The Cumberland" sailed out of the Boston harbor for Eastport and St. John, we recognized our good brother amid the crowd still waving his hat, bidding us God-speed.

St. John, N. B., is reached in a twenty-seven hours' sail. This city was founded by the Old Loyalists, who left the states in the time of war so as to avoid fighting against the British flag. The falls of St. John are a sight to behold. This large river, instead of widening at its mouth, is forced through a high and narrow gorge, less than five hundred eet wide. The falls are over two milesf from the Bay of Fundy, into which the river empties. At low tide the river rushes towards the bay like the rapids at Niagara, and the falls are about fifteen or twenty feet high. At high tide the water from the bay or ocean rushes up the river and reverses the falls, and makes them almost as high in the other direction, although not abrupt in either case. When we see the high tides in the Bay of Fundy we can easily understand how so large a volume of water is forced up the river for many miles, but how it can produce a falls at the same place and in the opposite direction from the natural one was a mystery to me, and no guide or guide-book could give a satisfactory explanation. The only solution to the problem was to watch the strange maneuverings for eight hours. We spent some of this time in examining the red sand-stone and the long dark-green sea-weeds which cover the rocks as high as the tide rises. All the boulders in the river are thickly covered with this sea-weed, and when closely examined resemble the heads of huge buffaloes. There are a few high islands covered with pine trees in the river alongside of the falls, thus narrowing the narrow channel of the river. Immediately above this channel the gorge ends, and there is a large, wide basin in the river. As the large volume of water from the ocean is forced through this narrow gorge, it rises and suddenly falls when it has plenty of room to widen out. When the force of the tides from the sea becomes weaker, and the force of the swollen river becomes

stronger, it forms what is called "slack water," and large and small vessels can go in either direction. The two forces meet above the falls, and there are gathered many logs and driftwood from both sides.

Nova Scotia was called Acadia by the French, who were the first settlers. The province now belongs to Great Britain, as the head of the Queen on every coin and the flag plainly show. In the general church prayer you are not expected to pray for the President of the United States, but for Her Majesty, the Queen. When out driving, riding the bicycle or walking you are expected to turn to the left, as in England, instead of to the right, as in America. The people are never in a hurry. The country is hilly and not fertile except in the great meadows which are from five to forty feet lower than the tides at high water. Great dikes are made to prevent thousands of acres from being flooded twice a day. The horses are small and chiefly used for light work. The heavy work is done by large oxen, whose heads are tied closely together by a stick fastened to the horns. The people are exceedingly economical, and depend largely on fish, lumber, apples and visitors for support.

In 1755 the British, to whom Canada belonged by right of conquest, resolved to exterminate the Acadians. They were gathered by stratagem and were scattered along the Atlantic coast and the Gulf of Mexico. About seven thousand were forcibly removed; the rest fled to the woods with wives and children, where many perished by cold and hunger. In the hurry and confusion of embarking many families were separated and never met again. Some of the exiles returned, and the decendants still have their settlements and speak the French language.

The story of Evangeline was founded on the expulsion of the Acadians. The poem opens with a description of the Acadian land, and the little village of Grand Pre, on the shores of the Basin of Minas, where this letter is being written.

I have sat in the evening twilight and listened to the traditional stories, with reference to the sufferings connected with the cruel expulsion, until I imagined that I, too, had suffered the wrongs they endured. The motives of the Acadians may have been as bad as those of the British, but we sympathize with the Acadians for the same reason that we sympathize with a weak little boy when a big strong boy abuses him. The old French fort at Annapolis and Evangeline's well and the old Willows at Grand Pre are the most important places dating back to the time of the expulsion. By means of the bicycle I have been able to visit the Indian settlements and Cape Blonden, where I gathered some geological specimens for Muhlenberg. Last evening, while on the way to Wolfville with the bicycle, I had a collision with "Evangeline's beautiful heifer." Instead of remaining still or turning to the side of the street, she seemed "conscious of human affection," and turned in the opposite direction from what was expected.

By the time you receive this letter I will be on a boat, not like the "Southwark," but more like the one on which Columbus and the Cabots roamed.

Yours very truly,

JOHN H. RAKER, '89.

I would the great world grew like thee,
Who grewest not alone in power
And knowledge, but by year and hour
In reverence and in charity.

Live and be happy in thyself, and serve
This mortal race thy kin so well, that men
May bless thee.

THE MUHLENBERG.

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EDITORIALS.

WE desire to return our thanks to Mr. Marcus S. Hottenstein, '96, one of the artists of the *Ciarla* of the Class of '96, for his kindness in allowing us the use of his excellent cut on the front cover of THE MUHLENBERG.

AFTER a vacation of about two months THE MUHLENBERG again appears with the advent of another college year, and we hope it will again receive the welcome greeting due a college journal at the hands of students, faculty, alumni and friends.

Our prospects for this year are bright, and as we look around us on all sides we plainly see that each student, having advanced another step in college life, assumes the duties of the new year as if he understood very well the importance of beginning his new studies aright. Catching the inspiration, we also look forward with the sincere trust that this may be a happy and successful year.

HOW did you spend your vacation? is a question very often asked by students greeting each other on their return to college. There is no doubt of the importance of spending vacations aright. It might be interesting to note that a member of our faculty spent two weeks of his vacation in Pike County. In the wilds of this county, where Horace Greeley disgustedly declared he could find "Nothing but rattle-snakes, hoop poles and '*locofocos*,'" the worthy doctor found excellent fishing, good hunting and vast opportunities for a delightful time. We wonder if he often thinks of Pine Barrens, Hunter's Range, Porter's Lake, Peck's Dam or 'Squire Rake.

WE are pleased to direct the attention of our readers to the address delivered by the Rev. John E. Whitteker at the opening of College and printed in THE MUHLENBERG. It is full of thought, such as will hold the attention of an audience even of students without appealing to mirth. Even though you heard it delivered, do not neglect to peruse it and again benefit by it.

WE are glad to welcome a large number of new students in our midst. Most of them start in the course of study and expect to complete it. Yet how many become tired, and for other reasons never reach the goal toward which they aimed. It is a good thing to start a college course; it is better to finish.

OUR ALUMNI.

PROF. GEORGE T. ETTINGER, PH.D.—ED.

'69.—Rev. Milton J. Kramlich, Allentown, Pa., during the past summer acted as the representative of various publishers of text-books.

'69.—At the last session of the New York Chautauqua, Rev. Dr. Revere F. Weidner, of the Chicago Theological Seminary, again had charge of work in the department of Biblical literature.

'71.—At the last commencement of Ursinus College, the degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon Rev. Oliver P. Smith, of Pottstown, Pa.

'72.—Rev. M. O. Rath, Allentown, Pa., spent a large part of his vacation on "the farm" at Centre Valley. Early next year, we understand, he expects to make a trip to the Mediterranean, Palestine and Egypt.

'74.—Marcus C. Kline, Esq., as chairman of the Democratic Committee of Lehigh County, Pa., has a lively campaign ahead of him.

'74.—Prof. Edgar D. Shimer, Ph.D., of the University of the City of NewYork, after spending his vacation on the coast of Maine, has returned to his home at Jamaica, N. Y.

'78.—Among the possible candidates for the office of Mayor of Allentown is mentioned the name of Dr. Henry H. Herbst.

'78.—Bethany Evangelical Congregation, of which the Rev. James Woodring is the successful and very popular pastor, is erecting a very large and handsome church edifice on North Sixth Street, Allentown, Pa.

'79.—During our summer outing we had the pleasure of meeting George D. Krause, of the hardware firm of Krause & Co., and George B. Schock, Esq., of the law firm of Capp & Schock, Lebanon. Both are very successful in their walks of life; both are loyal sons of Muhlenberg; and both have married Allentown ladies. That they are happy and prosperous in consequence goes without saying.

'80.—On the train from Harrisburg to Allentown we recently saw the beaming countenance of our old classmate, the Rev. T. Walker Klingler, of Dushore, Pa. His good spirits and fair aldermanic proportions all indicated that he is prospering.

'81.—Among the various artists engaged on the Philadelphia papers, none is more popular and happier in hitting the topics of the times than J. Allen Schaadt. A recent number of *The Times* contained an excellent cartoon of the Republican school in which Schoolmaster M. S. Quay was teaching his class of boys, Governor Hastings and the rest, the elements of politics. The picture, both in conception and in execution, was one of the very best called forth by the late political contest in the Republican family.

'82.—While taking a look at the Republican State Convention, held in Harrisburg, Pa., our "Muhlenberg Man" had the pleasure of shaking by the hand Aaron B. Hassler, Esq., of Lancaster, and Chas. E. Keck, Esq., '83, of White Haven, Pa. Both looked well, and from all accounts are quite satisfied with the way in which the world is treating them.

'82.—Rev. J.W. Lazarus,Stone Church, Pa., has again shown his abiding interest in Muhlenberg College by bringing several students whom he prepared for college. Perhaps a number of Alumni might follow his example, without letting their sermons suffer. Let them try it.

'95.—Chas. E. Kistler brought three Freshmen from his select school at Lynnville, Pa.

'84.—Jacob W. Uhrich attended the State Convention of the P. O. S. of A. at Allentown as District President from Grantville, Pa.

'84.—After nearly three months spent in literary work in London and Oxford and travelling in England, Prof. C. E. Wagner, of Franklin and Marshall College, Lancaster, returned home on Friday evening, September 6.

'85.—After fifteen years of continuous work in the Academic Department of the College, Dr. George T. Ettinger has been relieved of the responsibility of the principalship of that department. His successor is Prof. Francis G. Lewis, who has had ten years' experience as a teacher, both at the State Normal School, Kutztown, and in Ulrich's Preparatory School, Bethlehem.

'86.—The "Muhlenberg Man" was rejoiced to see Dr. Elmer P. Kohler, of Bryn Mawr College, in Allentown during vacation.

'86.—A circular announces that Amos W. Potteiger and Samuel N. Potteiger, Esq., have erected a new market in Reading, Pa. We regret that we are not a good Berks County farmer to extend them our patronage, but hope that their enterprise may meet with abundant reward.

'86.—At the recent Republican Convention of Lehigh County, the silver tongue of J. Jeremiah Snyder, Esq., nominated the four gentlemen that were elected delegates to the State Convention.

'89.—Rev. John H. Raker, Pen Argyl, Pa., is now on his trip to Greenland. He is booked to lecture before the Northumberland County Institute, December 16, on "The Greatest of Great Wonders—Vesuvius, Herculaneum and Pompeii."

'95.—Bauer, Ebert, Kistler, C. E., Miller, N., Snyder, W., and Stopp looked after '95 at the fall opening.

'92.—Instructor T. R. Merkel and Wm. H. Miller, '94, of the Allentown Public Schools, visited Boston during the time of the Knights Templars Conclave.

'93.—'93 was well represented at the opening of College by Messrs. Kercher, Kunkle, Leibensberger, Roos, Schmoyer and Sieger.

'94.—Kistler, Longaker and Woodring represented '94 at the same exercises.

'94.—Under the progressive management of David A. and Samuel P. Miller, the *Morning Call*, the only morning daily in Allentown, is constantly gaining friends.

The Alumni and friends of Muhlenberg College will confer a great favor on all concerned in the welfare and prosperity of the monthly if they will send items of interest to any member of the editorial staff. Our Alumni Editor has a fair degree of imagination, but not enough to fabricate Alumni Personals. Kindly let us know what you are doing.

LOCALS.

GEORGE F. KUHL, '97.—ED.

Making up conditions.

Choosing a society.

Preparing to flunk.

The fall term of Muhlenberg College was opened Thursday, September 6, with a large enrollment of students. The customary matin service was used. The Rev. Dr. T. L. Seip, President of the College, introduced the speaker, the Rev. J. E. Whitteker of Easton, Superintendent of English Home Missions of the General Council of the Lutheran Church who delivered an exceedingly practical, valuable and interesting address on the necessity of a broad and general college training.

The old students with a few excep-

tions have returned to College, together with many new ones. We welcome into our midst as a Junior, Mr. Geo. E. Kramlich, as a Sophomore, Mr. J. K. Sullenberger, both graduates of the Keystone State Normal School.

The Freshman class this year numbers thirty-two. This is one of the largest classes for some years, and as a reminder we would say to the Sophomores, don't try to cane the Freshies.

Work has already been begun by the Juniors on their *Ciarla*, which promises to surpass any that has been published previously. The artists have made a number of drawings during the summer vacation. The *Ciarla* will be out before the Easter vacation.

Foot-ball of late years has become a great craze at the larger universities and colleges, and as the season is about to open, great enthusiasm is manifested. Our college is not as fortunate as some in having a well-equipped gymnasium for the promotion of athletic sports, nevertheless the spirit tending towards foot-ball is present. The material this year exceeds that of previous years, and the students see no reason why Muhlenberg should not send out a strong team. The only thing necessary is, encouragement and good support on the part of the student-body and the assent of the faculty.

PERSONALS.

ARCHIBALD C. SCHENCK, 97.—ED.

FACULTY.

Again Muhlenberg has been honored. During vacation, in July, Doctors Richards and Ettinger devoted themselves to the popular course of education, as pursued at the Pennsylvania Chautauqua at Mt. Gretna, being numbered among the lecturers and members of the faculty. Each one of them distinguished himself in his particular line, and on more than one occasion was greeted by a large and appreciative audience.

Of Dr. Richards the public press made the most flattering remarks. His ready wit, as usual, kept all in continual merriment. Though often heard in his post-prandial zigzags, he was each time the more appreciated and became very popular. Such as were absent can imagine the humor in such suggestive topics as the following: "Confiscating the Minister," "The Insulating Nose-bag," "What is Presence and Absence," "The Essence of Definition," "Conversational Knowledge," and many other similar subjects. His lecture on the Dramatic Method, illustrated by "The Merchant of Venice," was also a pronounced success.

Dr. George T. Ettinger served also very efficiently as Dean of the Chautauqua Faculty.

At the recent Republican Convention of Lehigh County, Doctor Ettinger was unanimously chosen to preside. Of this choice the Allentown *Chronicle and News* afterwards said:

"The election of Dr. Geo. T. Ettinger as the presiding officer of the Republican County Convention on Saturday was an incident that deserves more than passing notice. It was the first time in the history of any political convention in this county that a professor of Greek, Latin and Pedagogy presided over its destinies. Politicians, as a rule, are not on speaking terms with the Phaedo of Plato, the Antigone, or Ajax of Sophocles, Tacitus, Juvenal, etc., but in honoring Prof. Ettinger they honored themselves. The Doctor conducted the business of the convention in an admirable manner. Although there were several stormy scenes, he never lost his head. He was cool, quick and correct in his de-

cisions, firm and courteous, and, in short, made a splendid presiding officer. As a precedent has now been established, even the Democrats may follow the same course, but that is rather much to hope for. The scholar in politics has been tried and proved a success. Dr. Ettinger retired with more of the honors and fewer of the criticisms than usually fall to the lot of a presiding officer.

STUDENTS.

Dr. H. must be greatly gratified as he observes the result of Physical Culture. Its progress was evidenced in the feats of its disciples. Genszler, '96, Steinbicker, '96, demonstrated its beneficial results. Had they known nothing of it, oh! "Billy," where would you have been?

Ulrich, '96, and Schofer, '97, with the exception of slightly sunburnt hair are still the same. "Have some, Domer."

Kramlich, '96, can now sleep in peace. His brother, G. E. Kamlich, '97 is a first-rate bedfellow.

Schmeltzer,'97, had his identity proven by Dr. R., who, in Psychology class, said, "Man is essentially an interrogation point."

Fretz,'97, was characteristically himself again in Dr. G.'s room during the first recitation, when, drowsily, he asked whether it wasn't nearly 11.00 A. M.

Klick, A., '97, in reciting Calculus was told to exchange the means of a proportion, and then followed such a thought as this, "I exchanged my means yesterday for books."

Kopenhaver, '97, is sure to acquire fame in the near future. His dictionary surely will be a literary bonanza.

Heldt, '97, and Fehr, '97 (looking into Dr. E.'s room and soliloquizing): "Did we rise from such depths of misery?"

Genszler, '96, Steinbicker, '96, and Schenck, '97, spent the summer in Illinois and experienced western life with all its realities and inconveniences. Fortunate man, he who is able to use Shank's mare.

Judging by the past, Gruler,'99, will be the Gery or Walter of his class.

A Junior's fright is great upon visiting Dr. S. for the first time in Homer. After being told how often and when future recitations are to be held he asks, "At the usual hour, Doctor?"

A new book has been added to the large collections of the world. Its author is C. C. Miller, '97. Subject, "An Eight Weeks Tour of the West and Europe." We predict a great reception and sale.

Strodach officiates as organist in the chapel since Lantz, '96, has left.

In chemistry Dr. B. told Fehr to feel how hot the test-tube was, likewise Nothstein. But the latter said, "Doctor, I believe." (A voice in the background)—"Your faith saved you."

WORLD OF LETTERS.

JOHN H. SYKES, '97.—ED.

In the September number of *Harper's*, Poultney Bigelow continues his narrative of the "German Struggle for Liberty" in 1807–1808. It is a prominent feature of this month's edition, and forms very interesting reading. It is written in the prevailing popular style of historical writings, which does away with the monotonous reiteration of facts, while the main events lose none of their importance.

A very suavely-written article in *Harper's* is called "A Fifteenth Century Revival," a description of the great success of the reformer Savonarola in Florence. A part of the introduction reads as follows: "It had been the cradle, and was the most perfect illustration of that re-

naissance which made Italy to Europe what Byzantium had been to the civilized world—the center of intellectual light, the model of all that was elegant in art or manners."

A set of very interesting articles now running through *Scribner's* is called, "A History of the Last Quarter Century in the United States." It is written by Benjamin Andrews, President of Brown University.

In the *Forum* we find a lengthy discussion on "George Eliot's Place in Literature." "Five and twenty years ago the tendency was towards excessive praise. Many fine judges of trained literary insight proclaimed her as the greatest genius of the age—one of the brightest stars of English literature. Some cooler heads looked grave, but none save the inveterate cynics ventured to mock." We are told she was not a natural genius—indeed, that she was already thirty-nine when her first tales were published, and forty before she was known to the public as a novelist at all; that, as a result, such was the almost painful elaboration in her works that they affect the reader unpleasantly. Her work is not sufficiently spontaneous, not free, not buoyant enough. But it has great nobility, rare distinction. It will not live as perfect art, but it will not perish as an ambitious failure. The art of romance in the widest and loftiest sense of the term is yet in its infancy; its capacity for analytical research, its variety of range and facility for reaching all hearts and all minds—all this is simply incalculable. It is the art of the future, and an art wherein women are quite as likely to reign as men.

McClure's publishes a number of fables written by Stevenson. These, it seems, form a part of a book of fables begun by him in 1888 and never completed. They are interesting and attractive on account of the distinctively modern style in which they are written.

EXCHANGES.

SAMUEL G. TREXLER, '96.—ED.

Again has swung around the slowly revolving, care-infested stage, whereon the Exchange Editor of THE MUHLENBERG is fated to languish for a brief cycle of time. Fully appreciating the difficult position in which he is placed, he has cheerfully surrendered himself to the arduous and somesomewhat delicate task devolving upon him—that of criticism. The critic should recognize but one standard by which his every judgment should be guided, and from which neither influence nor favoritism should tempt him to depart,—the standard of merit. We trust, then, our co-laborers will deem our criticisms neither harsh nor flattering. As Pope truthfully says,

> "'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
> Are just alike, yet each believes his own."

With this brief apology THE MUHLENBERG extends to her numerous exchanges the fraternal hand of welcome.

Most of the June exchanges seem to have been overcome by that vacation malady—negligence. On our table we note the absence of many of our old-time friends.

The editorial columns of the *Dickinsonian* contain an excellent and up-to-the-times article on college government. It ends with these lines, "It is to be hoped that the college authorities will see that students should be treated as sons, that they will cease to put a premium on 'lying' and 'toadying,' and that the bastardizing of the students' honor will no longer be necessary to college government; then, perhaps, will the relations between the faculty and students be those of mutual love, affection and esteem."

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THE MUHLENBERG.

"Litteræ Sine Ingenio Vanæ."

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What Are You After?

BY W. M. KOPENHAVER, '97.

THIS is a question which may fittingly be put to every student, and one that will hardly receive any two answers alike. Whatever your object is, you ought not go without means to attain it. Perhaps one does not always get what he is after; nevertheless, he is very foolish who goes out hunting unprepared, expecting to blow up his cheeks and shoot with his tongue when a rabbit runs past. No matter, then, what you are after, or what you expect to do in after-life, one thing is certainly necessary, *viz.:* that you fit and qualify yourself properly, not only for that position which you now intend to fill at some time, but for the various duties of life as well, and for such positions as you may be compelled to accept, or to which you may be called by Church, State, or your fellow men in life. The great mistake so many young men make is that they cut short their college course and go to some institution to prepare for the particular profession or branch of business in which they wish to engage in the future, forgetting that he who prepares to make hats will be without work when everybody wears caps or turbans. Difficulties and accidents have been thrown in the way of many a young man, debarred him from following his chosen work, and left him almost powerless to earn an honest living. It is a mistake to imagine your sack will be filled with chestnuts if you spend all the day lying under a chestnut tree and not picking any and putting them into it. So it is folly to suppose that three or four years of college life will fit you for life if your time is not given to honest work and hard study. Put away all dreams of success unless you are determined to dig after knowlege as men search for concealed gold. The bootblack's business may bring *shining* results; the bicyclist's may be *moving along*—perhaps an occasional *drop;* the doctor's may be on a *dead sure* or *recovering* principle; but if a student's does not develop the innate powers of his mind so as to raise him to a level of pure and noble manhood, it is an utter failure.

We often hear college professors say that a college life of three or four years will bring out of a young man just about what is in him; that the young man of good talents and character will become a scholar, and will be of use to himself and his fellow men, while one of poorer qualities and bad habits will turn into a good-for-nothing, reckless man. But while we are just as surely convinced that God has never put the germs of any powers into the human mind which, by development, will necessarily tend to bring a man into ruin and destruction, and education being the drawing-out or unfolding of innate powers, training, the impression of another's will upon the activities of the mind of the one under training, so we are also convinced that if the innate

powers were developed by proper training, many a young man would turn out to be entirely different. True, proper and individual attention and training, which many young men need, can not be so easily given in ordinary college recitations where classes number from twenty to a hundred, and where, at the same time, individual counsel and advice are too often a bone of contention between professor and student, and not kindly taken on the part of the student. Young men generally think themselves much better than they are, and their pleasant vices seem to them too insignificant for any teacher or superior to concern himself about. They think it is none of their teachers' business what they do as long as they are in the recitation-room, know a little something about their lessons, and conduct themselves so that nobody loses his life at their hands. This is a serious blunder, fellow-student, and one which you ought to correct. Be willing to listen to anything reasonable from your superiors, no matter whether it relates to your conduct, character, or to your education.

While we have no sympathy with the popular idea that a young man will be what he is, and is what is in him or what he has made of himself, without an effort on the part of his teacher to take him by the hand, and with personal influence, encouragement and kind advice to raise him to a higher plane of culture, to a better sense of duty, and to nobler and loftier aspirations for the future, yet is it only too true that your future life and welfare depend on the individual effort put forth, and the labor accomplished by yourself and no other. No matter who you are or what you are, rich and poor fare alike in the struggle to reach the height of pure and intellectual manhood. Young men often are bright, have a little money to spend, and life with them is easy; so they will glide with the ripples down the stream of time, until by careless sailing they suffer shipwreck on the breakers in the great ocean of human life, and were it not for the lifeboat of some rich parent or friend, or an inheritance back of them, they would sink to rise no more. Many a rich young man who has had a good home training, and whose talents are just as good as any other's, but simply because he was rich, came into such society that he acquired bad habits, neglected his studies, and failed in after-life, all because of the lack of proper attention on the part of his teachers and superiors. "The pleasant vices of our youth often make lashes which scourge us in old age." You often have a little money and think you can enjoy this and that, so you sail in some pleasure boat of luxury, spending a little here and a little there, and you sail and sail until there is a sheriff's sale, realizing only too late that he who makes a mule of himself will be ridden by others.

Young man, curb expenses; not that it is necessarily wrong to smoke a five-cent "Junior," or to refresh yourself in a "sample room," if you do not engage in debauchery or defile yourself in other places of questionable resort, but because it is as necessary to form habits of saving and economy in your college days, as it is to read Homer and strike rock bottom in the turbulent sea of Calculus.

Pretty college sayings and slang phrases may go well enough while you are within the college walls; but if you now form the habit of using them, the time will surely come when they will rob you of culture in conversation, purity of diction and of refined language in society. While you are in college, cultivate such conversation as you need not be ashamed to use in your profession in the future.

What are you after? What is your outlook? What do you expect to do in college this year? What do you intend to follow? Answer these questions to your own satisfaction. We might say many things yet that relate to proper preparation for life, but we sum them up briefly in this: "Keep thine heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life."

Notes of a Novice.

WELL, after I had hung out my attractive little shingle and advertised myself as the propounder of the theory of *hæmatogenesis*, I thought myself fairly established as a practicing physician, and the imaginary figures on the "received" side of my cashbook were already assuming large proportions. But the public must have passed my office and glanced over my advertisement without being in the least impressed with a sense of my professional efficiency, or else a dreadful epidemic of good health must have overtaken the community. The myriad of patients which I supposed must summon me did not appear! Here, then, was another bad case of disappointed medical skill.

At present I am unmarried. I have not yet rested my eyes upon that ideal daughter of Eve who is altogether suitable. The following is the test that flunks them so alarmingly: Financial condition of said applicant must be in a healthy state and ready for emergencies; all funds for paying bills and expenses which may accrue from our needs and hobbies must be supplied by her,—she must be the financial support of my family. Why it is that the world is so poor or else so cruelly misanthropic towards me, I don't know; but it is discouraging, to say the least.

Failing in every legitimate attempt to establish a world-wide reputation, and being, above everything else, a fierce enemy of the Starvation Club, I am obliged to resort to other means. A good thing it is that my inventive genius is yet so fresh from college. Some dark evenings, when pressed more zealously than usual by my creditors, I tie a cord across my neighbor's pavement from the tree to the cellar grate. I have taken down statistics, and they show that out of every half-dozen people who pass, six will fall down, four cut their faces more or less arterially and two contuse their foreheads. This is pretty good, and you may imagine I wait at home all evening for the crippled ones.

It is growing very cold to-night and I think will turn to a frost. I have thrown some water on the pavement before my door, and, should it freeze, I have given strict orders to my housekeeper not to strew any ashes or sand or sawdust, or any similar rubbish, upon it.

My stock of medicines has always been rather low, so I have prepared a pickle bottle full of licorice powder, which has already brought me in a good deal and assisted in performing several wonderful cures. I administer it in powder, to be taken morning, noon and evening, two drachms at a time. It appears to be a valuable medicine for young practitioners, because you may give a large dose without producing any very serious effects. Somebody was kind enough to send to me the other night for a headache pill. I cut a nice pill out of loaf sugar, and then dipped the pill in a concoction of mustard and coal oil, with a little shoe blacking to heighten the deadly appearance. Next day the patient, finding himself worse, sent for me, and I then experimented on a new kind of pow-wow, under which treatment he is gradually recovering. It has since struck me that

a minute portion of sulphuric acid enters into the composition of the shoeblacking, possibly causing the indisposition which he describes "as if he were tied all up in a double knot."

The number of tramps that constantly infest this part of the country is amazing, though they are not without interesting peculiarities. One evening, while comfortably settled in the coolest corner of the house awaiting the next case of mumps, the bell was seized with a violent attack of *delirium tremens*. I went to the door where I found a number of very curious-looking creatures. Each one tried to show what he carried under his arm, and their appearance suggested that, possibly, they had been roughing it for some time. They greeted me with a chorus of most unearthly noises, but I could not distinguish one word from the other. At last one of them, by means of greater lung capacity, made himself more audible than the rest. His face wore the aspect of a sun-kissed child of Ham, and, after some difficulty, I succeeded in making the discovery that they were trying to sell stereoscopic views. I buy stereoscopic views? Of course I refused, but they forced themselves into my room. They expressed the desire to stay with a professional man like myself, making liberal offers for their board and lodging. I consented to keep them, thinking the curios worth something, but considering more especially their pecuniary benefits.

Subsequent developments proved that my boarders were students from some college. They must have had some respect for the good name of their institution, because they never told me what it was called or where it was located. They made daily business visits into the country, but it seems they were not as successful all around as they anticipated. One of them, a rather energetic fellow, was so loathe to lose time in going from one place to another that one day his horse fell over dead, evidently afflicted with some species of *ennui*.

The brain of everyone of these folks was just as full of information as a bad egg is of sulphuretted hydrogen; and it is a fortunate provision of nature that the *dura mater* is of a tough fibrous texture—were it not for this safeguard, the whole mass would undoubtedly go off at once like a too tightly rammed rocket. When they see a buttercup they will call it a *ranunculus bulbosus*. They can treasure up in their minds such extraordinary names as *Megalanthropogenesia Grandifolia*, *Batrachomyomachia Longwalkensis*, and *Dracocephaloidacia Trembillimis*. Their thoughts wander in various directions, as is shown when they define the difference between an element and a compound thus: "Half-and-half is a compound body, composed of the two elements, beer and porter, the proportion of the beer increasing in an inverse ratio to the respectability of the public house you get it from."

Generally, they are of a quiet disposition; but when the first symptoms of approaching cerebral exitement, from the action of liquid stimulants, are perceived in them, they make up for lost time. They all have a mania for door bells. I know that on one of their 2:00 A.M. tours one of the party walked up to a peaceful domicile and rang the bell; receiving no immediate answer, and being assured of the absence of a guardian of the peace, he pulled the knob out as far as it would come, broke it off and stored it away in some pocket. After this he and his chums ran about the street indulging in the usual buoyant recreations which light and breezy minds so situated delight to follow. Quick as a flash one of them espied a lamp-post and, with Spartan heroism, sallied

forth to the ascent. It became necessary, however, that he be aided by various thrusts and heaves from his friends, and then by a sudden muscular exertion he managed in some miraculous way to seat himself on the top of the post. He opened the door of the lamp, the accomplishment of which feat so delighted his comrades that he gave vent to his satisfaction in a few selections from "The Little Tycoon." He was shouting most lustily, taking all the parts of the opera himself, when an outline appeared at the corner of the street whose identity there was no mistaking. Seeing which, and not anxious for an interview with a policeman, Messrs. Comrades—we almost blush to chronicle the retreat--disappeared quietly into an alley near by, leaving Monsieur-on-the-lamp-post in his elevated position, totally unconcious of the new arrival, and chanting with all due emphasis and effect:

"My little, little airy spirit, tre-la-le,
Sits on foggy clouds, and waits for me."

The policeman evidently had no music in his soul, for he stopped the harmony by threatening to take the musician into charge if he would not instantly come down. Such interruption stopped the singer as if he had been shot. He looked from his post and saw the blue man. A close observer might have seen that a slight shock convulsed his frame; 'twas but an instant, for speedily his pride ran crimson to his heart until he recovered his self-possession; the next moment he boldly uttered in reply:

"I shan't. Come up and take me down, and when I am down you may take me up."

This speech evidently puzzled the policeman, who, for the space of half a minute, was perfectly silent, considering how he should proceed. In extreme wrath he hurried away for help. The man on the post was, perhaps, tired of his position, so he turned off the light, which put his locality into complete darkness; he twisted himself off from his perch and slid down the post. He came home quietly, and here found his faithful friends in bed. Next morning the sun had risen many hours before the dear boys were awake.

But, tearful to expatiate, my boarders suddenly vanished without giving me the slightest intimation of their intentions. They were always slow payers, and this accounts, I think, for their hasty leave. So you see I was again alone, and have been on the alert for the perpetual indisposition of my patients ever since.

MEDICUS.

LONGINGS.

'Tis strange
When Duty's voice sounds clear
We idle lie;
When opportunities appear
We pass them by.

'Tis strange
What most we long to do
Is left undone;
We wait our timely moments through
Till they are gone.

'Tis strange
When noble thoughts inspire,
Our hearts misgive;
We find the lives we most admire
So hard to live.

'Tis strange
We hope to gain the prize
Without the cost,
And thus the gift that in us lies
Is often lost.

O, for a willing, tireless heart,
Content to play the humble part,
Content to toil to gain the prize,
Content to make the sacrifice
To reach at last its grand ideal,
And make its dear ambition real!

Come, come,
Join hands, let brethren dwell in unity;
Let kith and kin stand close as our shield-wall;
Who breaks us then?—*Harold.*

THE MUHLENBERG.

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EDITORIALS.

WE are glad to learn that our endeavors to have THE MUHLENBERG on time have been appreciated by many of our friends, and their words of congratulation and encouragement have been thankfully received.

WE had the pleasure of seeing the tragedy, "Othello," played in the Academy of Music, this city, September the twenty-fifth. Louis James played the part of Othello, and did it in such a manner as to call forth repeated rounds of applause. We were very much pleased with the play and glad that an opportunity was offered us to hear the splendid drama played by so bright a star and so excellent a company. But why is it that only one or two plays of this kind are selected for a season? We do not blame the authorities, because we know "it doesn't pay." But why does it not pay? We have no doubt that it requires better talent to render successfully such a drama as "Othello" than to play an ordinary comedy. Yet a good classical drama never attracts as large an audience as some comic opera. But is it not true that it requires an educated audience to appreciate a good drama? If this is the case, the best way to obtain good productions from the stage is to furnish audiences with tastes so cultivated that they desire such productions. The supply will then be made to meet the demand. Y.

OUR ALUMNI.

PROF. GEORGE T. ETTINGER, PH.D., '80.—ED.

'71.—Rev. O. P. Smith, D.D., of Pottstown, has been elected pastor of St. John's Lutheran Church, Easton, to succeed Rev. J. E. Whitteker, who was elected to the superintendency of the home mission work of the General Council of the Lutheran Church. It is not known yet whether Mr. Smith will accept. He is now pastor of the Church of the Transfiguration, and held in high esteem by his congregation. He is 47 years of age, and a native of Lehigh County. He graduated from Muhlenberg College in 1871, and has been in the ministry twenty-one years. For fifteen years he was pastor of the three Lutheran charges at Trappe, Montgomery County, and for the past six years pastor of the Pottstown congregation. Rev. Mr. Smith preached for the Easton congregation a few weeks ago, and left so pleasing an impression that his election by a unanimous vote resulted.—*Allentown Chronicle and News.*

'73.—Rev. G. H. Gerberding's address is changed to 960 Perry Street, Chicago, Ill.

'73.—During the past summer Rev. William H. Myers, of Reading, Pa., made an extensive tour of the West as far as Alaska.

'74.—Marcus C. L. Kline, Esq., as chairman of the Democratic County Committee of Lehigh, has entered upon a vigorous campaign.

'77.—On the 8th of September the corner stone of the First English Lutheran Church in St. Peter, Minn., was laid with appropriate exercises. Rev. T. Sander is the pastor of the congregation. Rev. Prof. W. K. Frick delivered an eloquent address on this occasion.

'78.—*The Young Men's Era*, the international Young Men's Christian Association newspaper, published in Chicago, recently contained an able and interesting article on "The Association and the Church," from the pen of Rev. Charles L. Fry, pastor of Trinity Lutheran Church, Lancaster, Pa.

'78.—Dr. H. H. Herbst, Allentown, Pa., is a busy man. In addition to an extensive practice, he is a member of the Board of Controllers of the public schools of Allentown, member of the Board of Pension Examiners, Professor of Physical Culture in Muhlenberg College, and member of the Board of Health of Allentown. He is also an enthusiastic Mason, and a member of the Livingstone Club, the leading social organization of the city.

'81.—Rev. C. E. Sandt, of Freemansburg, has now completed the program for the tenth anniversary of St. Mark's Church, in South Allentown, Sunday, October 6. In the forenoon Revs. Dr. G. F. Spieker and Dr. William Wackernagel will speak. In the afternoon Revs. Steinhaeuser, C. E. Schaeffer and Dr. S. A. Repass will deliver addresses, and in the evening Rev. Drs. A. R. Horne and T. L. Seip will be the speakers. Rev. Sandt organized the congregation with five members, and now there are nearly 300. He has thirty-six pupils in his catechetical class.—*Morning Call.*

'82.—Prof. Samuel C. Schmucker, Ph. D., is now fully settled in his new position as Professor of Science at the West Chester Normal School, West Chester, Pa.

'83.—St. John's Congregation, near Berrysburg, Pa., Rev. T. H. Ritter, pastor, has purchased a very desirable property in Berrysburg and turned it into a commodious parsonage. It is valued at $4000. He and his family are now comfortably established in their new home.

'83.—Rev. William A. Sadtler, Ph.D., Chicago, is visiting his parents in Baltimore, Md. On the ninth of this month his parents celebrated their golden wedding.

'85.—Salem's Lutheran Congregation, Bethlehem, Pa., Rev. C. W. Hoppe, pastor, recently celebrated its forty-fifth anniversary.

'85.—Wilson K. Mohr, Esq., is the Secretary of the greatest county fair in Pennsylvania,—we had almost said in the United States. If you do not believe it, ask him. And it's true, too.

'87.—Rev. Raymond E. Butz has resigned his Reformed charge at Catawissa, Pa.

'87.—Dr. Clinton J. Schadt is surgeon on board the trans-Atlantic steamer "St. Louis."

'88.— St. John's Congregation at Lowell, Pa., Rev. O. S. Scheirer, pastor, is painting and beautifying its church property, which will be one of the finest in Snyder County.

'89.—On September 22, St. Luke's Lutheran Church, Easton, Pa., Rev. Ernest M. Grahn, pastor, was rededicated after extensive improvements had been made.

'89.—Rev. John H. Raker, Pen Argyl, Pa., has returned from his trip to New England and Canada.

'90.—George S. Kleckner is at the Mt. Airy Seminary.

'90.—St. John's Lutheran Church, Phœnixville, Pa., Rev. N. E. Miller, pastor, will soon erect a new church.

'90.—At Fountain Hill, last evening, Elizabeth Cora Trumbore was married to Dr. Harry F. Pflueger, of Seidersville. Rev. W. J. Bieber officiated. Dr. Pflueger is a graduate of Muhlenberg College, Class '90, and a graduate of the Medico-Chirurgical College, Philadelphia, Class '95.—*Chronicle and News.*

'91.—From the *Lancaster New Era* of September 30, we clip the following: Sunday was an eventful and auspicious day for the Lutherans of Mt. Joy and vicinity. In the afternoon, at 3 o'clock, the corner stone of the new Trinity Evangelical Lutheran Church of that prosperous town, Rev. M. J. Bieber, pastor, was laid with solemn and imposing ceremonies, in the presence of a very large assemblage of people from Mount Joy and surrounding towns. The congregations of Marietta and Elizabethtown, especially, were well represented. The music for the occasion was in charge of Trinity Church choir.

Revs. Lowry, of Marietta; J. Fishburn, of Elizabethtown; J. Kohler, D.D., of New Holland; W. A. Schaeffer, of Philadelphia, Missionary Superintendent of the Ministerium of Pennsylvania; F. W. Weiskotten, of Philadelphia, a former pastor of the Mount Joy Church, participated in the following programme: Invocation by Rev. Bieber; singing; Scripture reading, Rev. Fishburn; prayer, Rev. Lowry; address, Rev. Dr. Kohler, who gave the greetings of the Lancaster Conference; singing; collection; address; Rev. Schaeffer; German address, Rev. Weiskotten; corner stone laying by pastor.

The new Trinity Evangelical Lutheran Church is being erected on an elevated site on West Main Street, near Manheim Street. It is built of blue limestone, with Indiana limestone trimmings, sixty-one by ninety-two feet. It will be of Gothic style of architecture, with stained glass memorial windows. It will contain a main auditorium and Sunday-school room, separated by a movable partition, with a seating capacity of two hundred and fifteen persons.

Trinity Church has had nineteen pastors, of whom eight are living. Its present pastor, Rev. M. J. Bieber, is serving his first charge and has been with the Mt. Joy church about a year and a half, during which short time, under his active and able pastorate, the congregation has progressed from a mission to a self-supporting body. By unremitting work his one great aim, to give his members a grand temple of worship and to the town its handsomest church structure, will be successfully consummated.

'92.—Rev. H. Branson Richards, pastor of the Church of the Transfiguration, wishes to be addressed at 2038 North Eleventh Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

'92.—Leo Wise, Esq., is lending his eloquence to the cause of the Democracy in its Lehigh County campaign.

'93.—Samuel B. Anewalt, Jr., is now "on the road" representing the well-known hatters, S. B. Anewalt & Co., of Allentown.

'94.—A letter from George S. Opp, formerly organist of St. Peter's Lutheran

Church, now at Munich, Bavaria, states that he has very successfully passed a competitive musical examination, and has been appointed as one of the four of the favorite class of Joseph Ritter von Rheinberger, Königlicher Hofkapellmeister of the court at Munich. This is an honor which is very seldom conferred upon foreigners, and speaks well for the musical talents of Mr. Opp, who has been a faithful pupil of J. Fred Wolle, of Bethlehem, Pa.—*Morning Call.*

LOCALS.

GEORGE F. KUHL, '97.—ED.

Sporting in general.

Attending the theatre.

Calling on the girls.

The regular monthly meeting of the College Missionary Society was held in the College Chapel on Tuesday, September 17. Under regular exercises the following papers were read: "Missionary Notes," by Kopp, '98; "The Seminary in India," by Fretz, '97. Dr. Wackernagel, Trexler, '96, Weaver, '96, Nothstein, '97, and Heldt, '97, were appointed delegates to attend the Local Luther League Convention in West Bethlehem. It was decided by the society to hold an open meeting in the near future.

The Augsburg Society was reorganized for the coming year on Friday evening, October 4, with Dr. Wackernagel as instructor. A large number of students attended the meeting.

The following officers were elected in the Euterpean Literary Society, October 2: President, Henry, '96; Vice-President, C. C. Miller, '97; Recording Secretary, Walters, '98; Corresponding Secretary, Gruber, '98; Treasurer, Kopenhaver, '97; Assistant Librarians, Artz, '98, and Eckert, '98; Budget Editor, Fehr, '97; Critics, Leidy, '96, and Weaver, '96; Chaplain, Kopp, '99.

At a meeting of the Franklin Literary Association, September 10, the following officers were elected: President, Trexler, '96; Vice-President, Fretz, '97; Secretary, Dr. M. H. Richards; Treasurer, Dr. Davis Garber; Curators, Xander, '96, and Genszler, '96.

The latest Press Club officers are: President, Weaver, '96; Vice-President, Fretz, '97; Secretary, F. Miller, '97; Treasurer, Trexler, '96; Critics, Genszler, '96, and Yetter, '96.

'Ninety-seven's latest officers are: President, Nothstein; Vice-President, F. Miller; Secretary, Heldt; Treasurer, Kramlich; Guard, Fretz; Historian, Sieger. Owing to a vacancy in the *Ciarla* staff, an election was held for an Assistant Editor, which resulted in the election of Mr. Sieger.

The election results of '98 are as follows: President, Steckel; Vice-President, Keuling; Secretary, Beck; Treasurer, Repass; Historian, Seiple; Class Poet, Gruber.

Sophronia's new constitution presents a neat appearance. A number of revisions have been made.

The Senior and Junior German Literary Societies have been organized for the ensuing year. The Senior officers are: President, Dr. Wackernagel; Secretary, Hottenstein; Treasurer, Henry. Junior officers: President, Dr. Wackernagel; Secretary, Fehr; Treasurer, Nothstein.

The Freshmen's first class election resulted as follows: President, Kopp; Vice-President, Klick; Secretary, L. Fritch; Treasurer, Bender; Monitor, Seiberling. Their yell is: Heligo, Seligo; Rip, Ras, Rein; Muhlenberg, Muhlenberg, '99. Green was adopted as the standard color.

The following interesting questions have been debated by the Seniors and Juniors :

1. How shall the student make attendance at the county fair profitable to himself?

2. What, if any, is the benefit of the "Labor Day" holiday?

3. The bicycle as a factor physically, socially and morally.

4. Should Turkey be dismembered? If so, by whom, and in what way?

The Academic eleven and the class of '99 played an interesting game of football on the college campus on Friday, October 4. The score was eight to nothing in favor of the class of '99.

PERSONALS.

ARCHIBALD C. SCHENCK, '97.—ED.

FACULTY.

The latest honor which has been conferred upon President Seip is his recent appointment by Governor Hastings as a member of the State Council of Universities and Colleges. We know our esteemed President will fill this important office with his wonted dignity, and both to his own credit and the greater honor of Muhlenberg.

The kindness of Dr. Wackernagel in maintaining and lecturing to the Augsburg Society every Friday, is appreciated by all who desire to obtain a more intelligent knowledge of their own church.

STUDENTS.

Dr. W. was very much shocked as he noticed Nothstein, '97, handling some playing-cards in his recitation-room the other day, and gave expression to his thoughts by remarking: "I would not be surprised to see anything happen now."

Gruber, '98, seems to think that when a lady uses musk for perfumery she must have goats at home.

Bender, '99, says he knows a young lady who receives the *Evening Call*, the *Daily Times* and the *Press* regularly.

L. Fritch, '99, and N. Fritch, '99, were lately initiated into the Alpha Tau Omega Fraternity.

Erdman, '98, suffered a very severe attack of local fear during the diphtheria scare. For one week he did not see his "tootsey-wootsies."

Genszler, '96, relates the pleasant experience of Turkish baths received free of charge. With the exception of a tinge of sullenness he believes himself to have been benefitted.

Miller, C., '97, is very busy with an increased correspondence. Callers will please exercise judgment in ringing the chestnut bell.

A new sobriquet has been applied to Kopenhaver, '97. Be it known unto all whom it may concern that he is the "smiling philosopher."

Hartley, '99, has at last been convinced by Fetherolf that he is identified with the nether world.

Kuhl, '97, otherwise Teddy: "Are you her angel?"

Hehl, '98 : "The only reason why a Scotchman can't laugh is his living on oatmeal and dried herring."

Hartzell, '99, has perpetrated some *burning* shames lately.

Cooper, '96, has fully recovered from an attack of diphtheria.

Gruhler, '99, Hartzell says, has a chuckle which reminds him of "Mike Kelley" when he finds something on his neighbor's head.

Beck, '98, is still wondering whether an *augur* bores or not.

Kopp, '99, acknowledges that, owing to an increased demand for Greek and Latin, *incognito* he has the true college spirit.

Repass, '98: "I don't think Dr. W. ever believed in 'Evolution' until he became a college professor."

Dr. G. (on a hot September day at the recitation in meteorology): "Mr. Kramlich, what instrument do we have to measure heat?"

Mr. K.: "The iceothermometer."

Watermelon party in room 73. Table laden with large slices of melon and surrounded by '99 men, all fresh. 1. Silence. 2. Tasting. 3. Criticisms.

H. Kunkle: "Say, fellows, I think this melon is stale. Don't you?"

Chorus: "No, our presence alters matters."

Weaver, '96, expects to be able to prognosticate the weather before he finishes the fascinating study of meteorology.

Orthography will be taught in the future by Hartzell, '97, according to the latest approved phonetic methods.

WORLD OF LETTERS.

JOHN H. SYKES, '97.—ED.

WE wish to call attention to a little paper called "*Our Times*," which we think supplies a long-felt want of the student. It is a monthly, and contains a sort of general review or analysis of the leading current topics. The articles are all written in very plain, concise language, and give the reader a good idea of what is going on. The "Question and Subject" committees would do well to look this up.

One of the prominent articles in *Scribner's* for this month relates reminiscences of the life of the great scientist Huxley. "He never spared himself. Often and often have I known him to leave the circle of family and friends, of which he was the life, very early in the evening and betake himself to his library. There was something to be done and it would be midnight or one or two o'clock before it was done, and then he was up at seven in the morning.

"He would dine on a little soup and a bit of fish. 'The great secret,' he said, 'is to preserve the power of working continually sixteen hours a day if need be. If you cannot do that you may be caught at any time.'"

The opening article of *Scribner's* is a description of the University of Chicago, by Robert Herrick. The students will find this article more than interesting to them. Probably no college of such a size has come into existence in so short a time. Within four years it obtained an endowment of over six million dollars. This certainly savors of Chicago. The article is a description of the University, together with a few side remarks on pertinent subjects.

The *Century* publishes two articles on John Keats the English poet. The first is entitled, "Keats in Hampstead," written by Kenyon West. The second is on the "Influence of Keats." "'Take him for what he was and did,'—that should be the key-note of our thought of Keats as a poet. The exquisite harmony of his actual work with his actual character; the truth of what he wrote to what his young heart saw and felt and enjoyed; the simplicity of his very exuberance of ornament, and the naturalness of his artifice; the sincerity of his love of beauty and the beauty of his sincerity,—these are the qualities which give an individual and lasting charm to his poetry, and make his gift to the world complete in itself and very precious, although—

or, perhaps, we should even say because —it was imperfect and unfinished.''

Another article in the same magazine deals with the '' Marriage Rate of College Women,'' written by Miss Millicent W. Shinn. She gives a number of statistics which go to show that marriage among college women is much less frequent than among others. The rate for all women is about 80 per cent, while that of college women is only 28.2 per cent.

However, while we are catching our breath, she explains this partly by saying that the rate is lowered by the high proportion of recent graduates in the alumnæ body. Again, she believes, '' The college woman has an even greater bent towards marriage than the average woman ; indeed, that this may lead to the fewness of their married number. It is not the ardent woman, but the cold woman for whom one marriage will do as well as another. Hence the college graduate is more exacting.''

EXCHANGES.

SAMUEL G. TREXLER, '96.—ED.

The *Nassau Literary Magazine* has in its Exchange Department employed the pleasing art of interweaving the too often cold and bare facts of criticism with the sunny glows of fiction.

In one of the recent issues of the semi-weekly *Brown and White* appeared the electroplated cuts of Lehigh's new president, Dr. Thomas M. Drown, and his three new colleagues, Professors Thornburg, Thayer and MacFarlane. Commenting on the new professors, the Philadelphia *Ledger* says in an editorial: '' Under Dr. Thomas M. Drown's direction, Lehigh University is preparing to cover a wider field of usefulness. Professors Thornburg, Thayer and MacFarlane, the latest additions to the staff of teachers, come warmly recommended and may be relied on to do their part in keeping Lehigh's flag in the van.''

'Tis twenty years and something more,
  Since all athirst for useful knowledge,
I took some draughts of classic lore
  Drawn very mild at –college.

Yet I remember all that one
  Could wish to hold in recollection,
The boys, the joys, the noise, the fun,
  But not a single conic section.

—*John G. Saxe.*

We too often find the mistaken idea among new students, and even among the older ones, that college spirit is the will of the student in direct opposition to that of the faculty. From the *Georgia Technical* we clip the following: '' College spirit, from the very definition of the words, implies a degree of unity. It does not impress you as meaning the spirit of the faculty or the spirit of a portion of the students. It means just exactly the spirit of the whole college, neither more nor less, and again I repeat, it implies an idea of unity.

We congratulate the *Lafayette* upon its first appearance as a weekly. The day when wide-awake seats of learning were satisfied with monthly publications has passed away, and the appearance of weeklies, bi-weeklies, and even dailies, marks the advance in college publications.

SOLITUDE.

As friend to friend his inner life reveals,
  And dwells with glad contentment by his side,
And yet his soul within him silent seals,
  That gentlest spirit entrance is denied,
So is it with the weary, restless tide,
  Which daily doth the friendly shore embrace,
And whispereth ever of its wanderings wide ;
  Yet of its wondrous meaning leaves no trace,
In all the sad, bright world, it hath no resting-place.

—*Josephine Batchelder.*

The Muhlenberg

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November, 1895.

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THE MUHLENBERG.

"Litteræ Sine Ingenio Vanæ."

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Twenty-Four Hours with Pills and Scalpel.

BY DR. W. H. COOPER, '91.

THE doctor had just turned in after making his last rounds through the great, dim hospital, silent but for the occasional duet by the consumptive and asthmatic, or the sudden, shrill outcry of a little victim of hip-joint disease. The inmates of the maternity ward were all asleep, and no summons seemed likely to come from that quarter. The double thigh amputation was reacting nicely from the shock of operation; the typhoids were unconsciously warm; but he was worried especially over a case of pneumonia—friends had been summoned, the priest was performing the last rites of the church; life was ebbing fast.

"What's the good of anything?" said the doctor, extinguishing his light and jumping into bed. But a tired body prevailed over a philosophical mind, and the world was a loser thereby. Sleep, blessed sleep, that gives each individual cell a rest, that through anæmia of the brain lulls one into sweet unconsciousness, with hyperæmia occasionally, when one is transported by dreams to scenes of childhood, home, mother and, incidentally, of some other mother's daughter.

"Doctor, doctor, get up! Patrol just brought in two women badly cut and bleeding v o c i f e r o u s l y." The night watchman is emphatic in more ways than one. So emphatic was he on this occasion that, whether or no, the dream had to end; the symphony stopped short in horrible discord, and in less time than it takes to write it, the doctor was up, dressed and hustling for the emergency ward. And what a sight! Napoleon and his Six Hundred were not in it. Imagine a creature with disheveled hair, the life current streaming out from a dozen wounds, turning her into a veritable red Indian, like the famous sign of the tobacconist. Her companion in misery was more presentable with fewer injuries. After a long and tedious job, in which sutures, needles, ligatures and antiseptics figured very largely, the last artery was tied, dressings and bandages were applied. Viewing his work with just professional pride, at the same time promoting reaction from loss of blood and shock, the doctor pulled her through, a living monument to patience and antiseptics.

Having pronounced the pneumonia patient dead according to rules, and breaking the fast, tired though hungry, a note is sent in ("shop" is never discussed at the table), excuses are made, uniform is donned, and away like the wind behind two spirited horses, the bell clanging, everybody making way for the ambulance. A case of crushed leg is carefully, tenderly brought back, taken to the warm, bright, immaculate operating-room, and with that deference that comes so rarely from an older man, the knife is courteously handed to the doctor, who

performs his maiden amputation. "Just as neatly as Dr. —— does it," the nurses said afterwards, and they know when things are done well. The morning rounds are made, dressings done, convalescents discharged, new patients interviewed and prescribed for. This patient wants his diet augmented, another would like just a "wee bit o' tobacco for his health's sake." The woes and lamentations of dozens are sprung on the doctor at one time, some swearing by and others at him.

A visitor is announced—an old classmate who has dropped in to rest awhile from his arduous professional labors. A smoke, a quiet chat, when clang! clang! in comes the patrol with a cut-head, so forgetful and by all the world forgot (except, perhaps, the fellow who did the cutting), too drunk to admit to the ward. The pipe is laid aside for needle and catgut, and an impromptu clinic is held in the courtyard, with the patrol wagon for a surgical table, to the morbid delectation of the curious crowd peering through the iron-barred gate. Dinner is served, and in place of dessert the doctor does all he can to save a man with a compound comminuted fracture of the skull. There is precious little to do but fill out the coroner's certificate; he is summoned to court, and his testimony is valuable—to the coroner, patient is dead. Surely, tea may be enjoyed undisturbed. But no; he barely reaches the maternity ward before a still small voice is raised in protest at being ushered into this cold world so scantily appareled. After leaving final directions with the several night nurses, having a farewell romp with the convalescing children, sympathizing with the hopeless case of paralysis in the women's ward, examining the well-bandaged stump of the morning's amputation, the doctor wends his way slowly down stairs, dons citizens clothing, and away to the club to enjoy undisturbed a few hours of well-earned recreation and pleasure over a foaming "Stein" and Welsh rarebit, or perhaps amusing his companions with a few airy nothings about Princess Bonnie or Robin Hood on the ivories.

An interne's career is fascinatingly full of art, and withal a uniquely checkered one. The snap which follows the sudden approximation of joint surfaces that have recently been dislocated, is sweet music to his ears. It tells him that his patient, delicate manipulation has been successful. The straight, perfectly readjusted and healed fracture, as it emerges from its six weeks' prison of a plaster cast, is a most pleasing sight to his anatomical eye. The beautiful, almost scarless result in filling up and rounding out the horrible gash on a dusky cheek, left there by jealousy and a razor—truly that is art of the highest order. It is uniquely checkered in that he is surrounded constantly by pain and sorrow, and yet must be smiling and light-hearted to infuse some ray of hope into a despairing heart, and make the deformed in body feel that the soul is still intact. He is at the beck and call of everybody day and night; the infant in arms demands just as much of his attention as the subject of the capital operation recently performed; rich and poor, old and young, in all stages of resolution and approaching dissolution. The nurses, those ministering angels of the hospital, are his powerful right arm, going in and out among the sick, smoothing their beds of suffering, and never quailing before the most horrible sights.

This is life—real and earnest. Nowhere in this wide world can you behold so well the awful lights and shadows that flit across its short day. From the quiet, almost imperceptible pulsations in the

newly-born to the violent heart-throbs that send the life current through the mangled flesh in a stream which punctuates everything crimson in its path; here burning itself up in fever, which by its very heat warps the casements of the soul and unconsciously allows the history of a life to escape in rambling, incoherent ravings; there the consumptive fighting death with his last breath, soon to attain that peace which the world could not give. Every bed is the beginning or concluding chapter of a story in the great book of life—wit, humor, pathos; from the ridiculous to the sublime; of heaven a little, but of earth so much! God bless the hospitals and inmates, doctors and nurses! And Lord, in Thy favor forget not the untiring zeal and noble self-sacrifice of the humble interne!

Music.

BY L. F. GRUBER, '98.

"*When the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy.*"—Job XXXVIII, 7.

Forth through abysmal space when earth was made,
Long aeons past, the morning stars did sing:
From world to world did myriad voices ring
Clear up to heaven's gate, till choirs arrayed
Eternally with glory came to aid
Night's sentinels to praise creation's King.
Coeval with grim Darkness, Silence' wing,
E'er Nature first began, in stillness played,
Suspended o'er void space, till God's own voice
Went forth omnific and created all.
His choir of stars and angel voices then
O'er all rejoiced and Nature made rejoice.
Heaven-born then is Music! Poets fall
Sweet Music's shrine before. Adore her then.

My Wheel and I.

BY GEORGE W. GENSZLER, '96.

IF there is anything in which we have greater advantages than our forefathers had, it is in the facility of traveling; nor do I think we have anything which affords us greater profit and pleasure.

A certain writer once said, "Travel on foot as did Plato and Pythagoras, for those who travel by rail see nothing." We, however, would say, "Travel by wheel, on which you can travel at your leisure."

In company with a friend, I lately had the pleasure of coming by wheel from St. Louis to Allentown. The first part of our journey, from East St. Louis to Charleston, Ill., was through one of the most fertile parts of Illinois. The roads, which all run North and South or East and West, and are, therefore, very easy to follow, are perfectly level and dustless, although they are somewhat rough.

On all sides, as far as the eye could reach, were fields of waving corn, surrounded by well-trimmed hedges. We generally set out on our journey at 6 A. M., and rode from ten to fifteen miles before breakfast, by which time we had a ravenous appetite and did full justice to the meal set before us. We then rode until we came to the next city. The cities as a rule are from seventy to one hundred miles apart. I might here say that this was the longest trip I ever attempted by wheel, my longest trip before not having exceeded twenty-five miles.

The first day we rode sixty-four miles. During the first thirty miles it was fine sport, but after this the miles seemed to become longer and my machine to shove a great deal harder, until, when I dismounted, I could hardly mount the staircase which led to our room; however, after taking a bath and a good rubbing down with witch hazel, I slept like a lord, and arose next morning refreshed and reinvigorated.

The first incident of any note befell us on our way from Charlston, Ill., to Terre Haute, Ind. The western farmers are very much prejudiced against wheelmen, and are, therefore, very reluctant to give

them the right of way; and as the roads at some places are very rough and overgrown with weeds along the sides, the wheelmen must either dismount or try to frighten the horses and thus make a way for themselves.

It happened that, as we were riding along, a double team approached us without the driver making any noticeable attempt to let us pass. When within a short distance of the team, seeing that it was impossible for us to pass, having the lead, I sprang to the ground, landing within a few yards of the horses' heads, which so frightened them that they plunged and reared until they tore the harness and broke loose from the wagon, and had it not been for the pluck of the driver they would certainly have escaped; but he held to the lines like grim death to a negro. At first he was furious and *emphatically* declared he wished the man who had invented such an *infernal* machine had broken his neck in attempting to ride it. As his anger seemed to increase, we concluded we had better bid him goodday and hasten on our way.

This incident seemed to be an ill omen, for from this point we began to experience some of the disadvantages of cycling. The country which heretofore had been level and fertile, gradually became wild and unproductive, the roads rough and hilly, and for miles and miles we saw no living creature.

About noon we began to look around for a place to take dinner, but we looked in vain. Now, those who ride a wheel know that an empty stomach and cycling do not agree. As soon as your stomach asserts itself, your wheel gets out of order and you can't understand why your wheel shoves so hard, and, lubricate it as much as you will, it continues to push harder and harder, and it becomes as unmanageable as a vicious horse. Do what you will, it is sure to run against every stone or into every rut in the road, at the same time rearing and plunging until you sit in the middle of the road in a somewhat embarrassing position and look at it in astonishment. After you have picked yourself up and attempt to remount, you actually begin to believe in the transmigration of spirits; that which but a moment before was an inanimate thing, seems now possessed by seven demons. About two o'clock our wheels began to perform some of these pranks, and, to make matters worse, we struck a belt of sand. Now, if there is anything that a wheel is sensitive to it is sand, and the only thing you can do is to pick up your wheel and carry it, for if you attempt to push it you will experience one of the most exciting times imaginable.

At three o'clock we crossed a railroad, a short distance from which we saw a little log cabin. You can imagine our joy when we saw that it was a grocery store, at least it bore the sign of such; but judge of our consternation when the clerk, who informed us that he had just invested the vast sum of fifteen dollars in laying in stock, told us he had as yet laid in no eatables. He, however, informed us, as a consolation, that we were only thirty miles from Terre Haute, where we could amply satisfy our hunger. We reached the latter place at 6.30 o'clock, completely worn out and as hungry as wolves, having alternately ridden and walked seventy miles without a morsel of food save a few green apples. To say we did justice to the meal set before us would be putting it mildly, for I doubt whether we did justice to the landlord. Having good roads, we passed through Indianapolis and Richmond on our way to Dayton, Ohio. But, when within thirty miles of the latter place, I had an-

other quite serious accident, one which all cyclists have to contend with. As I was riding along, munching an apple for which I had intended to ask the owner, my wheel struck a piece of broken limestone which cut a hole in the tire about one-half inch long.

To relate how we patched the hole and wound it with tape, then rode a few miles only to repeat the process, would be too tedious. We, however, finally reached Dayton, and while waiting till the tire was repaired, we visited the famous Soldiers' Home. Next day we passed through Springfield to Columbus, from which place we changed our course northward to Cleveland, thence to Buffalo. Along the lake shore we had the finest cycle road in the country. We reached Buffalo fifteen days after we left St. Louis.

After spending several days at Niagara Falls we set out for Watkins' Glen, thence we passed through Binghamton, and reached Allentown twenty days after we had left St. Louis.

A Gentle Hint.

By Frederick C. Cooper, '96.

An examination into the kind and quality of the books found in our society libraries for which there is the greatest demand on the part of the student-body, reveals an unexpected state of affairs. The quality of the books a man reads forms an index of his mental calibre and stage of intellectual growth; their kind indicates a predilection for this or that form of literary production—history, fiction, poetry, or whatever it may be. An inquiry into the quality of the books leads to the conclusion that there is a tendency on the part of the average student newly admitted to college toward a preference for novels of the Mary J. Holmes and Augusta Evans Wilson stamp. This, of course, demonstrates the fact that either the man is mentally inferior to his station, or else, as is usually the case, opportunities for general reading have for the first time presented themselves. Passing by the former reason, the latter presents to us a state of affairs certainly most unfortunate. Novels of the Holmes and Wilson class have their place, and their perusal is beneficial in that, in the case of beginners, they give rise to a desire for reading. The cultivation of a taste for reading is necessary, but the habit should be acquired long before a man enters college. As this is not the case here, however, these novels find a place on our shelves, and are the ones most frequently rebound or replaced.

Of course, it is not to be understood that all our students confine themselves to the second-rate novel. There are those to be found, even among the lower classmen, whose favorites are the latter-day novelists of the better class; yet among these there are comparatively few interested in Dickens, Scott, Hawthorne, O. W. Holmes, or Irving and their peers. The works of these authors most always occupy their accustomed places on the shelves. What a pity! Surely, our students must be aware of the superior excellence of these authors when compared with our average nineteenth century writers. The latter have their place, but not to the exclusion of the former.

Now, it may have been noticed that novels alone, whether superior or inferior, have been spoken of as forming the supply of literary effort to which our students are partial. Our libraries contain works of representative men in the fields of history, poetry, travels, science, and so on. Surely, there are those among our students interested in these. Yes, there are. But poll the students and see how many, or rather, how few. A large ma-

jority may remember having seen the names of Motley, Prescott, Bancroft, McCarthy and others, on certain volumes, and perhaps know that they wrote histories, or that others again wrote poetry, or gave the experiences and observations of their travels, but decidedly few have made their further acquaintance. Our series of "American Men of Letters," "English Men of Letters," and "American Statesmen;" the histories of Taine, Motley, Hume, and McMaster; the essays of Addison, DeQuincey (with the exception of the "Opium Eater") and Macaulay, together with numerous valuable miscellaneous works of prose and poetry, are all, except for being shelf-worn, just as they were when purchased, and have hardly left the shelves.

There is evidently something radically wrong with our boys. Either, for some reason or other, they have not cultivated a taste for reading, or else they were so poorly prepared when they entered college that they have been obliged to spend all their time in a heroic effort to catch up with the class, and this, perhaps, covers a a good many cases. It may be that there are those who consider all time not spent at their school books lost. Let them get rid of that idea. "Student" is a misnomer when applied to a man who reads nothing but his text-books. Let there be more reading of a proper kind, and rightly directed, and there will not be so many unable to express themselves, even grammatically, when called upon to speak or debate. The exercises in our society meetings will become interesting, and all will enjoy what then, to some degree at least, might partake of the nature of mental gymnastics and word combats not utterly meaningless.

—A man shall be commended according to his wisdom: but he that is of a perverse heart shall be despised.

Mignon.

By Ira O. Nothstein, '97.

ONE of the strangest and most wonderful characters in the "Lehrjahre," that strange romance of Goethe's, is Mignon. "This mysterious child, at first neglected by the reader, gradually forced on his attention, at length overpowers him with an emotion more deep and thrilling than any poet, since the days of Shakespeare, has succeeded in producing. The daughter of enthusiasm, rapture, passion and despair, she is of earth, but not earthy. We could almost fancy her a spirit, so pure is she, so full of fervor, so disengaged from the clay of this world."*

Like a bird, driven from its southern home by storms, that is seen for a day in some northern forest warbling its sweet lays and flashing its beauty in the cold northern sunlight, and then disappears as mysteriously as it came, Mignon comes before us and is gone.

The fragile, talented little maid, stolen from her fair Italian home by a company of rope-dancers, falls into the hands of Wilhelm in a little village high up in the mountainous parts of Germany. The kindness he displays in rescuing her from her cruel master, wins her confidence at once, and henceforth she devotes herself heart and soul to his service.

Her close intercourse with the handsome and gifted young man arouses in her all the passion of which pure and noble womanhood is capable, a passion which she must nevertheless hide and restrain on account of her relation to him and his indifference.

In these moments of anguish and intense longing, music is the only consolation. Then it is that she bursts forth into those beautiful and soulful melodies that touch the heart like gentle, perfume-

*Carlyle.

laden breezes. It was on one of these occasions that she sang those wonderfully beautiful lines with that indescribable pathos so peculiarly her own :

"Know'st thou the land where the lemon tree blows—
Where deep in the bower the gold orange grows?
Where zephyrs from Heaven die softly away,
And the laurel and myrtle tree never decay?
Know'st thou it? Thither, oh! thither with thee,
My dearest, my fondest! with thee should I flee.

Know'st thou the hall with its pillared arcades,
Its chambers so vast and its long colonnades?
Where the statues of marble with features so mild
Ask, 'Why have they used thee so harshly, my child?'
Know'st thou it? Thither, oh! thither with thee,
My guide, my protector! with thee would I flee.

Know'st thou the Alp which the vapor enshrouds,
Where the bold muleteer seeks his way thro' the clouds?
In the cleft of the mountain the dragon abides,
And the rush of the stream tears the rock from its sides;
Know'st thou it? Thither, oh! thither with thee,
Leads our way, father—then come, let us flee."

Deeply spiritual in her nature, religion was her natural atmosphere. Her soul, too good and pure for this world, seemed constantly on the verge of leaving its frail tenement, yet lingering lovingly to bless a few of its fellow beings before its departure.

Consumed at last by her hopeless passion, overstrained nature gives way, and a short struggle sets her free. Yet even in death she is beautiful. Who can forget that beautiful scene in the tomb of the sick nobleman? The marble grandeur all about, the brilliant lights, the hidden choirs, the flowers, and the lifelike form of Mignon reposing in her angel robe with the golden coronet and girdle, and the sinking into the richly-carved sarcophagus to the sound of music, form a picture of surpassing beauty.

The climax is reached when, at the very last moment, one of the spectators, an Italian nobleman, recognizes in her his long lost niece, and the mystery of a noble family is solved.

THE MUHLENBERG.

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EDITORIALS.

AS we note the interest in politics which students manifest, we think ti might be interesting to have a discussion upon the subject without regard to party prejudice. Perhaps we would find very few who know much about it. Y.

THE educational world is at present carefully watching the effects of compulsory education upon our schools. Since the legislature at Harrisburg passed the act compelling children of a certain age to attend school, we have had doubts whether the provisions of the act would be properly enforced. We have noticed that it has affected certain silk mills in

Bethlehem and other places. This proves that the act has done good at least for some children who would otherwise have been deprived of the educational privileges which it has cost so much time and trouble to furnish the children of the State. It might be asked whether it is right for a state to compel its children to attend school. We think it is. If the state is ruled by the people, is it not necessary that her rulers be intelligent? No doubt, it is the parents' duty to see that their children are properly educated, but if parents will not perform their duty, shall the state see to this matter or allow itself to be ruled by men who, in many cases, cannot read or write? It is as dangerous to place the reins of government in the hands of ignorant men as to place a knife in the hands of an assassin. Then, if children and parents will not look after their own best interests it becomes the duty of the state. We often hear the same story of these unfortunates. They say, "Yes, I had opportunities to acquire an education, but I did not then see the benefit of it and, therefore, I neglected them. Now I see my mistake." The only way to prevent this unfortunate neglect is to compel the children to attend schools. The question whether it is practicable, we did not attempt to solve but leave to school authorities. We only tried to prove that the law is just. Y.

ONE of the most perplexing questions, perhaps, presented to the mind of a thoughtful young man soon after his entrance into college, is the relation in which he stands to his professors. He has come from a home in which the father is honored and the mother reverenced; he has been taught respect for authority, and in memory cherishes and esteems the teachers to whose patience and helpfulness he owes his early education. It may be urged that the nineteenth century boy is a different type. He learns with ease, matures rapidly, and seeks to shake off the fetters of filial obligation long before the law recognizes him as a man. Yet, with all his boasted independence, when not wholly without wholesome home influences and restraints, the American youth recognizes the authority of his superiors and cheerfully yields obedience to wise and tactful teachers. Placed upon his honor, he delights in serving his apprenticeship, and feels a growing spirit of manliness. The boy acting as monitor in school is always a model of good behavior.

Such a boy, upon entering college, naturally regards the professors, under whose instruction he is to spend four years, with respect and admiration. If properly prepared for his college work, he does not stand in awe of their wisdom nor quaking fear of their questioning. He recognizes them as cultured, scholarly gentlemen, by whose teachings he expects richly to profit, and from the contemplation of whose character and example he hopes himself to become an exponent of true manliness. The true student does not simply prepare and recite his lessons and cultivate a close acquaintance with his text-books, essential as these are to scholarly attainments. He pauses to think and to see where he stands. He learns the truth—often not until long after college days are past—that part of his education is the influence of his instructors as well as of his colleagues in the formation of his own character.

There are many students who seem to think that professors are their greatest foes, and the spirit of opposition they manifest toward their instructors utterly prevents them from enjoying one of the

chief advantages of a college course. Others, in the littleness of their own minds, regard their professors simply as necessary taskmasters to whose exactions they must submit. Any fair-minded young man will realize the injustice both of these classes render toward their instructors. Let the student do his duty and, in the majority of cases, he will learn to admire and esteem his professors.

S. A. B. S.

OUR ALUMNI.

PROF. GEORGE T. ETTINGER, PH.D., '80.—ED.

'69.—Rev. R. F. Weidner, D.D., LL.D., of the Chicago Theological Seminary, is a member of the Sunday-School Committee appointed at the recent meeting of the General Council.

'70.—Rev. Prof. W. K. Frick, Milwaukee, Wis., attended the General Council held in Easton, Pa.

'70.—Rev. S. A. Ziegenfuss, Germantown, Pa., is a member of the Board of Foreign Missions of the General Council of the Lutheran Church of America.

'71.—Rev. Oliver P. Smith, D.D., of Pottstown, Pa., has declined the call tendered him by a Lutheran Congregation of Easton.

'71.—Rev. H. B. Strodach, formerly of Brooklyn, N. Y., has accepted a call to the Lutheran Church at Lansford, Pa., and has moved to his new field of labor.

'73.—At a recent reunion of the graduates of the Keystone State Normal School for Lehigh and Northampton Counties, Rev. Dr. Bauman responded to the toast, "Our Boys and Girls."

'73.—Rev. Geo. A. Gerberding, D.D., of the Chicago Theological Seminary, is a member of the General Council's Committee on Sunday-School Work.

'73.—One of the prominent representatives of the New York Ministerium at the meeting of the General Council was Rev. John Nicum, D.D., of Rochester, N. Y.

'75.—Rev. William A. Passavant, Jr., Pittsburg, Pa., is to be one of the five staff correspondents of the new church paper of the General Council.

'75.—We regret to announce the death of Mr. B. M. Krause, Allentown, Pa., father-in-law of E. H. Stine, Esq. In his death, St. John's Lutheran Church of Allentown has lost one of its most devoted and prominent members.

'78.—Rev. Charles L. Fry, Lancaster, Pa., was one of the speakers at the Luther League Rally, Allentown, November 8.

'79.—We understand that Frank M. Trexler, Esq., City Solicitor of Allentown, is in training for the next Republican nomination for the office of Judge of Lehigh County.

'79.—Rev. John N. Wetzler, Beavertown, Pa., has received the degree of Ph.D. from Thiel College.

'80.—Rev. James F. Beates, of Salt Lake City, Utah, has received a call to Seattle, Washington.

'81.—Rev. Joseph W. Mayne, Easton, Pa., spoke at the Allentown rally of the Luther League.

'83.—We were very glad to see Rev. Wm. A. Sadtler, Ph.D., of the Chicago Theological Seminary, on his way home from the General Council. He is President of the Chicago Synod, the youngest man holding such office in the Lutheran church.

'83.—Rev. James O. Schlenker, Hazleton, Pa., has been elected the English Secretary of the Wilkes-Barre Conference.

'83.—We were delighted to have a little curbstone talk with our genial friend, Irwin S. Uhler, Esq., Easton, Pa., while attending Founder's Day at Lafayette College. Judging from the breadth of his smile and the girth of his body, "Doc," as he used to be called in his college days, is evidently not suffering in his journey through life.

'85.—Among the well-known instructors at the recent Lehigh County Teacher's Institute, held in Allentown, was Rev. Charles C. Boyer, Ph.D., of the Keystone Normal School at Kutztown. He also attended the Northampton County Institute.

'87.—Rev. Raymond E. Butz has resigned his Reformed charge at Catawissa, and expects to study medicine in Philadelphia.

'87.—The handsome new church edifice of Christ Lutheran Church, Lancaster, Pa., Rev. John W. Richards, pastor, was recently dedicated with appropriate ceremonies. We congratulate Rev. Richards on the marked success with which his labors have met in the new field.

'89.—The beaming face of Dr. T. Wyllis Hassler, of Philadelphia, recently brightened the streets of Allentown.

'89.—Rev. Frank C. Oberly, Luray, Va., has been called to Decatur, Ill.

'90.—Dr. Alfred J. Yost, coroner of Lehigh County, is confined to his house in Allentown by a severe cold.

'92.—In walking along the streets of Easton the other day we came upon Clarence Beck, a student of Blackstone, and his fraternity.

'92.—Rev. Charles G. Spieker has changed his address to Webster Block, Paddock and Woodland Avenues, Cleveland, Ohio.

'92.—Rev. Adam L. Ramer, Scranton, Pa., was recently married to Miss Katie Kress, of Allentown, Pa.

'94.—David A. Miller, one of the proprietors of the Allentown *Morning Call*, has been elected President of the Alumni Association of the Keystone Normal School for Lehigh and Northampton Counties.

'95.—John E. Sandt is principal of the Coplay, Pa., High School.

LOCALS.

GEORGE F. KUHL, '97.—ED.

Foot-ball.

Hunting.

Sparking.

The monthly meeting of the College Missionary Society was held in the chapel on Tuesday, October 15. The following papers were read: "Missionary Notes," by Berg, '99; "Poem on Religion," by Kunkle, '99; "Missionary Work in India," by Hehl, '98. It was decided to hold the open meeting of the society on the second Tuesday in November.

Dr. Richards has announced the following questions for the Senior–Junior debates in chapel:

1. Cuba and the United States.
2. The Lessons of the Atlanta Exposition.
3. The Monroe Doctrine.
4. Young People's Church Leagues.

The First Ward Mission Sunday-School under the able superintendency of Dr. Davis Garber, quite recently celebrated its 27th anniversary. The Secretary, Geo. W. Genszler, '96, read the annual report. Ulrich, '96, delivered the anniversay address. A number of our students take an active interest in this mission school.

The Junior Quartette, recently organized, is composed of Berk, 1st tenor;

Hartzell, 2d tenor ; Heldt, 1st bass ; Geo. Kramlich, 2d bass.

The newly elected officers of the Sophronian Literary Society are : *President*, Stinebecker, '96 ; *Vice-President*, J. Trexler, '97 ; *Clerk*, Kressley, '98 ; *Corresponding Secretary*, Seiberling,'99 ; *Treasurer*, Harmony, '98 ; *Assistant Librarians*, Weber,'99, and Hehl, '98 ; *Critics*, Snyder,'96, and Yetter '96 ; *Budget Editor*, Kaufman, '98 ; *Chaplain*, Hottenstein, '96.

The open meeting of the College Missionary Society, held in the college chapel on Tuesday evening, November 12, was a very successful one. Dr. Seip presided. The collection lifted for the cause of missions amounted to a large sum. The following program was rendered :

Piano Duet . . . . . Misses Austin and Ruhe.
Vocal Duet . . . . . Misses Bella and Jennie George.
Quartette . . . Mrs. Baker, Misses Neubert, Focht and Eckert.
Bass Solo . . . . . Mr. H. K. Lantz.
Declamation . . . . . Miss Hannah Swartz.
Ocarina Solo . . . . . Mr. Geo. Kramlich.
Collection.
Contralto Solo . . . . . Miss Fredereci.
Cornet Solo . . . . . Mr. Howard Haas.
Junior Quartette . . . Messrs. Berk, Hartzell, Heldt and G. Kramlich.
Declamation . . . . . Miss Hannah Swartz.
Soprano Solo . . . . . Miss Florence Brobst.
Flute Solo . . . . . Mr. Alfred Hartzell.

The first meeting of the *Ciarla* staff was held, November 4. Work has now begun on the college annual. The annual published by the Class of '97 promises to surpass all previous ones.

The most exciting game of foot-ball played here this season was the Freshman–Sophomore game. Both teams went into the game for blood. The Freshmen came out victorious by a score of four to nothing. This was a surprise to all the students, as the Sophs had by far the heavier team and they themselves felt confident of winning. This contest proved that the Sophs no longer had the upper hand over the Freshies. Be careful, Sophs, that you don't anger the Freshies, for if you do there surely will be war.

PERSONALS.

ARCHIBALD C. SCHENCK, '97.—ED.

FACULTY.

President Seip delivered an address before the Wilkes-Barre Conference last month. He also presided as Vice-President at the meetings of the General Council held at Easton, October 7–14, and was in attendance at the first meeting of the College and University Council, held in Harrisburg, October 23.

Dr. Richards, as Chairman of the Sunday-School Committee of the General Council, submitted a report which was favorably received and unanimously adopted. It involves an excellent grading of the schools into four departments.

Dr. Bauman addressed the Teachers' Institute of Lehigh County on Mineralogy. "His discourse was a proof of long and satisfactory work in a science seldom handled so well." He also had a very witty toast at the banquet of the alumni of the K. S. N. S. at the Grand Central Hotel. Dr. Seip spoke at the same time on "Our Boys in College."

Dr. Wackernagle is officiating at St. Peter's Lutheran Church in South Bethlehem, on account of the illness of the pastor, the Rev. W. F. Schoener.

Dr. Ettinger represented Muhlenberg at Lehigh University on Founder's Day, October 17. With President Seip he attended the splendid anniversary celebration in honor of Dr. March, the noted philologist, recently held at Lafayette.

STUDENTS.

Steckel, '98 (losing his cue in the recitation on the German Bible): "Doctor, what is the text?"

Doctor : "The text for you is, 'Keep silent.'"

Dr. Bauman (observing some one struggling with his problem in physics): "What's the matter, Mr. Heldt?"

Heldt: "I have trouble with my knee-joint."

Chorus of '96 men: "Why does Genszler so earnestly read his meteorology before Dr. G. calls him up and after that go wild over his drawing?"

Barr, '96 (hearing the children crying upstairs at his home and remembering his life upon the farm): "Dearest, let the *Barrs* down."

Dr. Bauman: "Mr. Trexler, if a diamond is the hardest substance, what can it cut?"

Trexler, '97: "Quite a figure."

Dr. W., while speaking of Frederick the Great and his desire to have big men in his army, was interrupted by Nothstein, as follows: "Doctor, don't you believe he would have used Allentown policemen if he had known them?"

Doctor: "Yes, if he had had your experience."

Hartzell, '97, imitating a hen's cackling persistently in spite of discipline, was asked by Trexler, "How long does it take to lay that egg?"

Kopenhaver, '97, addressed Muhlenberg College Institute on "Cultivating Attention." The address was very interesting, although all took the elevator down.

H. E. Strauss, '99 (asked by Dr. W. as to the date of his birth): "Ich bin geboren 1878, B. C." Can it be that a Freshman is so antiquated?

Stine, '97: "What is a flunk?"

Artz, '98: "'Ninety-five in Dr. W.'s room."

Laubach, '96: "Why is Everett so attractive?"

Fetherolf, '99: "Because of an increased determination after reading the 'Reveries of a Bachelor.'"

Reed, '97 (overhearing a conversation in room 67 about girls, and mistaking it): "Where did you say you got it?"

Fretz: "At the Crystal Maze."

Hartzell, '97: "Miller, C., were you conscious when you forgot your speech?"

Sullivan, Ill., and Wm. Steinbecker, '96, have a close relation. Why? It knocked out many a man.

Miller, F., '97: "You needn't come to me to write a German speech."

Fehr, '97 (hearing rehearsal of banquet scenes): "How dear to my heart are these fond recollections."

H. P. Miller, '99, is noted for the version which he gave Fisher's Universal History. In brief it is this:

"Joshua was followed by Moses. He erected several temples and next to Moses he was the greatest conqueror."

Gruhler, '99: "What is Hartley's mouth like?"

Boarding-house in concert: "A circular buzz saw. It can only make a noise when it goes."

Rex, '99 (to Walter, after foot-ball game): "Could my tears forever flow," etc.

Fritch, '98 (seeing a conductor's badge on Kuhl, '97): "What is your highest ambition?"

Kuhl, '97: "To handle the fair."

Riegel, '99, and Xander, '96, have begun an extensive treatise on "Beef *vs.* Science."

Klick, '99: "I don't believe Dr. B. ever looks for anything in vain."

Frich, G., '99 (blushing): "He did though in our recitation in History."

Klick, '99: "What is the best motto in the world?"

Kramlich, '96: "What's done is done."

Genszler, '96: "The worst fellows get the best girls, don't they?"

Weaver, '96: "Yes. Therefore."

Singmaster, '98, is seriously ill with diphtheria.

Dr. G. (to Xander, '96): "Where do the hot winds of Texas come from?"

Xander (assuredly): "From the lower regions."

For sale at room 67.—Stars and shields S. S. N. S., or L. S.; also from Miller, F., the surest and most thorough reasons for Shakespeare's expression, "What fools these mortals be."

Yetter, '96, has recently been teaching in the Allentown High School.

WORLD OF LETTERS.

JOHN H. SYKES, '97.—ED.

If people only knew it, one of the surest ways of improvement both in mind and morals is to read and study good literature; while bad literature is just as corrupting. It is the high moral tone and almost spiritual utterances which make some articles the best. Probably such a high standard comes from a real love of the work in writers, but more likely from a good, pure, wholesome mind.

One of the best articles of this month's magazines is one by William Dean Howells in *Harpers*, which relates his experiences in the literary world of Boston thirty years ago. At that time he was assistant editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*. It is replete with good descriptions, and shows that the heart of the author was wholly in his work. It is a short review of the characteristics of the chief writers in Boston at that time, and shows that New England was the rendezvous of all the first writers of North America. Mr. Howells says: "The muses have often been acknowledged to be very nice young persons, but in Boston they were really ladies." "Miss Larcom scarcely seemed to change from date to date in the generations that elapsed between the time I first saw her and the time I saw her last a year or two before her death. A goodness looked out of her comely face, which always made me think of the Madonna in Titian's Assumption, and her whole aspect expressed a mild and friendly spirit which I find it hard to put into words. She was never of the fine world of literature; she dwelt where she was born, in that unfashionable Beverly which is not Beverly Farms, and was of a simple, sea-faring, God-fearing race, as she has told in one of the loveliest autobiographies I know, 'A New England Girlhood.'"

If the writers for the magazines keep on dosing us with historical articles, we shall be likely to get an overdose. There are two articles in the *Century* which are somewhat out of the ordinary line. They are both entitled, "The Issues of 1896." The first is a Republican view, while the second is Democratic. If we may be allowed our humble criticism, we wish to say that we do not believe such articles tend to heighten the standard of the magazine, although they are, indeed, written by most reputable gentlemen.

An article in the *Century* called "Equality as the Basis of Good Society," would prove a study for our logicians. We are constrained to believe that the reasoning is sound. We are told that the American theory of promoting equality by allowing all men to get on top, no longer holds because the top has become corrupted and many worthy people do not like to be seen there.

One of the principal articles in the *Forum* of this month is written by Prof. Lester F. Ward, entitled, "Plutocracy and Paternalism." It is scarcely possible to give even a résumé of the article, for we can necessarily, with this space, give only a taste of the good things. "One of the greatest needs of an industrious people is a safe and profitable investment of their surplus earnings. In the existing condition of things they are driven into stock markets. In a few rare cases, such as the first telephone shares, they become enormously productive. But in the great majority of cases they first fluctuate and finally fall below par, often to a mere nominal value. There seems to be nothing to prevent the directors of these concerns from manipulating the shares so as first to enrich themselves and then to leave the business a wreck."

EXCHANGES.

SAMUEL G. TREXLER, '96.—ED.

The *College Student* contains an excellent article on a subject which is confronting many of our institutions, "The Decline of the College Literary Society." It proves by statistics a steady decline in the interest taken in the literary society, and a consequent parallel decline in the readiness of the college man.

The *Dickinson Union*, the result of the union of the two journals previously published at Dickinson Seminary, comes to our table a neat and interesting publication.

The modern youth kissed the modern maid
'Neath her chin of alabaster,
And he smacked his lips with zest at the taste—
'Twas suggestive of some kind of plaster.—*Ex.*

On looking over the various college publications, we notice a decided tendency in some journals to devote almost their entire space to athletic interests. This is unjust, as the primary object of the college publication is not the athletic but the literary.

We extend our thanks to *College Student*, *Mirror*, *Folio*, *Dickinsonian*, and *Thielensian* for the kindly recognition of the MUHLENBERG in their columns.

A dashing widow moved into town :
"She has come to remain," the editor wrote,
The stupid compositor knocked out his i,
And the editor fled to a place remote.—*Ex.*

In the *Midland* appears a very able article on "Novels and Their Readers," showing to what extent reading may influence a man's course.

"From an Ancient Manuscript" the *Free Lance* gives a very interesting account of a game of foot-ball at Athens. The Committee on International Sports for 1896 at Athens can very probably profit by this description.

While Moses was no college man
And never played foot-ball,
In rushes he was said to be
The first one of them all.
—*Yale Record.*

The *Minnesota Magazine*, considering its extreme youth, appears in a very presentable form, and with its spicy articles may well prove a model for older publications.

The *Sibyl* contains some very good material, and we see no reason why it should not appear monthly instead of bi-monthly as at present.

Among the Normal School publications on our list the *Amulet* and the *Normal Echoes* are worthy of mention.

Two cribs in his pocket and one in his cuff,
Some formulæ rules and other small stuff
Tucked up his sleeve ; and a stolen test,
A text-book buttoned up under his vest ;
A bookish chum near to assist him,—
Behold the result of the marking system.—*Ex.*

The Muhlenberg

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M.S.H.

DECEMBER, 1895.

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THE MUHLENBERG.

"Litteræ Sine Ingenio Vanæ."

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Which?

BY THE REV. MILTON J. BIEBER, '91.

THE two political parties of Europe are exponents of the world's thoughts and activities. All men are either Liberals or Conservatives or modifications of the two. All parties of whatever name, all classes and denominations, all investigators, are either Liberal or Conservative. The former is *pro;* the latter *anti.* The former propels; the latter retards. The one discovers, explores, invents; the other criticises. The former is constantly changing; the latter rarely. The one moves forward boldly, fearlessly, even recklessly; the latter cautiously, slowly, or not at all. The Liberal revels in the *new*; the Conservative in the *old.* Each one in its own sphere serves a purpose—the one producing; the other preserving. Each is liable to excess. When the Liberal overleaps its bounds, it may develop into license, extravagance and fanaticism; if Conservatism lags, it means stagnation, decay, and death. The Republican and Democratic parties in this country are respectively Liberal and Conservative. The one is the party of ideas; the latter is *anti.* Between them the country has developed into a very respectable nation. We see the Liberal in the framing and adoption of the Constitution, the American system of protection, and the abolition of slavery. The Conservative appears in the literal interpretation of the Constitution and strict adherence to time-honored customs.

In Europe royalty is Conservative; the masses are Liberal. The thrones are crumbling through Liberal pressure; they are still standing, owing to Conservative support. In monarchical governments Conservatism must necessarily be defensive; Liberalism is always on the offensive—and very offensive it has sometimes been. Liberalism was responsible for the fearful excesses of the French Revolution. The Jacobins of that period, with their 1200 branch societies exercising a formidable and disastrous influence and instituting the Reign of Terror, were fanatical Liberals. Radicals, socialists, anarchists, and nihilists are the misguided offspring of their zealous mother. The crusades, with all their attending miseries but resulting benefits, were prompted by her. Through her influence the Magna Charta was wrested from King John of England, Charles I. lost his head, Scotland won her independence, and England became a republic in everything but in name. She prompted the Swiss to resist the Austrian tyrant and the Netherlands to throw off the foreign yoke. Liberalism has written or at least inserted clauses into every constitution in Europe. She has led every step towards liberty, urged every needed reform. She is agitating Europe to-day from shore to mountains. She recently gained a victory over China, and in some

form is always at hand among the South American republics. She is leading the insurgents in Cuba, bringing light into the Dark Continent, and extending *protectorates* over many islands and western nations. When Liberalism finds no more worlds to conquer or explore or elevate or change, the mortal will have put on immortality.

But where lies the sphere of the Conservative? What are its characteristics? What is its relation to progress? Conservatism has a fascination for the "old." On her banners are inscribed the mottoes: "Make haste slowly;" "Leave well enough alone;" "The old is good enough for me." She lives in the past. She has no desire for changes. Conservatism holds on to existing institutions whether good or bad. She will not exchange old friends for new ones. She is thus a constant check to sweeping and radical innovations. She is deliberate. In her reason is rarely dethroned by feverish enthusiasm. Conservatism kept the Jews a distinct nation during the Old Testament period. She thus preserved the oracles of God, and prepared the world for Christ. Conservatism's chief strength lies in the Church—in preserving the old, old story; in adhering unswervingly to the Word of God; in bringing and keeping the Church to her ancient moorings; in allowing no traditions, no false interpretations, no sayings of man, to supersede the Word. Conservatism has no place for "The New Religion." She sees justice as well as mercy in God. She counts very few sceptics in her ranks. True conservatism is opposed not only to a union of church and state, but a union of church and world. She sets her face against a church-theatre-dining room-kitchen combination. She goes back to Christ and the Apostles, and there she stands. She may occasionally err in her lack of adaptation to the times and her manner of presenting the truth, but in the truth, rarely. She may hide the truth under a bushel; may guard it so closely and zealously as to keep it from the world and thus bar progress; but she nevertheless *possesses* it.

Absolute Conservatism and Liberalism are opposite poles; they are the extremes of human thought and action, and, like the poles, of which neither by itself is advantageous to progress, *they are not habitable*. All who pierce to the extreme of either make shipwreck of themselves or their fellows. Liberalism and Conservatism are the oxygen and nitrogen of the religious, political, intellectual, and social atmosphere of the world. Each one becomes beneficial only as it enters into combination with the other. The one energizes; the other dilutes. A disproportionate combination results either in explosion or in decay; in anarchy and disruption or in retrogression. Hence a modification of each approaches a happy medium. A composition would develop into two additional parties, the conservative Liberal and the liberal Conservative. The former is Liberal but diluted with Conservatism; the latter is Conservative but energized by a proportion of Liberalism. These two compositions have enabled mankind to reach and explore the modern heights of progress and reform; to breathe the air of better government and more benign institutions.

The world finds some of her great men in both the Liberal and Conservative ranks, but her noblest sons were not extremists. They were either conservative Liberals or liberal Conservatives. St. Paul as a Jew was an extreme Conservative; as a Christian he became a Liberal, preaching to Jews and Gentiles, but a conservative Liberal inasmuch as he did not reject Jewish rites. St. Peter was a

liberal Conservative. Luther, when compared with the Roman Church of the 16th Century, was a Liberal; when comtrasted with the Apostolic Church, he is clearly Conservative. In his reform writings and utterances he was a conservative Liberal. Calvin and Zwingli were Liberals. Washington and Adams and Franklin were liberal Conservatives. Jefferson was Liberal; Gladstone is a Liberal; Bismark, a Conservative; Leo XIII. is a liberal Conservative.

Every thinking person belongs to one of these four parties. He is either extreme or moderate in his views. He may be so from conviction, environment, or training, but he is registered in one of the ranks. He may be abreast or ahead of the times; he may be dragged along or stand in the way or even oppose progress.

Negro Education in Louisiana.

By Prof. Charles E. Roos, '93,
Instructor in the Southern University, New Orleans, La.

THE fact that this beloved country of ours seems to be the meeting place of the nations of the earth, brings before that conglomerate mass of humanity, known as the American people, many a serious and often perplexing question of which other nations know n o t h i n g. Among the different races of our country there is one, the Negro, whose past is unique in the annals of history. His presence in this country and his present condition have brought before us a troublesome question which we must solve sooner or later; but it can be solved in my opinion only by that part of our nation which understands the character of this black son of the soil.

No doubt, many people in the North imagine that the present relations between the two races in the South are little better than they were in the days of slavery. My object in this article will be to give my friends in the North a brief statement of the educational advantages that the state of Louisiana is holding out to the Negroes within its own borders.

After the "Reconstruction days" were over, and the rich harvest of the greedy and unscrupulous "Carpet-baggers" was a thing of the past, the better classes of the state once more began to think soberly. The most difficult question before them was the "race question." The XIV. Amendment to the Constitution had made the illiterate freedman the political equal of the white property holder. These property holders well knew that the strength of a republic lies in the intelligence of its voters,—a fact that the framers of the XIV. Amendment seem to have overlooked. They also knew that a state in which almost one-half of the voters were illiterate non-property holders was not safe. What was to be done with the Negro? Should they spend their money to educate their former slaves? The thought was a disagreeable one, yet the wisest among them, those who did not allow race prejudice to gain the upper hand of reason, saw that if they wanted their property to be safe, the education of the Negro was a necessity. These men well knew that it was to the highest interests of the State to make the Negro intelligent enough to understand that his interests and those of his former masters were identical. They also knew what Prof. B. T. Washington, the greatest Negro educator of the present day, so well said at the opening of the Atlanta Exposition, that no enterprise seeking the material, civil or moral welfare of this section of the Union can disregard the Negro and reach the highest success. It was therefore plain that for the good of the state the Negro had to be educated.

SEPARATE SCHOOLS.

But now the next question was: "Shall the Negro children be admitted to the white public schools?" The answer of public opinion was a thundering "No!" "But," said public opinion, "let us provide separate schools for the two races." No doubt, our New England friends who are always ready to give us advice upon this question about which, as their advice plainly shows, they know nothing, will say that it was nothing but blind prejudice that kept the Negro out of the white public schools. I admit that race pride and prejudice had a great deal to do with it in the beginning. But though race pride and prejudice suggested this course, time has proved the wisdom of it.

"All proper methods of education vary as the nature of the beings educated varies." It must ever be the aim of principals to put those in the same class whose natures are the same, or whose mental development has reached the same plane. It must be evident to every one who takes the trouble seriously to think about this subject, that the natures of the children of the Negroes, who but a few generations ago were savages, and who but a generation ago were slaves taught not to think too much, is not the same as the nature of the children of the Anglo-Saxons, who for centuries have belonged to the most enlightened races of the earth. Since their natures are not the same, it is better for both races that they be apart, that by different methods the best results may be attained in both kinds of schools.

The next question that came up for discussion was: "How far shall the state educate the Negro?" Denominational schools, supported by funds from the North, intended for the higher education of the Negro, had already sprung up. Many of the poorer whites thought that the Negro had already too many educational advantages. But the men of influence in the state seemed to think that the Negro should have the same educational advantages that the whites enjoyed. Thus, when in 1879 the leading men of the state assembled to draught a new constitution for the state, they embodied in this constitution the following article: "The General Assembly shall establish in the city of New Orleans a university for the education of persons of color, provide for its proper government, and make an annual appropriation of not less than five thousand dollars nor more than ten thousand dollars for its maintenance and support."

The new school, the Southern University, opened its doors the following fall. It enrolled a large number of students the first year, but after they had been examined, it was found that none of them were further than the Fourth Reader or Fourth Grade. The children, thinking that now they were going to the "university," had made the same mistake that their "ignorant and inexperienced fathers made, for whom the Legislature had more attractions than real or industrial skill." Many of these students had come from the colored public schools where they should have remained a few years longer. The Legislature had already appropriated ten thousand dollars for the support of the school. So it was decided that the "university" should teach the scholars that had applied and thus do what many another "university" in this country has done, *viz.*: prepare its own students. Gradually, as the upper grades were filled, the lower grades were dropped. For a number of years the Democratic Legislature of this state appropriated the maximum limit. However, when the "Morril Bill" was so amended as to

include also the colored schools of the Southern States and the Southern University began to draw funds from the United States Government, the appropriation was reduced to seven thousand five hundred dollars a year. In addition to this, they bought the Southern University farm for eight thousand dollars.

As soon as the school began to draw these funds it began to branch out, until to-day it has a grammar school, a high school, a normal school, a mechanical department, a girls' industrial department, an agricultural department, and a college of liberal arts, with a faculty of thirteen teachers and an enrollment of about three hundred students. Thus far we have advanced in the work of Negro education in Louisiana. How this education will affect the future of the Negro, time alone can tell.

A Purer Joy.

By Russell Roscoe, '96.

CHRISTMAS vacation in his Junior year had come and George Lee was spending the day at college. "At college, not at home," the thought remained fixed in his mind, and the words kept repeating themselves like the few lines of a hymn recently heard that banish sleep from the restful pillow and ring in ever-recurring strains in a wearied brain. Christmas in the old days, with the happy family group gathered about the piano when the evening lamp was lighted, the gentle mother singing a sweet carol of the Babe of Bethlehem, her George, her eldest son, upon whose handsome face and manly form she gazed with affectionate pride, standing by her side and, with his younger brothers, joining his voice in a beautiful hymn set to the music of a German choral, the brightly illuminated tree, the kind father, rector of the church at E——, glancing from the book he was reading in the library across the hall to the happy circle in the parlor opposite, such was the picture impressed upon his soul by its own operations that Christmas evening in the Church of the Incarnation. The *Magnificat* and the *Nunc Dimittis* had been superbly rendered by the vested choir and in the rich cadences of the Virgin's hymn and Simeon's lay, his music loving soul, with Mary, had rejoiced in God his Saviour, and even felt ready, with the aged saint, to depart in peace. The preacher, in carefully chosen words, was again telling the story that is very old yet ever new, but, as the youth listened, instead of the Holy Family that limners love to portray, he beheld that other vision, that little home circle a thousand miles away whose only absent member that night was he.

At college, not at home. Separated in body but knit together in spirit. He was not homesick in the commonly-accepted meaning of the word. He did not care to go home. Enabled by the careful instructions of his scholarly father to join the Junior class in the college at B——, he expected, after graduation, to enter a divinity school and engage in the work of the active ministry. From childhood of a modest, retiring nature, inheriting from his father scholarly tastes and from his mother a nature rich in affection that at times, when fully aroused, verged on the passionate, he had been reared not in luxurious ease and indolence, but in the refined activity of study and companionship with father and mother. His ideals were high. What was noble in man he honored and strove to emulate; the base in the world and in his own soul he sought daily to overcome, for his father, notwithstanding his erudition, was a man of wisdom who knew that the most subtle temptations come from within and need

wholly to be subjugated ere the soul can claim to be its own master.

Here was George at college. The past four months, as he had reviewed them in his own room that afternoon, were in the main satisfactory so far as studies were concerned. He stood well in his class; the professors treated him very kindly and as he often thought, far better than he deserved; and he knew that his fellow students respected him. Who could help admiring a youth whose manners were so engaging, whose conversation so refined, whose very presence breathed about him the purity and loviliness of that far-away home?

Yet many a time a sadness stole over him. He could not help acknowledging to himself a feeling of disappointment. His nature was extraordinarily social. Hidden beneath the quiet dignity that each lofty soul unconsciously assumes, there welled up a fountain of clearest waters, even the affection of a pure youthful spirit longing, like Jonathan of old, to be knit in sweet communion with its kindred David. The companionship of a nature like his own, the mutual helpfulness which he felt must result from such a friendship, this was his desire long cherished but still unsatisfied. 'Twas a dream that attended him night and day, a blessing his pure soul craved. He had not found at college this kindred spirit. The students were all so different from him and he from them. Sometimes he thought he had found the friend of his seeking. But how soon, to his grief, unconsciously the incapacity of that other soul for such a friendship appeared. The thought of this filled him with a sadness not in keeping with the festal vesper of the hour, a longing which, however pure, was yet selfish, the creature of temporal imperfections.

Suddenly from his long reverie he was aroused by these words of the preacher: "Even Christ pleased not Himself." He pleased not Himself, my Master whom I seek to serve, my Saviour, my Redeemer, my Lord and my God. I know that my desire for a friend, this craving of my inmost soul that is very real yet so difficult to express in words, is not wrong. Even the Master loved the faithful Apostle, the devoted John, and delighted in the friendship of that little family at Bethany. Yet I am so selfish. He pleased not Himself. Why should I? I hope to follow in His footsteps. Why not even in this if He think best, deny myself? O Son of Man, help Thy poor child and give Him strength to follow Thee alone.

The organ again pealed forth. The notes of an anthem by Dudley Buck fell upon his ears with a single sweet boyish voice announcing in strains seraphic the birth of the holy Jesu, and the chorus replying with organ and orchestral accompaniment, like the angel choirs on that first Christmas morning, in the words of the evangel of "peace on earth, to men of good will."

As he knelt for the closing collect, as he received the benediction of the blessed Trinity, a peace stole over his troubled soul, that peace "which the world can neither give nor take away." With his Saviour's hand clasped in his own, his spirit no longer felt troubled. He communed with that Friend "who sticketh closer than a brother," and the last notes of the retrocessional hymn,

> "Hark, the herald angels sing,
> Glory to the new-born King,"

as they were borne through the incense-laden air from the sacristy, found him still kneeling, with the shepherds of Judea, in lowly adoration at the manger throne of the Christ-child, exclaiming with all the company of heaven who follow Him whithersoever He goeth, with all those yet in the Church on earth:

> "Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
> More than all in Thee I find."

The blessed Christmas Gospel had again been preached. The need of that troubled student-soul was satisfied by the balm of heaven's own healing virtue, coming forth from the very Son of God incarnate, the Word made flesh.

POEMS.

By Rev. George S. Butz, '91.

Offerings.

We come not with a costly store,
  O Lord! like them of old,
The masters of the starry lore
  From Ophir's shore of gold;
No weepings of the incense-tree
  Are with the gifts we bring;
No odorous myrrh of Araby
  Blends with our offering.

But faith and love may bring their best,
  A spirit keenly tried;
A heart whose holy Jesus-shrine
  Is incense purified;
The fragrant graces of the mind,
  The virtues that delight
To give their perfume out, will find
  Acceptance in Thy sight.

In Autumn.

Behold the sculpture of the living God!
  The hills in perfect loveliness arrayed,
Where tall, dark pines their plumes forever nod,
  And spread their shade.

O, standing here, how every sense is fed
  With beauty that delights the dreaming soul!
The evening clouds, with gorgeous sunset red,
  Magnificence unroll.

Forest and farm mosaic-like inlaid,
  Fair as a grand cathedral's shining floor,
Sun-burnished streams, and pale carnelian shade
  Of fields ploughed o'er.

The verd-antique of grassy meadows wide,
  Each vale a censer filled with perfums eweet
Of fern and wild rose for the autumn-tide,—
  All, all we greet!

The fleecy cloud, the wisp of vapor hung
  Like bit of wool upon the distant peak;
The standing sheaf, the wreath o'er tall rock flung,
  A language speak.

They tell us that the year her golden crown
  And richest, fairest robe is wearing now,
When peaceful moon and brightest stars look down
  From Heaven's brow.

I.

Alone, amid life's griefs and perils,
  The stoutest soul may quail;
Left to its own unaided efforts,
  The strongest arm may fail.

II.

Then let us learn to help each other,
  Hoping unto the end;
Who sees in every man a brother
  Shall see in each a friend.

I.

No danger is there too fearful
  For the power of faith to brave,
There's nothing so strong to tempt us
  As the strength of Christ to save.

II.

No human gift is so precious
  As the one that God has given,—
No earthly hope is so gladsome,
  So sweet and so sure as Heaven.

I.

A watchful eagle flying slow,
Saw in a valley far below
A carcass 'midst the ice and snow;
That lonely spot where none passed by
He quickly marked with kindling eye,
And sank with one triumphant cry.

II.

Long was the feast, too long indeed,
For his broad wings were never freed
From the firm ice, where, in his greed,
They closely lay! In wild despair
He shrieked and struggled vainly there;
No more those pinions swept the air.

III.

O man! a vivid emblem this
Of low desires in those who miss
Heaven's greatest riches—glory, bliss!
So long they feast on earthly things,
The soul no more within them sings,
They cannot mount on spirit wings.

I.

Rise from your dreams of the future,
Of gaining some hard-fought field,
Of storming some airy fortress,
Or bidding some giant yield.

II.

Your future has deeds of glory,
Of honor,—God grant it may!—
But your arm will never be stronger,
Or the need so great as to-day.

Strive, endeavor, it profits more
To fight and fail, than on Time's dull shore
To sit an idler ever;
For to him who bares his arm to the strife,
Firm at his post in the battle of life,
The victory faileth—never.

The Modern Hercules.

By R. S. R., '96.

GRANT ALLEN, in one of his recent works, has made the timely assertion that more time is wasted by our modern peoples in reading the daily newspapers than in any other recreation or duty (as the reader may consider it).

A glance at our reading-room will prove the truth of this statement. A great many of our students spend all their leisure time, and much of their time that should be otherwise employed, devouring the contents of the omniscient newspaper, often reading every word from the first headline to the last advertisement on the back page. This is their daily routine. Not only will one account not suffice, but they usually read the same account, only printed in different type, by another publication, repeatedly.

The great need among too many of our newspaper readers is discrimination. There must be system in reading a newspaper as well as in solving the greatest mechanical problem of the age. This must be a process in absorbing the contents of a daily journal, a process which continued practice alone can make

perfect, as it does in any other line of endeavor.

What is called the "headline" is an extremely important part of the article. The headline should, if possible, always tell the reader, in three or four words, the subject of the article, while the subheads which follow should be still further explanatory. The news summaries, which are found in nearly every publication, often on the editorial page, are very useful in this respect. Individual taste, if properly cultivated, after this preliminary examination of the journal should determine one's reading. If a man is interested in law, he will naturally follow the doings of the judiciary, although to such a one the accounts of murder cases or criminal trials of any kind are of but little value, because such matters are usually presented in a sensational manner and do not interest the student of law in his legal capacity. At some of these trials occasionally valuable expert testimony is given, but the average newspaper reporter does not report such testimony so that a lawyer is able to understand it. Of course, it must be remembered that the aim of the newspaper is not to give a scientific statement of such matters, but simply to report them to the satisfaction of the majority of readers.

Again, to the student of theology the doings of the religious world will be of more than ordinary interest. Or the technical student will note specially the advance in engineering and his art. However, to the general reader these special features will not be of more than momentary interest.

But the newspaper is composed not only of these special articles. Our modern American newspaper is truly cosmopolitan. There are many articles of interest to many but of value to no one. Take, for instance, the account of some great accident. How much are you benefitted by reading several columns describing it? In a few days the entire account will be forgotten, and the bare fact, which could, have been learned equally well from the headline in a moment, will remain. Or take again the narration of some great crime. Would the reader not often be better had he not read the article at all? How many evil suggestions which will sooner or later shape themselves into evil deeds, have thus been bred and fostered? How much benefit is ever derived from reading society gossip, society news, and club news? It may do well enough as a pastime for some of our leisurely people, but for the hurrying, hustling, ordinary man it brings no return. The foreign budget is generally intelligently presented in our dailies, and such accounts are usually very interesting and instructive. It is always well to have on hand a good knowledge about public questions that are interesting other nations.

Thus we see that the merit of a newspaper article always lies in the facts which it presents, not in its literary style. The articles are always presented in a form acceptable to the masses. Thus the reporter usually coins many words and phrases which do not at all rest on authority. In fact, the newspaper men may be said to have a language of their own. How much literary merit can one expect from the average reporter?

One important feature of the modern journal, and one that is often ridiculed, has almost been overlooked, the advertisements. Aside from an economic view they are very important. It is said of the "Grand Old Man," Gladstone, that the advertisements are the principal items of interest to him, for by them is he best able to tell the progress of the world. In them one sees new ideas, new discoveries, and inventions which never appear in the news columns. Besides this, if a person were in a strange place he could get a mass of facts as to the peculiarities and the character of the place and people by reading the advertisements in the local newspapers.

The modern American daily newspaper is a marvel. It is one of the wonders of the age. The only trouble is that human life is too brief to comprehend it and to grasp a tithe of the benefits which, without doubt, it offers to every intelligent reader.

THE MUHLENBERG.

Editor-in-Chief,
SAMUEL A. BRIDGES STOPP, '96.

Assistant Editor-in-Chief,
JOHN M. YETTER, '96.

Alumni Editor,
GEORGE T. ETTINGER, PH. D., '80.

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GEORGE F. KUHL, '97,—LOC.

Business Managers,
FRANKLIN K. FRETZ, '97. WILMER F. HELDT, '97.

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EDITORIALS.

THE MUHLENBERG wishes all its readers a very merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

THE delay in the publication of THE MUHLENBEG was due to a tie-up of the type used in printing the journal. Had this not interfered, THE MUHLENBERG should have appeared the 12th of December.

THERE is no doubt that librarians, especially in our colleges and normal schools, could make human nature and its present tendencies a very interesting study by noting the kind of books read by the average student. When we compare the large percentage of books on fiction found in our libraries to those on history, science, travels, essays or theology; and when we note the fact that the former are generally called for and bear the marks of greatest use, the question naturally arises, Why is it, and what will be the effect upon future thought and education? Not only is it important that the selections be correct, but also the kind of reading done. There is too much reading compared to the thinking done by the average man. There is reading enough to produce a generation of philosophers. Reading, both the process and the matter, should be of such a nature, that it will become a stimulant and assistant to thought. One man is superior to another, in the intellectual world, only as he has superior capacity for thought.

J. M. Y.

THE offering of prizes of books for proficiency in the German language by the Senior and Junior German literary societies, is a very commendable action and speaks well for the interest shown by our higher classmen in the welfare of their *Alma Mater*. This is only the second year since the organization of German literary societies at Muhlenberg, and great credit for the progress they are making is due to the Professor of German.

These prizes are offered to lower classmen, to whom they will prove equally as great an incentive to more careful work and the attainment of a higher standard of excellence as those offered to higher classmen. The coming contests will be awaited with interest, and not less pleased than the prize winners themselves will be the members of the societies who placed these treasures within their reach, and thus helped to render the rather

tedious early years of the college course more attractive.

How many whom these lines reach might do far greater things for Muhlenberg! Ministers, whose parishioners need to be awakened to a sense of duty to their church's college; physicians, enjoying countless opportunities which tact and wisdom and filial affection for their gentle mother will not be slow to improve; lawyers, whose influence may direct wealth in channels of beneficence; and business men, part of whose gains would do almost incalculable good: our alumni in all the vocations of life certainly must ever keep Muhlenberg's best interest not only at heart but actively in hand if they would not be guilty of the basest ingratitude. The alumni banquet at our last commencement was marked by great enthusiasm, and the cause of the College was brought into prominent notice. Nothing tangible has yet come of it, but we hope the seeds sown will find some lodgment. The work accomplished by Muhlenberg cannot but commend the institution to its friends.

Is it necessary to refer to the needs of the College? They are too well known to require more than mention in passing. New buildings, in keeping with these times in which the ideally beautiful must be æsthetically clothed, furnishing professors and students ampler accommodations and apparatus which would enable them more satisfactorily to prosecute their work, are imperative wants. Muhlenberg is doing all she can under her present limitations. She always has had stanch friends, men tried and true, whose munificent gifts are a lasting credit to the donors and a continuous benefit to the College. Who will emulate the beneficence of Messrs. James K. Mosser and Andrew S. Keck? Patrons, alumni, students, be loyal to your college, and let your faith in the good she is doing show itself by your works for her advancement.

S. A. B. S.

OUR ALUMNI.

PROF. GEORGE T. ETTINGER, PH.D., '80.—ED.

'70.—A recent issue of the *Luther League Review* contained a portrait of the Rev. Prof. William K. Frick, of the Lutheran Theological Seminary, Chicago.

'72.—From the daily papers we learn that the home of the Rev. M. O. Roth, Allentown, was visited by thieves, who carried away a number of valuables.

'73.—The Hon. George F. Kribbs, Clarion, Pa., is spending the winter in Florida.

'73.—The Rev. William H. Myers, Reading, Pa., has ready an illustrated lecture on his recent trip to Alaska. He has already delivered it in several places and the secular press speaks very highly of it.

'78.—On the evening of December 2, the Rev. Charles L. Fry, Lancaster, Pa., delivered an address in Grace Lutheran Church, Bethlehem, on "Should the Lutheran Church have a Bishop?"

'78.—The Rev. D. Henry Reiter, Richland Centre, Pa., is Treasurer of the Norristown Conference.

'80.—Prof. Benjamin Sadtler, B. S., Golden, Colorado, was east to attend the golden wedding of his parents in Baltimore.

'81.—The Rev. Charles E. Sandt has resigned his charge at Freemansburg, Pa.

'82.—The Rev. Robert D. Roeder, Norristown, Pa., is President of the Norristown Conference.

'83.—We regret to hear that the Rev. Wm. F. Schoener, South Bethlehem, Pa., has had a very severe attack of typhoid fever.

'84.—Prof. C. Ernest Wagner, of Franklin and Marshall College, Lancaster, ate his Thanksgiving turkey with his parents in Allentown.

'85.—Wilson K. Mohr, Esq., continues his lectures on Commercial Law before the students of the American Business College, Allentown.

'87.—Reuben T. Butz, Esq., is the treasurer of a syndicate of builders that has greatly improved the western part of Allentown by the erection of many handsome houses.

'89.—Dr. T. Wyllis Hassler has been appointed Assistant Demonstrator in the Hahnemann Medical College, Philadelphia.

'90.—On Thanksgiving Day, Evan B. Lewis, Esq., one of the rising young lawyers of Philadelphia, joined the ranks of the Benedicts.

'91.—We congratulate the Rev. W. W. Kistler, Coopersburg, Pa., upon an addition to his family.

'91.—The Rev. H. F. Seneker has been elected to the pulpit of St. John's Lutheran Church, Wilkes-Barre, Pa., recently resigned by the Rev. George W. Sandt.

'92.—The Reverends Bertolet, Richards, Stettler and Doerr have Lutheran charges within the bounds of the Philadelphia English Conference.

'95.—Newton T. Miller is studying medicine at the University of Pennsylvania.

'95.—W. J. Snyder is a Senior in the Classical Course of the same institution.

'95.—Joseph H. Stopp is a Senior in the Classical Course at Princeton.

LOCALS.

GEORGE F. KUHL, '97.—ED.

Past—Thanksgiving.

Coming—Christmas.

What next?

The following are Euterpea's officers: President, Barr, '96; Vice-President, Schenk, '97; Recording Secretary, Klick, '99; Corresponding Secretary, Gruber, '98; Treasurer, Kramlich, 97; Critics, Kramlich, '96. and Nothstein, '97; Chaplain, Bohner, '99; Pianist, Kramlich, '97.

The regular monthly meeting of the College Missionary Society was held November 19. The society elected these officers: President, Trexler, '96; Secretary, Fretz, '97; Treasurer, Miller, F., '97. The following papers were read: "Evangelization in Japan," by Kramlich, '96, "Waking up in Japan," by Heist, '98; "Arabia and the Gospel," by Fehr, '97.

The Senior and Junior German Literary Societies have decided to give prizes of books to the Sophomore and Freshman classes. The contests will take place in the College chapel in May.

Our musical friends are at last coming to the front. The Preps. have organized a quartette which is composed of: First tenor, Koch; second tenor, Mayer; first bass, Yerger; second bass, Flexer.

The College Glee Club has been reorganized under the able leadership of Kramlich, '97. Several engagements have been made. The officers are: President, Strodach, '96; Secretary and Treasurer, Kunkle, '99; Business Manager, Case, '99; Director, Kramlich, '97. The members are: First tenor: Erdman, '98; Case, '99; Laubach, '98; Berk, '97. Second tenor: Strodach, '96; Steckel, '98; Hartzell, '97; Lenker, '98. First bass: Kramlich, '96; Kunkle, '99; Yerker,

Prep. Second bass: Gruhler, '99; Bender, '99; Heldt, '97; Kramlich, '97.

A very exciting game of foot-ball was played at Alburtis on Thanksgiving Day between the Freshmen and the Crescents of Alburtis. The Crescent eleven was composed of Sophomores and several students from the Kutztown State Normal School. Great enthusiasm prevailed throughout the game. The Freshmen had by far the lighter team, but by excellent playing kept the Crescents hustling. Steinbicker, Kunkle, Sykes and Gruhler crowned themselves with glory by their splendid tackling. The Crescents made their touch-down in the latter part of the second half. Line up:

CRESCENTS.	POSITIONS.	FRESHMEN.
Miller,	left end,	Sykes.
Wilhelm,	left tackle,	L. Fritch.
Stine,	left guard,	Case.
Linderman,	centre,	Seiberling.
Moll,	right guard,	Steinbicker.
Kleppinger,	right tackle,	Gruhler.
Echbach,	right end,	Kope.
Eckert,	quarter-back,	Hartzell.
Artz,	left half-back,	McColough.
Gery,	right half-back,	N. Fritch.
Lloyd,	full-back,	Kunkle.

Touch down, Lloyd. Umpire, Erdman, '98. Referee, Max Erdman. Time of halves, 20 minutes. We regret to see the names of some '98 men who marred the possible victory of the Freshmen and thereby detracted from the laurels of the team. Such college *spirit* should be condemned. Let the students rally around Muhlenberg's banner and promote the welfare of the College instead of doing everything possible against it.

The Press Club's latest officers are: President, Yetter, '96; Vice-President, Fehr, '97; Secretary, Heldt, '97; Treasurer, Fretz, '97; Critics, Weaver, '96, and Trexler, '96.

PERSONALS.

ARCHIBALD C. SCHENCK, '97.—ED.

FACULTY.

Dr. Garber and Dr. Herbst have been appointed by Congressman Erdman to act as the Examining Board for all applicants to the West Point cadetship of the Ninth Congressional District.

President Seip was one of the speakers at the sesqui-centennial celebration held at the old Lehigh Church, November 24.

Dr. Richards addressed the young people of the Central Luther League of Philadelphia on "The Lutheran as he is," November 20. The talk was brilliant and [illegible] of ready wit.

Dr. Bauman and Dr. Ettinger attended the sessions of the Association of High Schools and Colleges of Pennsylvania and Maryland held in Easton, November 30.

The Rev. Prof. Steinhaeuser has entirely recovered from a paralytic stroke which disabled him for several weeks and is again filling the chair in Hebrew.

STUDENTS.

Beck, '78: "What is that you said, Billy?"

Fehr, '97 (dejectedly): "I was just thinking how distantly related I am to all the Pharaohs. The only difference I can see is in a vowel (avowal) if you take it phonetically."

Dr. W. (to Schofer, who is exceedingly lively at times): "What is in you to-day, anyway?"

Schofer: "I don't see that there is anything in me." (Truth crushed to earth.)

Kramlich, '97: "Which figure is EEE?"

Miller, F., '97 (invincible on puns): "An easy figure."

Kleppinger (to boys, as he notices a distinguished ex-student leaving the building): "That takes my mind instinctively back to the exodus of the children of Israel."

Gruber, '98: "Steckel, do you know when I feel most inspired?"

Steckel, '98: "No. There can be quite a few moments when you ought to be."

Gruber, '98: "Well, I'll tell you when I think I am most moved—after hearing the 'Budget.'"

Heldt, '97 (to Allie, in a heated discussion about seraphim and cherubim): "Wouldn't you like to become an angel?"

Hartzell, '97: "Yes, but I can't be. I am afraid I will be blackballed."

Trumbower, '99 (looking at the picture of the Jewish tabernacle in Dr. W.'s room): "What is that picture about?"

Hartzell, '99: "Jerry Roth's live stock."

Dr. W. (to Fritch, L., '99): "What manuscripts were found at the Katharine monastery?"

Fritch (with confidence): "An old monk."

The *Sunday School Times* has a very noted writer among its latest contributors. We are glad to hail him in his new avocation. Reinhardt,'96's article on "laughter" was excellent.

Dr. W. (to Stine, one of the inhabitants of "amen corner"): "I want you to behave now, I have enough of it."

Stine, '97 (assuredly, with penitence in his heart): "I will be a good boy now."

Soliloquy by Nothstein: "As soon as I can sell my trigonometry I shall be benefitted some."

Dr. B. (to Miller, C., in chemistry): "Mr. Miller, what kind of an acid is K Na H_4 C_4 O_o? Normal, or what?"

Miller, C., (without hesitation): "Abnormal."

Bender, '99: "What is that promontory in front of Buchman?"

Gruhler, '99: "Cape Horn, but his—."

Hartzell, '97, has recovered from his recent illness.

Singmaster, '98, is out again after suffering from a long and severe attack of diphtheria and rheumatism.

Reed,'97 (reading his lesson on St. John the Baptist responsively with his boys): "What went ye out for see?"

Boys (eagerly): "A *reed* shaken by the wind."

Kuhl '97, and Repass '98, spent Thanksgiving Day in Philadelphia and attended the Cornell-Pennsylvania football game.

WORLD OF LETTERS.

JOHN H. SYKES, '97.—ED.

The Christmas magazines have appeared in all the beauty of their holiday garb. To be real holiday numbers the magazines must contain holiday literature, so they contain scarcely anything but fiction.

A new feature of *Harper's* appears in the frontispiece which for this month is slightly tinted. An article in the same magazine entitled "The Paris of South America," by Richard Harding Davis, is a fine example of descriptive literature. "In the opinion of three foreigners, Caracas deserves her title of the Paris of South America; and there was only one other title that appealed to us more as we saw the shores of La Guayra sink into the ocean behind and her cloud-wrapped mountains disappear and that, it is not necessary to explain, was "the Paris of North America which stretches from Bowling Green to High Bridge."

The opening piece is a much illustrated little tale of four sketches, portraying a story of love and disappointment certainly a novelty, which is written in a very realistic and entertaining manner, and the writer, Howard Ryle, deserves credit for telling his little story with great cleverness and despatch. "It was Sunday afternoon when the wood carver came. He found that Cousin Joe, the sailor man just returned from the East Indies, was there. It seemed to the wood carver that she welcomed him very coolly and he sat down with them with hardly a word spoken. Then the young sailor rattled on with what he had been talking about. He was telling her about Bombay and what he had seen there. Then he told her about two pretty Indian girls who flirted with him there. 'But do you think I would have anything to do with the likes of them?' said he. * * * Meanwhile the wood carver sat silent, looking straight before him. The church bells were ringing, and the martins were chattering in the martin-box, but he did not hear them."

The *Century* opens with a description of the famous Passion Play of Oberammergau. Although it is very noted, yet we seldom come across a good description of the play, so that this article will undoubtedly prove interesting to "the boys." It is impossible to estimate the good which such plays accomplish among the peasant folk of that section; for we can easily understand that these people can comprehend occurrences best when presented thus.

The opening piece of *Scribner's* is a biography of the famous artist Alma Tadema by Cosmo Monkhouse. "However high or low Mr. Alma Tadema may be ranked by posterity, there can be no doubt that he is a master. His knowledge of effect, his control over his manipulative skill, are scarcely equalled by any modern artist. He knows what he wants to do, what he can do, and he rarely oversteps the boundaries of his knowledge or capacity."

A novelty of *Scribner's* for this month is a little story based on history and fiction. It is called "The Kinetoscope of Time," by Brander Matthews. The illustrations appear as a pale background on which the story is printed. This, together with the style in which it is written, gives the story a sort of weirdness, making it all the more interesting.

"The Staying Power of Sir Rolian," by Frank Stockton, is a typical Christmas story. It is written in a light, easy manner and is full of good humored description.

EXCHANGES.

SAMUEL G. TREXLER, '96.—ED.

"The Hero in Fiction," published by the *Bucknell Mirror*, portrays in an excellent manner how the style of fiction changes from age, to age and also cites some of its most noted heroes.

The *Roanoke Collegian* contains a well-written article on "Literary Fads," in which it shows how often the better class of literature must cater to the baser sort of writings.

In a description of Benjamin Westhouse the *Swarthmore Phœnix* contains an excellent half-tone cut of that historic building.

The *Yale Record* portrays the humorous side of college life and, with its excellent sketches is always pleasant to peruse.

"Well Eve," said Adam, "since Eden we must leave
There's no use to linger or wait."
"I'll be ready in a minute Adam," said Eve,
"Just tell me, is my hat on straight?"
—*Lafayette.*

The *Brown and White* always contains excellent excerpts from their regular lecture courses.

There's meter, spondaic, dactylic,
There's meter for style and for tone,
But the meter that's far more idyllic
Is to meet her by moonlight alone.
—*Ex.*

The *Buchtelite* contains a symposium on "The Typical Buchtel Student." From lack of space we are allowed to cite only one. "Bellerophon and Alexander doubtless knew a thing or two about breaking bronchos; but my friend here rides such ponies into class as the aforesaid gentlemen would not venture to mount. Some of these ponies have 'dog's ears,' and 'Greek tales,' and though they may be 'bound in calf,' their flesh is of a widely different nature than veal."

The *Maryland Collegian* has made its first bow to the college world for this season and right nobly was it done. We congratulate our "sorores" upon the interest taken in athletics and especially in basket ball.

The *Smith College Monthly* always deserves a large amount of credit. In it we always find verse of the highest grade and its prose articles are always attractive.

It has long been a question to me,
And still the mystery thickens,
If the coming woman wears bloomers,
With what will she chop the chickens?

We have received one of the recent numbers of the *Bachelor of Arts* and sincerely hope it may visit us regularly hereafter. It is not a college magazine, being, in fact, of a higher standard than most of that class, but it is conducted entirely by college-bred men and is under the control of an advisory board consisting of committees from twenty-five of our most distinguished colleges and universities. It will fill a peculiar and important niche in magazine literature, being a connecting link between the ordinary college journals and the great popular magazines.

Intercollegiate Oratorical Union.

At a meeting of the Pennsylvania Intercollegiate Oratorical Union at the Windsor Hotel, Philadelphia, Pa., December 7, 1895, the following officers were elected: President, Yetter, of Muhlenberg; Vice-President, Trexler, of Lafayette; Secretary, Hood, of Lehigh; Treasurer, Blair, of Swarthmore.

It was decided to hold the next annual contest at Swarthmore, Pa., in the chapel of Swarthmore College, March 20, 1896. The Presidents of Muhlenberg, Lafayette and Lehigh colleges were appointed as a committee to secure permanent endowments. The ex-Treasurer reported that the Union is entirely free of debt and has a small surplus. The meeting was one of the most successful ever held in the history of the Union.

What knowest thou of the world, and all its lights
And shadows, all the wealth and all the woe?
Idylls of the King.

The sun, the moon, the stars, the seas, the hills and the plains—
Are not these, O soul, the vision of Him who reigns?
The Higher Pantheism.

The Muhlenberg

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M.S.H.

January, 1896.

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THE MUHLENBERG.

"Litteræ Sine Ingenio Vanæ."

Vol. XIII. ALLENTOWN, PA., JANUARY, 1896. No. 5.

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An Awakening to Duty.

By Frederick E. Cooper, '96.

NEWSPAPER notices of large gifts or bequests to charitable and educational institutions have become so numerous as no longer to excite the unlimited admiration and praise for the donors such beneficence once called forth. The apparently willful forgetfulness, on the part of a Jay Gould, of the existence of objects more needy and deserving than the members of his own immediate family, calls forth universal condemnation and even pity for his want of appreciation of the bare justice of the return of at least a part of his wealth to the sources whence he derived it. On the other hand, the munificent gifts of a Carnegie naturally inspire a feeling of commendation and gratitude. But the honor due Carnegie falls far short of the just dishonor attaching itself to the memory of Gould. The point is, that, even admitting the money of the wealthy man to have been amassed honestly, it is no more than common-sense justice that he give largely of his riches for the benefit of his fellow-man.

Let us examine the matter in this light. Take the case of a young man of pronounced ability and excellence of character deciding upon his life work. There are possibly two ways open to him. By following the one he will have many great opportunities for gaining wealth; by entering upon the other he will make barely a living. Suppose the former to be of a character similar to any of those our exceedingly rich men have benefitted by; the latter, that of becoming, say, a school teacher or a minister of the Gospel. Suppose him to choose one of the latter from predilection or a sense of duty. He has very evidently done what was merely right. But, mark this, in making that choice, according to what we know to be the average material prosperity of a teacher or a minister, he devotes everything to his fellow-men except what is absolutely necessary to support life. Should he, for any cause, be led in the other direction, the same abilities which enable him to better the intellectual or spiritual condition of his fellow-men possibly would enable him to procure great wealth. Now, the question we would put is this: Is it not very plainly as much the duty of the millionaire to seek to better the condition of mankind by general beneficence as it is of the preacher or the teacher to use his gifts and talents for the common good?

The matter of extensive charity on

the part of the wealthy, then, is not one of choice but of right and justice. For the moneyed man, neglect of material alms is as great a wrong as the neglect of spiritual and intellectual alms on the part of the preacher and teacher. Possession, when rightly viewed, is a trust and implies duty and responsibility. The chief part of man is his soul. Now, if our position is such as to make it possible for us to benefit men's souls directly, say, in the capacity of preacher or teacher, it is our duty to do all we can in that direction, and we are called to account for its performance. If we have devoted our talents and gifts to the accumulation of wealth, and our chief possessions are such as to make it possible for us to benefit men's souls indirectly, our duty lies in that direction, and responsibility for its performance rests upon us.

These two classes of men, it seems to me, stand preëminent in this matter of duty and responsibility: the teacher of the people, in whatever particular capacity, and the man of wealth. They are complementary. How necessary the latter is to the former is readily illustrated by the colleges of our land. How the former is hampered and handicapped through the lack or negligence of the latter is splendidly illustrated by our own *Alma Mater*.

The need of good teachers of the people is greater than the need of benevolent wealthy men. The supply of the former is greater, and their spirit of self-sacrifice is greater and more manifest. Nevertheless, how rarely do we hear the praises of the teacher or the preacher sung in comparison with the frequency with which men laud and honor the manifestation of a philanthropic spirit on the part of a modern Crœsus. The fact that men will be perverse does not change the truth that to the teacher of the people belong far greater honor and credit than to the charitable man of wealth. The former, as far as our experience and knowledge of the matter are concerned, has, as a rule, been ever awake to his duties and responsibilities; the latter, from various causes, is just rising to a realization of this. He is beginning to see that he has no more right to make a wrong or selfish use of his wealth than the teacher has to pervert his talents and abilities.

How grateful we should be for this awakening! The example set to other rich men by those whom we may call the pioneers in extensive giving is as beneficial to the people at large as their donations are to the particular recipients of them. The questions of missions, education, and the social improvement of the masses are approaching solution. What we more especially hope for is, that the influence of this example will reach deep down into the hearts and pockets of our wealthy Lutherans, so that soon Muhlenberg too will find her Low or Rockefeller or Stanford.

A Poem of the Elements.

By W. H. S., '96.

ONE of the most delightful pleasure trips it is possible to take within the limits of this continent is from Buffalo to Queenstown. There are not sufficiently strong adjectives enough in my vocabulary to express the sublime pleasure the trip affords.

It was a bright sunny morning when the music of the bell, the shrill scream of the whistle, a dull gurgling sound like that preceding the eruption of a

geyser, followed by a dense cloud of smoke, veiling for a short time the clear sunlight, then a splashing, a "veering" and "backing" told us that the Falls steamer *Columbia* was on her way to Niagara Falls.

It is impossible to resist the gladdening influence of fine weather and fair wind on such a lake as Erie was that day. The ship, careening gayly over the rippled waters, how lofty, how gallant she appears—how she seems to lord it over the deep! I might fill a volume with the scenes of this brief ride—but it is time to board the car which soon carried us along the edge of the Niagara and Welland rivers to the historic village of Chippewa, an ideal spot for pleasure seekers.

Crossing the famous battlefield of Chippewa Creek, the car now passes on to the Dufferin Islands from which the old burning spring may be reached by a few minutes' walk. These islands, connected by rustic bridges, abound in shady pathways and quiet corners with such romantic names as "Lovers' Retreat," "Ramblers' Rest," "Lovers' Walk," and many others. From this point on to the falls the car skirts the edge of those beautiful upper rapids of which Mr. Willis has said: "No one who has not seen this spectacle of turbulent grandeur can conceive with what force the swift and overwhelming waters are flung upwards. The rocks, whose soaring points show above the surface, seem tormented with supernatural agony and fling off the wild and hurried water as with the force of a giant's arm. Nearer the plunge of the fall the rapids become still more agitated, and it is impossible for the spectator to rid himself of the idea that they are conscious of the abyss to which they are hurrying, and struggle back in the very extremity of horror." Here we left the cars to see the falls whose:

"Copious flood
Rolls fair and placid, where collected all
In one impetuous torrent, down the steep
It thund'ring shoots, and shakes the country round.
At first an azure sheet it rushes broad,
Then whitening by degrees, as prone it falls,
And from the loud resounding rocks below,
Dashed in a cloud of foam, it sends aloft
A hoary mist, and forms a ceaseless shower.
Nor even the torrid wave here finds repose,
But raging still amid the shaggy rocks,
Now flashes o'er the scattered fragments, now
Aslant the hollowed channel rapid darts,
And falling fast from gradual slope to slope,
With wild infracted course and lessen'd roar
It gains a safer bed."

Having procured rubber suits, we were taken underneath the falls by the elevator and tunnel. Then only at the foot of the great cataract can you begin to realize the stupendous volume and force of the water as it dashes into foam at your feet and rises high above the falls in clouds of spray. Standing for a few moments, with that awful roar penetrating your whole being, and the angry gust causing you to cling to the hand-rail for support, you begin to feel infinitely small and powerless in comparison with this great work of nature. Watch the columns of water as they descend. You receive no impression of great velocity; on the contrary, the effect is that of a slow and gentle movement, of a noble dignity and repose, a repose, however, that is not unbroken. For Niagara is nothing if not variable, and her incessant mobility is one of her chief charms. The shifting clouds of spray; the rainbow that comes and goes, often traveling in a few seconds from one airy pier to another, and dissolving as it flies; the foam wreaths, white and soft

as snow, constantly shattered and constantly renewed, offer a ceaseless series of changes to the eye. Still further to dispel all danger of monotony, the picturesque and well-wooded "Lima," "Goat," and "Three Sister" islands that nestle amid the river's embracing arms, their verdure bathed in perpetual fountains of freshening spray, let fall a tremulous veil of shadow upon waters as green—the green of glass, or of malachite veined with spar—as themselves. Awe, terror, desolation, death? Preposterous! The fullest and most buoyant life, the sprightliest animation, the gayest colors, and the loudest song, these are the language of that poem of the elements we call Niagara.

Again taking to the cars and continuing along the edge of the bank in full view of the river, which is here of a beautiful green, we reached the lower rapids. The view from the top is nothing in comparison with its impressive grandeur when seen from below. The channel here, being very narrow, causes the water to churn itself up into a boiling foam in its mad rush to escape.

From this point the Whirlpool Rapids are in view all the way to the world-renowned Whirlpool. Here the river, taking an abrupt turn, makes almost a right angle, and the tremendous force of the water dashing against the opposite shore has worn a huge basin the banks of which rise perpendicular to a height of 250 feet; around and around in this basin the current flows in great whirling eddies, and stumps and trees have been known to remain in the "pool" for days, vainly seeking an outlet.

Here the railway keeps close to the gorge, and from the cars splendid views of the river and its lower rapids can be had. By this time we are passing over the famous battle field of Queenstown Heights. As the car descends the mountain side, a superb view is caught of the country below; seven miles distant lies Lake Ontario; on either side, as far as the eye can reach, lies the "Fruit Garden of Canada," while old Niargara, no longer a mad, seething torrent, slowly and majestically, as though wearied with its struggle for liberty, winds its way to the lake.

Rapidly we pass Brock's Monument and enter the picturesque and historic village of Queenstown, which ends our delightful trip along Niagara.

The Violinist.

By Jerry Meyer, '97.

It was a beautiful New Year's day. The avenue was thronged with people, many making New Year's calls, and on the curb of this crowded thoroughfare stood a young man playing a violin. He was poorly dressed; his Derby hat was all battered and torn, and it would have been a difficult task to tell the original color of his coat and trousers, while his shoes had the appearance of those discarded by some knight of the road. His features were pinched by hunger and cold, and stiffened as his fingers were, it was seen as he drew the bow across his violin that he was a master of this king of instruments. Mingled with the throng of promenaders was Edward Allen, and as he was jostled along, strains of Handel's "Largo" arrested his ears. He paused, looked, and gasped, "Can it be he?" He edged up to the musician and whispered, "Fritz." Their eyes met, the player paled, and

lo! the violinist was his old college friend, Fritz Müller. He grasped his icy hand and hurriedly whispered in his ear, "Come along with me." He obeyed and staggered at his side, whither he knew not without uttering a word, but it could be seen that he was in deep thought, for his eyes had a peculiar appearance as if looking at something far beyond. Now, Fritz Müller and Edward Allen had been chums at college for four years, and notwithstanding Fritz's many faults, they had always been the best of friends. He was a German, and had been expelled from a famous German university, and his father, a man of great means, sent him to America to complete his education and to avoid disgrace. While in his native land he had studied under one of the best masters of the violin, and being an apt pupil he had turned his instructions to good account. Not only was he gifted in music, but he was one of those men who could immediately grasp any subject. But like so many men of brilliant mental capacity, he loved drink, and often had Allen assisted in carrying Fritz's helpless form to his room and there making him as comfortable as possible. Edward Allen had been on his way to the club, and it was thither that he intended to take his old friend. Taking his key from his pocket, he glanced at Fritz and noticed his starved condition, when he immediately resolved to take him to a room where an elegant New Year's lunch had been spread.

In the great hallway there were many loungers, and as Allen entered they gazed open-mouthed at him and his ragged companion carrying an old violin under his arm. But they passed on, Allen only slightly nodding to a few of his most intimate acquaintances. When they came to the lunch-room, Fritz uttered an almost inaudible oh! and he needed no second invitation to step up to the table, and partake of creature comforts as only a half-starved man can.

After he had satisfied his hunger, Allen called to the waiter to bring him his favorite brand of cigars, and handing one to Fritz they went into an adjoining parlor. Apart from the rest, while their Havanas were well under way, Allen began the conversation by asking, "What have you been doing since you left college, Fritz?" And Fritz, with a tear in his eye, answered in an almost inarticulate voice, "Drinking and playing." Allen shuddered when he heard that answer and at the same time noticed the fearful look of dispondency that crossed the violinist's countenance, so he quickly changed the subject. They spoke of bygone college days, first rehearsing the old college tales, and by and by recounting their own adventures, how they thwarted the wily Sophomores in a hazing scheme, and how they stole the toast-master of one of the rival classes. They chuckled at their narrow escape when they cut the bell-rope, an act which caused the janitor so much misery the following morning, and they laughed at the time when little Dick Taylor shortened the pendulum on the college clock, which resulted in such short recitation periods that day. They recalled the victories gained on the field, and spoke in glowing terms of the past season's victory on the gridiron. In fact nothing of importance was forgotten. The social functions of their student days were also recalled, and then those delightful serenades, Fritz with his violin accom-

panied by Allen on the guitar, with which some of the more fortunate of the fair sex were honored. It was in Franklin street beneath a certain window, that Fritz was at his best, but at the mention of it that despondent air again settled down upon his dejected countenance. The reminiscences over, they passed out of the club-house, and at the foot of the massive brownstone stoop they parted.

It was the last they saw of each other in this world, for Edward Allen on picking up his morning paper next day read an account of the body of a man found in the river, and on the bank near by was found an old violin.

Evergreen Berries.

A Sketch by Jack Thayer, 96.

SHE may have been pretty, of course she was—the most beautiful woman in all the world to him; and he, oh, he was nothing out of the ordinary, but in her mind there were none like him.

It was winter but not a particle of snow anywhere to be seen. Everything looked as green as though spring were about to burst forth in all her glory and splendor.

They were wandering along a winding mountain path, hunting for the little red evergreen berries, and admiring the grandeur of nature on every hand, the high mountains, covered with a mantle of fir trees, touching the very skies of the beautiful little mining town which nestled so snugly against the side of the hill.

As yet they had found no berries, but both were looking expectantly in every direction, trying to see whether there were not some peeping out from their warm covering of dead leaves or poking their ruddy cheeks from behind some sheltering rock.

Yes, the first cluster had been found, and with an exclamation of delight she plucked them. Then he suddenly discovered some little flowers growing on the top of a large rock. Away he went, climbing up the steep rock for those tiny beauties. He knew what would be his reward when he handed them to her, and on he climbed and finally reached them. Back he came bearing his prize. His hand does not shake like a lover's, yet they are lovers when he hands them to her, and what is his reward? Guess.

Thus they walked along, forgetful of all time, gathering these pretty berries whose red cheeks were to adorn the room for which they were intended. And the pretty white flowers so simple but so beautiful looked like snow-flakes against the leaves of the evergreen.

Then down the mountain side hand in hand they went, singing and making merry, and happy because they were together.

To him, she the most beautiful, and to her, he the most manly. For she was his mother!

At Mammon's Shrine.

By Alfred S. Hartzell, '97.

WHAT is money? Put this question to men at large, and they will greedily reply: Money is all that is essential to happiness. Put it in turn to a person, the benevolent and intelligent expression of whose face gives evidence of a world-wide experience as well as of unlimited discretion, and he will at once reply: Money is the greatest curse of the age Question him still further, and he wil.

tell you that it is only the power that money places in the hands of those possessing it, simply to abuse it, that wins it so startling a name. Truly, it has been so called with no degree of severity or harshness; for the happenings of everyday life around us step in to overthrow every argument to the contrary.

For instance: The woman who, probably through dire necessity, is caught in the act of taking that which does not belong to her, is at once branded as a thief and tried and convicted as such. On the other hand the lady of high social standing, when caught in the act of shoplifting, is at once prescribed for as a kleptomaniac, from which disease she is pronounced cured in three or four days. Wherein lies the difference? It is money.

Again take an ordinary man who has been caught in some disgraceful act. Society brands him at once, and ceases to recognize him. But should a young man hailing from some family of rank be caught in the same act, public sentiment would smooth it all over by attributing it to the way young men have of "sowing their wild oats," a stage from which they will sooner or later arise, only to settle down the steadier. Where is the difference? It is money again.

But to come still nearer home. The student whose parents have the means and the indiscretion to load his pockets with money is at once received by the student-body as a leader, carried around on their shoulders, and in every possible way proclaimed a hero, while the other student whose scanty means compel him to receive what privileges he can from charity, is, in the majority of cases, treated with scorn although his mental capacities may be again as great as those of the former student. Should I call this unjust I should be using far to mild a term. Now let us take a minister of the Gospel who has been fortunate enough to gain a goodly portion of this world's goods. An institution of learning is quick enough to perceive this, and, with a view of getting some of it when the proper time comes, makes him a D.D., although his knowledge of divine laws may be as scanty as water on a desert. There's money again.

Thus far but few of the many accomplishments that money can buy have been mentioned. Nothing whatever has been said of the abominable use of it in politics, for we are all too well acquainted with the ruinous havoc it is playing in that direction.. Well has a certain woman said: "God created men and women, while money creates ladies and gentlemen."

Hellenic Art.

By Franklin K. Fretz, '97.

WHOSE soul is not stirred to its depths as he examines the works of the ancient Hellenes for those touches of calm, serene beauty so especially characteristic of their race and age? The old Hellenic ideal attracts us first by its calm, serene beauty; again by a spirit of self-control, and lastly by that tendency whose end is fatalism. Harmoniously and quietly, without tears as without smiles, these classic forms pass through life. We feel that they are good and wise, but they are remote from all, and depend upon none.

In the Laodamia of Wordsworth is given one of the finest productions of Hellenic art within the entire

range of nineteenth century poetry. Upon Laudor and Wordsworth the great Medieval and Renaissance influence produced little or no effect, while by them Hellenic art is reproduced in almost its ancient grandeur. The story in itself is one of the loveliest of the Grecian myths, and to the modern, in an age of fervor and restlessness, the pictures which it brings are a refuge of peace and repose. Look for a moment at the majesty of the figure of Protesilaus. Here is not lacking the Elysian beauty, the melancholy grace. In what deep contrast is this with the ascetic or chivalric hero of the Middle Ages, or again with the complex modern one! Then see, "fields invested with purpureal gleams!" Everywhere the handling suits the theme. In a few touches the whole is clear-cut as a Grecian statue. And yet the art whereby it is done cannot be called word painting, as that epithet is applied to the wonderful color painting of Keats and Rosetti, but rather wood chiseling. Finally, the last vision that is given is that of the blest being borne toward the realms of light by the winged Hermes, while upon the palace pavement the queen, after that passionate outburst which forever sets her apart from the happy ghosts, lies dead.

See the moral attraction of Hellenic art portrayed so strongly by Wordsworth. What modern lover could, like the Grecian king, thus calmly address his frenzied wife at a moment when passion, would naturally be at a white heat?

"Be taught, O faithful consort, to control
Rebellious passion, for the gods approve
The depth, and not the tumult, of the soul;
A fervent, not ungovernable, love,
Thy transports moderate and meekly mourn
When I depart."

Wordsworth also expresses the Hellenic submission to an unknown fate no matter how cruel the end. Here there is no attempt to alter the unalterable, to change the irrevocable. What can be more hopeless than this Hellenic fatalism? "The just gods whom no weak pity moved," here decided it all, and why "struggle against the inevitable?"

Judging Wordsworth's production as a whole, can we feel that he has succeeded in reproducing the Hellenic atmosphere or not? I think he has, in so far as it is possible to reproduce a civilization for centuries dead. It is true, that even so successful an attempt as the Laodamia seems more a vision than a reality. It is not flesh and blood in its warmth and passion that speaks, but yet so great was the calm composure of the Greek life in its actuality, and so strongly is this marked in Greek literature, that it is almost impossible to tell whether this atmosphere in the Laodamia marks the failure on the poet's part to catch that far-away inspiration, or is the most consummate art and perfect fidelity to the original.

Song of the Silent Land.

Into the Silent Land!
Ah! who shall lead us thither?
Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather,
And shattered wrecks be thicker on the strand.
Who leads us with gentle hand thither, O thither,
Into the Silent Land?
Into the Silent Land!
To you, boundless regions
Of all perfection! Tender morning visions
Of beauteous souls! The Future's pledge and band!
Who in Life's battle firm doth stand,
Shall bear Hope's tender blossoms
Into the Silent Land! —*Longfellow.*

From "King Arthur."

A DRAMA.

BY J. COMYNS CARR.

The Magic Sword.

Merlin.—Our knowledge is not power.
Who knows the end of Life hath reached the end,
His wisdom is but Death; while ye who stand
Eager to thread the winding maze o' the world,
Led on by faith, do more than angels dare.
Such destiny is thine: for thy right arm
Out of this mound of earth, shall raise a throne
Whose glory echoes through unacted time—
Wherefore I charge thee ask no more of Fate.
The hand of doom is patient, and the sword
That flashes in the glimmering light of dawn,
Falls not till nightfall: thou shalt rule thy day.

Arthur.—I'll ask no more; I do but crave my sword.

Merlin.—Thy prayer is answered, she will give it thee.

The Spirit of the Lake.

Arthur, England's chosen lord,
Fear not Fate, but take thy sword;
Thou the first whose mortal hand
E'er hath touched that mystic brand.
Sword and scabbard both are thine.
Sword and scabbard both divine:
Guard them well and use them well,
So that aftertime shall tell
Of thy kingdom in the sea,
Blazoned on whose shield shall be,
"Right and Might and Liberty."

Yet beware! Time's beating wing,
Restless and untiring,
Speeds along Time's endless way.
Bravely thou shalt rule thy day,
And at last, when day is done,
Those three Queens of Avalon,
Rulers of the night, who keep
In their charge the keys of sleep,
Far across this mystic mere
Silently thy barge shall steer,
Till thy wearied eyes have won
Endless sleep in Avalon.

The May Song.

Ere upon its snowy bed
  Lies the first-born of the spring,
Ere the crocus lifts its head
  Or the swallow finds its wing,
    Love is here.
Say ye then earth's flowers shall fade?
  We shall tell you nay;
Love, the first of all flowers made,
  Lives from May to May.

He beneath whose sun-kissed feet
  Daisies rise to kiss the sun,
Lily, rose, and meadow—sweet,—
  Love, that is all flowers in one,
    Love is here.
Heed not then the blooms that fall,
  Dying with the day,
Love, the sweetest flower of all,
  Lives from May to May.

The Chant of the Holy Grail.

Look not to thy sword,
  Fame is but a breath,
That, for all reward,
  Brings thee only death.
Rise, and go forth with us who seek
    the Grail,
  Winning for reward
    Fame that cannot fail.

Look not to thy love,
  Love that lives an hour;
Heaven's voice above
  Calls thee from her bower.
Rise, and go forth with us who seek
    the Grail,
  Winning from above
    Love that shall not fail.

Ere those lips be dumb
  That would bid thee stay;
Ere the night be come,
  Rise, and come away!
We, who go forth to seek the
    Holy Grail,
  Win, ere night be come,
Light that shall not fail.

The Passing of King Arthur.

Merlin.—He doth but pass who cannot die,
The king that was, the king that yet shall be;
Whose spirit, borne along from age to age,
Is England's to the end. Look when the dawn
Sweeps through a wider heaven, and on its wings
By those three Queens of Night his barge is borne
To that sweet Isle of Avalon whose sleep
Can heal all earthly wounds.

Chorus.—Sleep! oh sleep! till night outworn
Wakens to the echoing horn
That shall greet thee King new-born,
King that was, and is to be.
And a voice from shore to shore
Cries, "Arise, and sleep no more,
Greet the dawn, the night is o'er,
England's sword is in the sea."

THE MUHLENBERG.

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FOUNDED BY CLASS OF '83.

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EDITORIALS.

BY reason of the enforced absence of our local editor due to sickness, this department is omitted for January.

THE Juniors are busily engaged upon the *Ciarla* and deserve the support of all Muhlenberg men. The benefit of the annual to the college can hardly be estimated and it well becomes every student to contribute his share to its success. Our best wishes are extended to the coming *Ciarla*.

WE hope the Class of '96 will revive the time-honored custom of observing Class Day and plant the ivy and sing college songs and smoke the pipe of peace 'neath the shade of Muhlenberg's grand old trees. Surely if the Freshmen can present a play that is creditable to themselves, the Seniors are able to observe Class Day in such a manner as to crown themselves with well-merited laurels and provide a delightful entertainment for their friends. It is not lack of ability but indifference, we fear, that accounts for the desuetude into which this custom has fallen at Muhlenberg. Will '96 not reëstablish the precedent set by classes almost a decade ago and give us a delightful Class Day next June?

THE holiday season is past. 1896 has made her bow and introduced herself to a multitude of admirers. Several weeks before and several after this eventful time are spent in anticipating and reviewing its joys or disappointments. We find people who even doubt that the good derived from the holiday vacation overbalances the evils of distraction and disinclination to return to work. It certainly requires an effort to lay aside pleasure and return to labor. Students have our sympathy as they make the change which we feel so keenly as we turn our backs to so many pleasures and dip our pen into editorial ink. May 1896 be filled with the pleasures of life and bring many joys to our readers and friends. J. M. Y.

THE approaching intercollegiate oratorical contest at Swarthmore again awakens an interest in oratory. No doubt there is much to be gained by such an interest in public speaking, since success in so many walks of life depends upon a man's ability to present his thoughts in a clear, plain, and forcible manner. It would seem proper that in a college where the major part

of the students are preparing for the ministry or for law, more time should be spent in pursuing the study of oratory. If a profession demands ability mainly along this line, why should not the preparation be largely in this direction? But if oratory is an art, and the secret of success in any art is to conceal the art, it may be a very difficult subject to teach. The great objection to its study is that tastes and opinions differ. The same objection may be urged against oratorical contests. Yet it is to be hoped that our contests year after year may be, at least, a stimulus toward the regular study of oratory in our colleges. In urging more time for its study, we find the professors of science, mathematics, the classics and modern languages say that their own time is too limited, and as our college courses are already too much crowded, it is impossible to give more time to one branch of study without robbing the others. J. M. Y.

OUR ALUMNI.

PROF. GEORGE T. ETTINGER, PH.D., '80.—ED.

'69.—In a letter of recent date the Rev. Dr. R. F. Weidner, President of the Chicago Seminary, writes that thirty-eight students applied for admission this fall, of whom twenty-five were college graduates. He and his colleagues, of whom Professors Sadtler, Gerberding, Ohl and Frick are Muhlenberg men, are certainly doing a great work for the Lutheran Church in the West.

'70.—The Rev. W. K. Frick, Milwaukee, Wis., contributes the spicy and very readable "Milwaukee Notes" in *The Lutheran*. From last week's issue we quote the following: "Prof. Sadtler, President of the Chicago Synod, returned from his trip to Decatur, Ill., in the best of spirits. He found a thriving city, third or fourth in size in Illinois, a good church plant, and what goes into a separate item, our friends the Decks, husband and wife, who have been the inspiration of the work from its inception of the First English Church. Over this hopeful flock he installed the Rev. F. C. Oberly, who for several years after his ordination was pastor at Luray, Va. The Muhlenberg men in particular welcome him. Did his connection with the missionary society at college have anything to do with his willingness to come west? We need a few more likely young men to fill western vacancies."

'72.—The Rev. J. A. Scheffer, Allentown, Pa., has been elected secretary and treasurer of the Ways and Means Committee of the new Lutheran church paper.

'74.—The Lutherans of the Plainfield, Pa., congregation, the Rev. A. E. Erdman, pastor, made a very liberadonation to the Orphans' Home at Germantown.

'74.—The term of James L. Schaadt, Esq., as Captain of Company B., National Guard of Pennsylvania, having expired, the members have unanimously requested him to serve another term. On the 1st of January, Captain Schaadt retired from the office of District Attorney of Lehigh County. He is succeeded by John L. Schwartz, Esq., a former Muhlenberg student.

'77.—Largely through the efforts of the Rev. Prof. John Sander, of Gustavus Adolphus College, St. Peter, Minn., a Lutheran congregation has been

established in St. Peter, and a neat place of worship provided for the same.

'78.—We extend our sincere sympathies to the Rev. James D. Woodring, and his wife, upon the loss of their little son, Spencer. Rev. Woodring's Bethany congregation has begun to worship in its very handsome new home in Sixth Street, Allentown.

'80.—The Rev. James F. Beates has resigned his Lutheran charge in Salt Lake City, Utah, to accept a call to Seattle, Washington.

'80.—Robert W. Steckel, and wife, spent the holidays with his parents in Allentown. "Bob" is doing business on Hudson Street, New York, and from all accounts is prospering.

'81.—The Rev. Luther M. McCreery, Middlepoint, Ohio, is east on account of the continued indisposition of Mrs. McCreery.

'81.—The Rev. Charles E. Sandt, Freemansburg, Pa., has withdrawn his resignation.

'83.—The Rev. R. Morris Smith, Baden, Pa., has been called to become pastor of the English mission at Red Wing, Minn.

'83.—The address of the Rev. Wm. A. Sadtler, Ph. D., is 5910 Indiana Avenue, Chicago.

'85.—A few weeks ago the Rev. Wm. Weicksel and family of Youngstown, Ohio, came east to visit his father at Shamokin. The four children were taken with scarlet fever of which decease two died. In their affliction Rev. Weicksel and family have the sympathies of all.

'87.—The Rev. John W. Richards, Lancaster, Pa., contributes a weekly column on "Luther League" to *The Lutheran*.

'88.—On Sunday, December 8, St. Mark's Church at Dormantown, Mifflin County, Pa., the Rev. O. S. Scheirer, pastor, was consecrated with appropriate services. The building is free from debt.

'89.—The Rev. Frank C. Oberly desires to be addressed at 12 Posfield Avenue, Decatur, Ill.

'91.—The Rev. H. J. Seneker, Wilkes-Barre, Pa., has declined the call tendered him by St. John's Church of the same city.

'92.—On November, 17 the Rev. H. B. Richards was installed as pastor of the Lutheran Church of the Transfiguration which worships in Lehigh Hall, Germantown and Lehigh Avenues, Philadelphia.

PERSONALS.

ARCHIBALD C. SCHENCK, '97—ED.

FACULTY.

Dr. Garber spent part of his Christmas vacation with his brother near the Trappe Church.

Dr. Richards filled the pulpit of St. Michael's Lutheran Church on Sunday, December 29, 1895.

The Rev. Prof. Steinhaeuser is gradually regaining health and strength.

The Christmas and Epiphany festival of St. Stephen's Mission Sunday-school, of which Dr. Wackernagel is Superintendent, was celebrated in St. Michael's Church Sunday evening, January 5.

President Seip attended the meeting of the Executive Committee of the Ministerium of Pennsylvania in Reading, Tuesday, January 7.

STUDENTS.

Steckel, '98, has shown evidence of improvement in many directions besides health.

Artz, '98, returns smiling all over because once more he can live on reminiscences of father, home and fiancée.

The only inhabitants of the college building during the season of rest were Artz, '98, and Lenker, '98. They report great sport and a merry Christmas.

The following men have increased in abdominal expansion: Kline, '97, Koppenhaver, '97, Fretz, '97, Yetter, '96, Stopp, '96, and Fetherolf, '99.

Genzler, '96, is much improved in physical, intellectual, and moral attainments. The reason for it is, perhaps, due to Ulrich, '96, who is a sworn ally of his.

Gery, '98, as he saw that it was too late to save himself from falling, told his associate he would rather have absence of body than presence of mind in emergencies.

The following New Year's resolutions have been made by men of '96:

Genszler: "To continue blowing my bugle."

Ulrich: "To speak my native slang."

Xander: "To study more diligently than ever."

Breinig: "To enjoy nothing but free lunches."

Spang: "To change my name to Sylvester."

Kramlich: "To curb my George."

Slough: "To change my accent."

Snyder: "To attend to my Butler so that I flunk less seldom."

Stettler: "To prevent curvatures."

By '97 men: "To protest against leap year."

Fretz: "To retire earlier and break panes oftener."

Kuhl: "To get a girl."

Stine: "To divorce some of my girls."

Trexler: "To do better than the ex-Personal Editor."

Sykes: "To revive the Y. M. C. A."

Hartzell: "To trouble mamma less."

Heldt: "To play 'old maid.'"

Reed: "To outvie 'Sport' McAllister."

Berk: "To lose some of my bashfulness."

Kline: "To use anti-fat remedy."

Koppenhaver: "To finish my German dictionary."

Fehr: "To pun more than ever upon my name."

Kramlich: "To become sanctimonious like my Br'er Fred."

The Klicks: "To try to get some more Klicks into College."

Fisher: "To use more turpentine."

Sieger: "To study for the ministry."

Schofer: "To get a new overcoat and hat."

By '98 men: "Still to take vengeance on '97."

Bilheimer: "To become a Quaker."

Kaufman: "To smoke only 'two-fors.'"

Gruber: "To invoke more ardently than ever the spirit of poesy, and to lead the van of '98."

Eckert: "To lead a better life."

Erdman: "To miss 'Wacky' and take the cure."

Fegley: "To start evangelizing."

Gery: "To swear off, etc."

Heist: "To foster my George and put him to bed."

Keuling: "To shave Kopp, '99."

Kistler: "To enter a monastery."

Kleppinger: "To sweep the halls for ———, and have my recitations better prepared."

Laubach: "To thrash any '99 man."

Lenker: "To join any comedy company."

Repass: "To be valedictorian."

Seaman: "To vote against Keiter for alderman."

Steckel: "To get to society on time at least once this year."

Walter: "To learn to play foot-ball."

The whole Freshman class: "To give the Soph's lessons on foot-ball, wrestling, and other sports."

May the Muses grant Trexler, '97, more chestnuts, jokes, and personals than they have vouchsafed to the retiring editor.

WORLD OF LETTERS.

JOHN H. SYKES, '97.—ED.

We wish to call attention to the excellent illustrations in the January number of *Scribner's*.

The opening article and probably the most interesting in *Harper's* is a description of colonial life, "In Washington's Time." The style is very readable, and presents the manners of that time in a very pleasing way. A sample reads as follows: "It was a country in which men kept their individuality very handsomely withal. If there was no town life, there were no town manners either, no village conventionalities, to make all men of one carriage and pattern and manner of living. Every head of a family was head also of an establishment, and could live with a self-respect and freedom which were subject to no man's private scrutiny. He had leave in his independence to be himself quite naturally and did not need to justify his liberty by excuses."

T. R. Lourisburg writes a criticism on the "United States Naval Academy" in which he strongly advocates certain reforms. He urges especially that the standard of admission be raised, and compares it with different scientific schools, especially the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale. He foresees many difficulties but believes it to be necessary.

The *Century* opens with "The Kaleidoscope of Rome," by Marion Crawford. We believe the students will find these sketches very interesting. "And then the wildest, deadliest howl of all on that day; a handful of men and women in white, and one girl in the midst of them; the clang of an iron gate thrown suddenly open; a rushing and leaping of great lithe bodies of beasts, yellow and black and striped, the sand flying in clouds behind them; a worrying and crushing of flesh and bone as of huge cats worrying little white mice, three sharp cries, then blood, then silence, then a great laughter and the sodden face of mankind's drunken master grows almost human for a moment with a very slow smile.

'What were they?' he asks. 'Christians,' explains the dwarf. 'They were very amusing,' answers the emperor, 'They were like little white mice. We will have more.'"

An article in the *Century*, by C. M. Cady, gives an account with some of the results of the general law of "Responsibility among the Chinese." "If the theft or robbery had occurred in the street then this principle of responsibility would have been applied in a way that to an American will seem well-nigh incredible, but it is not at all strange to a Chinese. One day I went

with an acquaintance to a bank in Taryuenfu to draw some silver bullion. I asked what we should do if we were robbed in the street before we deposited our silver in the cash-shop. 'Well,' was the reply, 'if we could not catch the robber before he dissappeared, then the entire street would be responsible.'"

A timely article, entitled, "A New Sport," appears in *Scribner's* for this month. The new sport seems to be a species of tobogganing which is practiced in Switzerland. The article is well written, illustrated by photographs taken on the spot, and the whole will prove of great interest to our sportsmen.

EXCHANGES.

SAMUEL G. TREXLER, '96.—ED.

"Ah!" And the Editor settles down to another half-hour's doze, trying to sleep off the effects of the Christmas vacation and its pleasures. Resting in his arm-chair, with feet cocked up on the table, with one eye half open and the other half closed, his dear old meershaum had proved itself as ever the faithful companion of his solitude. The thought of any work had faded, and through the smoke which flooded the sanctum appear only the visions of the recent vacation. Man lives truly only in recollection. As he is indulging in this delightful pastime, vision after vision floats before him, and ere he is aware of the fact, he has reviewed the whole panorama of his vacation. A slight noise on the floor still sufficient partly to awaken him from his reverie. He looks about. What is that on the table? A repetition of the same sound. Another glance reveals the situation. The journals are using the editor's table as a battle-ground for the intercollegiate strife, and the noise is simply the toppling off from the table of a vanquished contestant. The editor flies to the rescue, and as a recompense the journals offer him some of their contents. The faithful old pipe which had gone out in the scuffle is relighted, and the editor settles down to the realities of his office.

A young Junior chemistry tough,
While mixing a compound of stough,
Dropped a match in the phial,
And in a brief whial,
He found his front teeth and a cough.
—*College Student.*

Writing treatises on "tramp life" seems to be one of the literary "fads" of the times. Several of the larger magazines recently contained excellent articles on this subject by writers who impersonated the "weary Willies," and thus from actual experience presented to the public the various phases of that peculiar life. The *Delaware College Review* contains a well-written article on the experience of several students who attempted to face the world in the guise of the tramp.

Class spirit is a good thing. So is a locomotive; but if you turn the thing loose and let it go without control, there is no telling where it will stop or what harm it will do.—*Ottawa Campus.*

From the *Minnesota Magazine* we clip the following bit of verse:

"She took my hand in sheltered nooks,
She took my flowers, candy, books,
Gloves, anything I cared to send,
She took my rival in the end."

The *F. and M. Weekly* is always bright and newsy, and we congratulate an institution which is able to sustain a weekly of such merit.

The Muhlenberg

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THE MUHLENBERG.

"Litteræ Sine Ingenio Vanæ."

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The Study of Music Abroad.

BY GEORGE S. OPP, '94, MUNICH, GERMANY.

AMONG the most important branches of music which until recently have been neglected by Americans, are theory, choral and organ work. These should certainly be cultivated, and the first question that arises is, where to obtain the best instruction? Germany offers, beyond a doubt, the greatest advantages in such work. Most of the large cities are musical centers, but so long as Levi, with Fischer and Strauss as assistants, conduct the Royal Theatre, and Rheinberger remains an active instructor of both composition and organ at the Academy of Music, I am fully convinced that Munich is the place to choose. The expenses of living are also reduced to a minimum if one is willing to adapt oneself to the customs of the people.

Rheinberger divides his course of instruction into three classes. The first class consists of a rapid but thorough review of harmony in general, employing the "*Uebergreifenden Moll-System*," and an exhaustive study of single and double counterpoint; the second class of double counterpoint and fugue writing; the third class covers the whole of canon, instrumentation, form, and composition. A year is required for each class, although the work may be done in two. The first class is the most important.

The candidates for Reinberger's classes must have a sufficient knowledge of harmony, and must be able to write in the so-called "old clefs." The examination consists of harmonizing a *cantus firmus* or completing a figured bass. This must be done in a limited time, and in the presence of the examining committee The "old clefs" must be used, and the aid of the piano is not allowed.

The best plan for an American is to arrive in Munich sometime in August, carefully select a room, and settle down comfortably before beginning his work. This gives him an opportunity to improve his German, whatever his knowledge of the language may be. A good furnished room, excluding light and heat, may be engaged for twenty marks a month. Restaurant prices are very reasonable, but if a *pension* is preferred, a very good one can be obtained in a family for two marks a day. The rent of an upright piano is from seven to fifteen marks per month, depending upon the quality of the instrument. For the use of the organ in the "Odeon," fifty *pfennige* an hour is charged.

It is of great benefit to oneself, before entering the examination, to prepare somewhat under a thorough master like Otto Hieber, the music director at the theatre, and professor of organ and chorus work at the Academy. He has been very successful in preparing pupils for Rheinberger.

The Academy of Music is located in the "Odeon." This building also contains a large, fine concert hall, the acoustics of which are very good. Several squares from the "Odeon" are the two court theatres, called the Hof- and Residenz-Theatre. A ten minutes' walk brings one to the royal art galleries, while the "*Englisher Garten*" is a delightful spot to visit after a hard day's work.

Being fully prepared, you may enter Rheinberger's class-room. Each class, numbering from fifteen to twenty-five members, meets twice a week, from eight to ten in the morning. The pupils are seated with Herr Professor around a long table in the center of the room. Near the grand piano on an easel stands a large blackboard. The only outside work required is to copy carefully the work done in the previous lesson and learn to play the same on the piano. This work must be shown to Rheinberger before new is commenced. With his eagle eye he glances over it very rapidly and calls upon some of the pupils to play the exercises. If all goes well, a short "*gut*" is the reward; the contrary being the case, the unfortunate one may expect a sarcastic remark. Rheinberger now takes his seat at the piano, plays a new "*cantus*," which one of the pupils must write, as he plays, upon the board and be copied by the rest. Woe to him if he fails to distinguish a note or miswrites himself. Different ones are now called upon to try their luck at the board, the rest of the class copying and offering suggestions or improvements, the final decision being given by Herr Professor. This is a fine method, as the whole class is constantly employed. The one at the board endeavors to do his best, for he knows that all eyes are upon him and are ready to pull to pieces any false progressions. When Rheinberger sees that one is at a loss what to write, he leaves him severely alone for a while or gives the command of "*Vorwarts!*" in a decided tone of voice; but the one who shows that he knows what he is about is helped over difficulties. During the work of harmonizing the "*cantus*" the master frequently plays a few measures, and the one at the board is expected to follow the different voice parts and write them, which proves no easy matter.

Rheinberger not only asks for original work, but enters heartily into it. He is ever ready to examine such work of the pupils. This examination takes place while the regular work is going on. The aspiring composer is requested to take a place at Rheinberger's side, where he may enjoy his criticisms, words of praise, or exclamations of horror. He uses very simple language which can be easily understood. During the first year four-part song writing is requested, but during the next, and especially the last year, everything from simple song to symphony is acceptable.

By the courtesy of Hieber, conductor of the different chorus classes, an opportunity is given to every student composer to have his part-songs sung by the highest chorus class. These are usually sung at two rehearsals. In the same manner all orchestral works are rehearsed by the Academy orchestra, composed of students, and which does very good work. Chorus singing is divided into three classes. The first two are preparatory for the third. This class is, therefore, composed of musicians and accomplishes a great deal, compositions of every description from the simple German *Lied* to the works of Bach being studied and rendered at concerts given by the class.

Nearly all the organ pupils receive their instruction from Hieber and Becht, two excellent teachers and very thorough.

Rheinberger takes but four pupils at a time and is very strict and thorough in his instructions. He expects a great deal from his pupils in the way of interpretation and phrasing. He gives but one lesson of two hours length a week, the four pupils being present. Great attention is given to four-part improvising and reading of figured basses.

An opportunity of hearing good music and also studying the methods of good conductors are the performances at the Royal Theatre, where German, French, and Italian operas are produced under the baton of Levi, Fisher, and Strauss. During the winter months scarcely a week passes without several symphony concerts, and different societies perform the standard oratorios and choral works during the course of the year. Church music is also very well rendered. The best may be heard in the chapel connected with the royal court.

The general tendency of the Academy is modern. Rheinberger is undoubtedly the greatest living theoretician and Germany's leading composer for the organ. He holds advanced views on all contrapuntal subjects and is free in his progressions. No living musician can rival him in furnishing a sound and thorough basis upon which to build. For thoroughness German organists excel, but for brilliancy the French are foremost. Mention need only be made of Guilmant, of Paris.

I would regret very much the fact of having the accusation of recommending, for all branches of music, the city of Munich with the detriment of all other European musical centers resting upon me. I have endeavored rather to confine myself to the few subjects connected with my special line of work as I have found them in my present sojourn in Munich. An ambitious student will undoubtedly derive great benefits from a course of study pursued at any of the musical centers. He who possesses a talent and, above everything else, a persistency of faithful application, is bound to make a success of his life-work, nor will he be discouraged or hindered by any obstacle that may cross his pathway when success is apparently within his grasp.

Society Decorum.

By G. A. G. '96.

PHILOSOPHY teaches that a necessary requisite for the complete mastery of any subject is a full control of all the mental faculties as well as the passions on the part of the person undertaking the mastery of the subject. Until this is accomplished, or at least to a great measure exercised, the author will fall far short of his ideal.

It shows remarkable ability and willpower in a man, who can centralize his mind upon one subject and master it completely.

Were it not for this, the field of specialists, both of science and of art, would find itself destitute of a great many noble and worthy men.

It is this that advances every department of learning, and is the cause of many comforts and blessings.

If this then is necessary for the individual, why should it not likewise be necessary for an organization? What is true of the parts is true of the whole.

"What is worth doing at all is worth doing well," is an old but true proverb.

No matter what line of work is undertaken, it ought to be taken up with a zeal and earnestness that will insure success.

The reason that our literary societies are not as successful as they should be and do not reach the desired results, is because they lack this one essential fea-

ture. While, perhaps, the so-called "Society Spirit" is pitched higher than any other at college, especially at the beginning of each collegiate year, yet society, as such, is never carried on with that undivided interest that its success demands. There are too many outside issues and influences brought to bear upon it, that its success is always marred and its influence weakened.

Sometimes it is extremely difficult to say whether class spirit or society spirit is the ruling power during the progress of a meeting. Class spirit is all right in its place, but there is no room for it in society.

Just as philanthropy and true patriotism dispel selfish interests, so all the classes should unite in one common interest for the society, and dispel class interests. There are men who would pose as models to lower classmen who do not hesitate, in the least, when in society, to do the meanest act to a worthy member for the sake of that prejudice superinduced by class spirit.

When an important and responsible office becomes vacant, the best man available should be chosen to fill that office.

A person who has the capabilities and qualifications for such an office should be chosen irrespective of any outside influences whether of class or any other source. The highest type of interest any member can show for his society is the sacrifice of his own ambitions for the society's welfare. Jealousy should not be a sufficient cause to debar a good man from an important position and install an inferior man.

Some men seem to think that it is necessary to act the "Brutus," for fear that such persons who have worked faithfully for their society will get too much honor.

There is, however, no need of a Brutus yet. The proper man should be put in the proper place, no matter what any so-called "electioneering ring" may say or desire. This petty trickery, to which some men resort, has been the downfall of politics and shows a very low standard of morals in a society of intelligent men.

There is another feature which is of exceedingly great interest to our societies, and perhaps nothing else has tried them more severely. While it is true that the Intercollegiate Oratorical Contest creates an interest in the study and practice of oratory, yet it has been a source of much contention which often results in debarring the best man from representing his college.

Perhaps this is viewed from the wrong standpoint. It is not the interest of the individual society, but of the college. It is, therefore, becoming for both societies to make a united effort for the common good of their *Alma Mater* and let individual glory come in as a secondary issue. Until this is done, the Intercollegiate Oratorical Contest will not accomplish its purpose.

What? Whence? Whither?

By John F. Snyder, '96.

NO grander and more significant trio of questions has ever presented itself to the thoughtful mind of man.

These are questions which apply not simply to one problem confronting an individual of the nineteenth century, but questions which are all-embracing, from the smallest to the largest of all creation either of God or man. They apply to all things, whether it is the tiny flower that you may chance to find in yonder meadow or on yonder mountain side, or the great and boundless universe of God itself.

These are questions which rack the wits and brains not only of the poor,

plodding laborer who, weary of the day's toil, sits down perhaps to a scanty board, bowing his head in thanks, thus already answering the question *Whence?* but those of all sorts and conditions of men in their various pursuits, especially the mighty of the land, presidents, emperors, monarchs, who must needs often tremble in their respective places of responsibility before this important trio.

Picture before your mind's eye for a moment the potentates of the glorious but well-nigh forgotten past.

Those of Greece and Rome, for instance. Can you not imagine them sitting on their thrones of beauty, filled with pride and exultation by the grandeur of of their mighty realms, and in their consciousness of power never thinking that all that grandeur, all that glory, might soon be brought to naught? I can see them sitting, asking themselves, *What* is this which has put me in this high position? And in their boastful manner I hear them say, It is the Empire before which all other human powers must bow and beg for mercy. *Whence* this power? And they say, From the superior skill, intelligence, and wisdom of our race.

Whither will this power extend? And they say, Over the whole world to the end of time.

To men of this stamp these questions appear insignificant, for they recognize no danger, believing themselves to be the sole possessors of the universe, over and above all. But alas! that the boasts of men, their vain imaginings, and the boasted splendor of so mighty republics should so soon come to naught before the slow but steady movement of time.

Where is all that splendor now? Where is Athens now? Where is Rome, situated on her seven hills, who from her throne of beauty ruled the world?

All has changed, and all that grand architecture, the embodiment of Greek and Roman skill, has crumbled into dust. So through all the ages mankind has been confronted by these questions which the thoughtful have attempted to solve.

Whether considered from a political or an ecclesiastical standpoint, they affect the welfare of nations very materially. Whatever the project or undertaking, no matter how insignificant, if such an effort is to have a successful issue these questions must always be carefully considered. Would you think for a moment that the men who framed the Constitution of the United States did not carefully consider *what* this constitution would be, *whence* the authority, *whither* it would tend, what would be its power of uniting all the States into one grand, harmonious Union, and what the eventual destiny of that Union would be?

Certainly; we all believe that these were among the important questions amply considered before that Constitution, the best criterion of our forefathers' wisdom and judgment, went into effect.

But laying aside all national considerations of these questions and considering them in their relation to individuals, is it not a pitiable condition of the numberless multitudes that they are so extremely thoughtless and heedless concerning questions of such vital importance?

Ask a considerable proportion of the inhabitants of our country, or even of our own community, if you please, *What* are you? and they tell you with very little hesitation that they are a person, somebody.

And upon further questioning they might give you to understand that their idea of a person or somebody of importance is one who has a phenomenal gastronomical capacity; can successfully encounter the biggest chew of tobacco, smoke the strongest pipe, jump a coal-

train going at the rate of forty miles an hour, or skate circles and imitations of a pawnbroker's sign, and other feats requiring an equal amount of brains.

Ask them *whence* they are and they will briefly tell you from row so-and-so.

Ask then *whither* through life and, if they have a nickel left, they will tell you either to Kichline's skating-pond or to Rittersville.

But it is not our purpose to wax philosophic on the condition of these benighted creatures, lest, like the philosophers of old, we may condemn that of which we ourselves are guilty.

Let us rather come home to ourselves. First, *What?* A student of Muhlenberg. Pretty big title! Perhaps a quick pricking of conscience and a short query, Am I or am I only supposed to be? and the blush of shame is often inevitable. Second, *Whence?* Conscience tells us from the home of tender, loving and praying parents, whose one desire is that their son shall become a man of character, common sense, and ability. Finally, *Whither?* A question implying satisfaction or regret, success or failure, importance or insignificance.

For us, who are the recipients of a liberal education, who are being trained so that we may the better comprehend the seriousness of these questions, it is but fitting to ask with Shakespeare, "Whither away so fast?"

Already our eyes strain eagerly for a glimpse of some profession or perhaps a certain *object* of *choice* in the dim and visionary future.

Is it possible that it should fall to the lot of any of us ever in life to sit down in a sorrowful mood with feelings of remorse and repeat the sad words of Milton, so fraught with meaning, "I strayed, I knew not whither?"

Or shall we enter the tempestuous sea of life holding before our eyes the almighty dollar and thus exclude the blessed light of right, justice, and deeds of beneficence to all our fellow-men so that they will finally be obliged to brand us as a set of educated scamps?

Would to God that if such a one there be among us, he may never see the day when Muhlenberg College shall be duped by granting to him that which stands for work faithfully performed, motives pure and actions kind—a diploma.

May the fair and spotless name of Muhlenberg never be disgraced by the downfall of any of her sons, but may we all, whatever our pursuits in life may be, prove ourselves worthy of the respect of all men through words and deeds of kindness, so that we shall not be obliged to stay away in shame or return reluctantly as the prodigal son, but may return with our hearts full of thanks, praise, and tributes of love for a mother's tender care and instruction in youth.

Lay of the Last Minstrel.

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
  This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
  From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go, make him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell.
High his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,—
Despite those titles, power and pelf,
The wretch, concentered all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored and unsung.—*Scott.*

That man may last, but never lives,
Who much receives but nothing gives;
Whom none can love, none can thank,
Creation's blot, creation's blank.

THE MUHLENBERG.

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FOUNDED BY CLASS OF '83.

(Entered at the Post Office at Allentown, Pa., as Second Class Matter.)

EDITORIALS.

ADVICE is crowding the desk of the new Editor-in-Chief. One friend says: "Can't you give us a little more solid intellectual matter." Another: "Give us a few more articles on morality." Still another: "A journal to be a success must not be too dry, but must contain lots of jokes."

We would say that we shall try to furnish good intellectual and moral matter and, if you can digest it, some "liver food."

THE Class of '98 is remarkable for its ability to keep a secret. Its members have manifested a considerable degree of ingenuity in scheming and executing their schemes. They are strongly allied in fellowship and sympathy with a sworn devotion to their cause. May this be said to their credit. Though we may not be ready to commend the vanity of the Sophomore whose philosophy surely can not be held up always for admiration or imitation, yet in the expression of our opinion of the Class of '98 we must be a degree milder.

The class has imitated the very pleasant and time-honornd custom which, with its cheerful diversions, helps to break the monotony of that difficult year.

Late on Friday night the Sophomores noiselessly stole away from the College grounds and left in a special car for the city of Reading, where,

"To banquet
The illustrious company assembled,"

and entirely without the knowledge of their enemies—the Freshmen.

SERIOUS indifference has been manifested lately by a number of our students in regard to the duties devolving upon them in our literary societies. The literary society is a most important factor in our college curriculum, and the training one may receive in it is almost invaluable. This is, doubtless, at no time no better realized than when one comes to enter upon the duties of active life. How precious then that training often is! But, unfortunately, factious propensities are not infrequently existing in our literary bodies throwing a fatal shadow over their prosperity and edifying influence. Such tendency should be at once rooted out. It is certainly a grave mistake for any student, expecting to enter a profession, so to undervalue the benefits derived from a regular and punctual attendance and performance in his literary society. It discloses a rebellious nature on the part of such who seek to avoid a quorum

or continually shirk their duties. Shirkers possess a decidedly perverted sense of duty. Leaving duty out of the question, it would be far more profitable even for utility's sake to be dutiful. There is nothing so valuable in man as an early training, and nothing more lasting than his habits.

Within our literary halls we receive that training by which we are enabled to summon our powers of mind and acquire the habit of accurate expression. We are responsible for the lack of proper training to perform our duties intelligently when that training was in our reach. In our land where liberty is a heritage and education a gift, no one is excusable for being ignorant. Let us be dutiful in our societies, knowing our opportunities let us take advantage of them.

OUR ALUMNI.

PROF. GEORGE T. ETTINGER, PH.D., '80.—ED.

'70.—The address of the Rev. Prof. William K. Frick is 2305 Cedar Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

'71.—The Rev. T. F. Ohl, Mus. Dr., Rector of the Milwaukee Motherhouse of Deaconesses, has lately moved into the fine new house completed for him on the hospital grounds by the Institution of Protestant Deaconesses.

'71.—The Rev. Dr. O. P. Smith, pastor of the Lutheran Church of the Transfiguration, at Pottstown, has been offered the pastorate of Holy Trinity Lutheran Church, New York City. This is the church formerly served by Rev. Dr. G. F. Krotel. Rev. Mr. Smith last fall declined the pastorate of St. John's Lutheran Church at Easton. He is one of the early graduates of Muhlenberg, belonging to the class of 1871.—Allentown *Chronicle and News.*

'72.—The Rev. Myron O. Roth, Allentown, Pa., was recently elected a member of the Pennsylvania-German Society.

'73.—The Rev. William H. Myers, Reading, Pa., delivered another of his illustrated lectures of Travel, in Grace Lutheran Church. The subject was "In a Palace Car to the Pacific." He recently delivered his other lecture on "A Trip to Alaska" in Trinity Church, Lancaster, and Trinity Church, Kutztown. He is filling other engagements with this lecture and his "Yellowstone and the Yosemite."

'74.—James L. Schaadt, Esq., Allentown, Pa., has declined to serve another term as Captain of Company D, of the Fourth Regiment, N. G. P.

'77.—The members of the Church of the Reformation, Rochester, N. Y., the Rev. William T. Miller, pastor, have unanimously resolved to built a new church. This course has been necessitated by the fact that the congregation has outgrown the capacity of the present church edifice.

'78.—Dr. H. H. Herbst was one of the representatives of the Allentown, Pa., Board of Health to the recent convention of the State Board held in Harrisburg.

'80.—The Rev. James F. Beates is contributing interesting articles to the Lutheran *Seattle Soundings* from his new field of labor.

'83.—*The Lutheran Church Review*, that splendid publication which ought to be in the hands of every Lutheran in the country, is now under the editorial guidance of Rev. Theodore E. Schmauk, and the January number is the second issued under his direction. The latter number is particularly interesting from the fact that so many of its contributors won their spurs within the walls of Muhlenberg College. A particularly interesting feature is a "Symposium on the Educational

Work of the Church in America," by President W. A. Stadtler, Ph. D., son of ex-President Dr. Benjamin Sadtler, of Muhlenberg College, and a graduate of the Class of '83. Among the contributors to this symposium is a very interesting article on "Higher Classical Culture," by Dr. George T. Ettinger, of this city; "Scientific Post-Graduate Work," by by Prof. S. C. Schmucker, Ph. D., West Chester, Pa., and a graduate of the Class of '82, and one by that intellectual giant, Rev. Dr. R. F. Weidner, Class of '69, on "The Theological Education Needed in Our Times."

Under the head of "Departmental" Dr. E. T. Horn, of Charleston, S. C., a son of the late Col. Horn, of Catasauqua, contributes an article on "Liturgical and Historical," and there is one on "Theological and Literary Activities in the Church," by Rev. S. E. Ochsenford, D. D., of Selinsgrove, who was a member of the Class of '76, Muhlenberg College.

'84.—A recent issue of the Philadelphia *Inquirer* contained an excellent portrait of the Rev. Hermam C. Fox and a picture of his church building, with the following account:

"The enlarged chapel of the Harper Memorial Presbyterian Church, Twenty-ninth Street and Susquehanna Avenue, was formally dedicated yesterday morning. The service, which was the first of a series to be held every day this week, was very largely attended. The dedication sermon was delivered by Rev. Dr. Charles Wadsworth, from the text, "My Word shall not pass away." In the evening there was a reception to new members and the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Addresses were made by the Rev. Dr. Samuel Mutchmore, and the pastor, Rev. H. C. Fox.

"An historical sketch of the church was read, in which the formation and growth of the church was outlined from July, 1880, when a few members of the North Broad Street Church organized a Sunday-school on Clarence street near Twenty-second. In the summer of 1881 a chapel was built at Twenty-seventh and Hargar Streets, the school constantly growing, until finally a new building was erected, the dedicatory services being held in 1890. In April, 1892, application was made to the Philadelphia Presbytery for organization. Since that time the church and school have steadily grown in numbers, so that the recent enlargement of the chapel was made necessary."

'84.—The Rev. Samuel G. Weiskotten, who graduated from Muhlenberg College in 1884, pastor of the Lutheran Church of the Redeemer, in Brooklyn, will soon preach in a new church, the corner-stone of which was laid yesterday by Mayor Schieren. Mr. Weiskotten, who had been serving a charge at Middletown, New York, was called to his present pastorate a little over a year ago, and under him the congregation became so large that it was determined to build a new church.

The property on which the new church is to be erected covers a space of 99 by 166 feet. The church proper will be 75 by 116 feet, with an annex 20 by 56 feet. It is to be of English Gothic architecture. The walls will be of Indiana limestone, and the trimmings will be of terra cotta. The ground for the new building was broken on October 12, during a heavy rainstorm.

Mayor Schieren used a silver trowel in laying the corner-stone yesterday, and made a short address, in which he referred to the fact that the day was most appropriate for the work.

LOCALS.

H. MORRIS SCHOFER, '97.—ED.

Gone—Scholl.

In season—Leap year parties.

Coming—Valentines.

Muhlenberg can well be proud of her present Glee Club. The boys are losing no opportunity to practice, and nearly every time they are heard to sing their favorite, "Daniel in the Lion's den."

The question which is agitating the minds of some of the boys is: "Why was Scholl advised to leave Prep."

Dr. Richards has announced the following questions for debate: February 1, "How to educate the twentieth century woman;" February 8, "Is England our natural ally or enemy?" February 15, "What of the 'MUHLENBERG?'" February 29, "What benefit has been derived, as a matter of fact, from intercollegiate events?"

The new MUHLENBERG Staff is as follows: From Sophronia, Editor-in-Chief, Yetter, '96; Ex-Editor, Hottenstein, '96; Personal Editor, Trexler, '97. From Euterpea, Assistant Editor-in-Chief, Fehr, '97; Literary Editor, Miller C., '97; Local Editor, Schofer, '97; Alumni Editor, Dr. Ettinger. The business managers are Heldt, '97, and Miller F., '97.

Sophronia's latest officers are: President, Slough, '96; Vice-President, Stine, '97; Clerk, Wenner, '98; Corresponding Secretary, Kressley, '98; Treasurer, Repass, '98; Librarian, Heldt, '97; Assistant Librarians, Hartley, '99, and Kunkle, H., '99; Critics, Kline, '97, and Steinbicker, '96, Chaplain, Bender, '99; Budget Editor, Gruhler, '99.

The Freshman Class lately elected the following officers: President, Hausman; Vice-President, Henry; Secretary, Seiberling, Treasurer, Buchman. They have lately adopted their class cut, which is an entirely new design, and will without doubt be the prettiest one in College.

The following are officers of the Sophomore Class: President, Billheimer; Vice-President, Krause; Secretary, Heist; Treasurer, Kleppinger; Monitor, Fegley.

The latest officers of the Junior Class are: President, Kramlich; Vice-President, Sykes; Secretary, Klick A.; Treasurer, Fisher. The different clubs, etc., are having their photographs taken for the *Ciarla*, which promises to be superior to any published heretofore.

The present officers of the Senior Class are: President, Hottenstein; Vice-President, Schindel; Secretary, Kramlich; Treasurer, Barr.

At a recent meeting of the Franklin Literary Society, Miller F., '97, was elected Curator, to fill the unexpired term of Xander, '96.

The Muhlenberg College Missionary Society held its regular monthly meeting in the College chapel on the 21st of January. The following articles were read: "Lutheran Missions among our colored people," Cooper, '96; "Martyrs for Christ," Berg, '99; "General Missionary Review," Genzler, '96.

Euterpea recently elected the following officers: Librarian, Genzler, '96; Assistant Librarians, Lenker, '98, and Heist, '98; Treasurer, Kramlich, '97; Curator, Kopp, '99. Another addition was made to the library.

At the open meeting of the Luther League of St. Michael's Church, held on the 14th of January, Fretz, '97, Steinbecker, '96, and Fehr, '97, spoke.

The Central Luther League of the Allentown Conference will hold its semi-annual meeting in St. Michael's Church, on the 13th of February. The delegates

from Muhlenberg are: Weaver, '96; Miller, F., '97; Steinbecker, '96; Kramlich, '96, and Lenker, '98. The address of welcome will be made by Fretz, '97.

At the semi-annual meeting of the Board of Trustees, on January 21, the Executive Committee was authorized to put a steam heating plant into the College building whenever it may become necessary. But as the Steam Heat Company have put additional boilers into their plant and have furnished us with sufficient heat, this is not very likely to take place at present. Besides this, only routine business was transacted.

The Freshmen and Sophomores are anxiously looking forward to the German Prize Contest, which will be held in May. The German Literary Society is making extensive preparation for the same.

The Sophomore Class held their annual banquet at the Crystal Palace, Reading, Pa., January 31, '96. Although several of the boys remained away from College several days, we have no doubt they enjoyed the trip and the banquet, and that they made Reading understand who they were and where they were from. Through the kindness of a member of the class we secured a menu in which the following toasts, which ended the occasion, appears:

TOASTS.

Toastmaster, Jacob B. Gery.

Our Banquet	Henry F. Hehl
Class Motto	Edwin L. Kistler
Ninety-eight	George S. Kressley
The Ladies	Edwin T. Laubach
The Juniors	Charles G. Beck
Our Foot-ball Team	John P. Walter
Our Livy Play	John T. Eckert
The Freshmen	Wesley S. Wenner
The Faculty	John K. Sullenberger
Royal Purple and Lavender	L. J. Gruber

The Freshmen are anxiously waiting for sleighing that they may enjoy a sleigh-ride.

Even Seniors at times forget their dignity. Dr. Seip the other day took them for Preparatorians.

PERSONALS.

JACOB A. TREXLER.—ED.

FACULTY.

Dr. Seip attended the meeting of the Executive Committee held at Reading.

Dr. Richards delivered his famous lecture on "My Yellow Dog" before a large and appreciative audience at Easton.

Dr. Seip was unable to meet his classes Tuesday, January 21, on account of a committee meeting relating to the work of the Ministerium of Pennsylvania, of which he is President.

Dr. Richards was unable to meet his classes on January 25 and 26, because of duties which called him to Philadelphia.

Dr. Ettinger made an address before the Luther League of Trinity Evangelical Lutheran Church, of Lehighton, on Wednesday evening, January 22.

We copy the following from the *Valley Record* of Catasauqua: "Dr. Richards is master of those dangerous weapons, wit and sarcasm. The former scintillates and flashes like a Damascus blade; the latter sears and burns. He can vivisect a victim and expose each quivering nerve and muscle upon his intellectual scalpel till every hidden, sore and festering ulcer is brought to light. If you don't believe this it simply goes to show that you have not heard his course of lectures at the Mt. Gretna Chautauqua last summer.

"As an after-dinner speaker Dr. Richards has not a superior in the city of Allentown. How many a man with a reputation as an orator gets up at a banquet when the cigars are lighted and the wine and the walnuts commence to circulate, and sits down again with a reputation as a speaker crumpled as a Turkish towel, only reporters who attend nearly every banquet worth attending know. Oh, the after-dinner bores! Their names

are legion. But at such an affair the Doctor shines like a gem of purest ray serene."

STUDENTS.

Dr. G. (seeing Fehr's seat vacant): "Some fellows must have great attractions at home."

Stine, '97: "It is cold."

Dr. E.: "Raise the thermometer."

(Stine raises the window and closes the transom).

Dr. E.: "Now put some cotton into the keyhole, John!"

If the props were taken out when the Dr. cracks a joke, the house would come down.

The '98 men serenaded the retiring Personal Editor by singing the beautiful strain, "O! Hattie—Aren't you a (n)ice girl," to the tune of "Oh, Uncle John."

Klick, I., being called on to recite in German. The class persisting in crying I. Klick, I. Klick.

Dr. W.: "*Ruhich, oder ich mach euch ungluecklich.*"

Hartzell, '97 (who is an expert at imitating the Asinine tribe), was told to shut up or go to his stable.

Fegely, '98, when asked whether he worked hard at college, answered: "Yes, when I have time."

Steinbicker, '96, addressed the Luther League in St. Matthew's Lutheran Church.

Spring weather is approaching, for Kopp's chin has shed its Golden Fleece.

Xander, '96, is sporting a new corncob pipe.

Yetter, '96, President of the Intercollegiate Oratorial Union has received the application of Susquehanna University, which desires to enter the Union. Mr. Yetter has received many encouraging reports from the committee of arrangements for the contest at Swarthmore, Pa., which will take place March 20.

Strauss and Allenbach last Friday afternoon displayed their musical talent instead of their eloquence as speakers, by rendering a violin duet.

Heldt, '97, was home February 28 to attend the funeral of his grandmother.

Berg, '99, has so accustomed himself to raising his hat to the ladies that he even saluted the picture of one on a billboard.

E. J. Keuling, '98, was elected deacon in Grace Lutheran Church, Bethlehem.

Yerger of the Academic Department is about to make a new Latin Grammar, in which the supine of all the conjugations end in *us*, and will add a fifth conjugation.

Fehr, '97, (soliloquizing): "Lords of creation are we? We sink in water; in in air we tumble; on earth we stumble."

Some one hearing him: "And on ice we—."

Weaver, '96, (in astronomy): "The eliptic is a mean circle—."

Dr. G.: "No, it is a very convenient circle."

Kuhl, '97: "Why did you say Schenk was like a drum."

Sieger, '97: "Because he is full of wind."

Snyder, to Dr. B., in Geology: "Doctor, I don't understand the theory of metamorphoism."

Dr. B.: "I am very sorry."

Snyder: "I'll go you half on another question."

Fehr, '97 (who just sat on a tack): "The benefits of early rising are never more strikingly felt."

Leidy to Dr. W.: "Reinhardt must be in love."

Dr. W.; "*Ist es hoch zeit?*"

WORLD OF LETTERS.

CHRISTIAN C. MILLER,—Ed.

THE January "*Century*" contains a very readable article on "The Encouraging Development in College Life." In the opening paragraph of the article, the writer says: "That our Colleges are becoming better qualified each year to fit young men to be useful citizens cannot be doubted. The standard of admission is much higher than formerly, the teaching corps is not only much larger, but cover a far wider field of knowledge and investigation; and while the multiplication of special courses and the extension of the elective system may give additional facilities for merely 'getting through college,' still, for the youth of to-day who is earnestly in search of higher education, the colleges undoubtedly furnish advantages superior to any which have hitherto existed in this country. They are, in fact, justifying what James Bryce said of them in the *American Commonwealth* six years ago: Of all the institutions of the country they are those which seem to be at this moment making the swiftest progress, and to have the brightest promise for the future; they are supplying exactly those things which European critics have hitherto found lacking to America; and they are contributing to her political as well as to her contemplative life elements of inestimable worth."

An excellent article by W. D. Howells, on the choice of Mr. Alfred Austin for poet laureate of England, together with comments on some of the other poets appears in the January "*Harpers*" under the head of "Life and Letters." Speaking of the poet, the writer says: "Whatever else may be said of the choice of Mr. Alfred Austin for poet laureate of England, there can be no dispute concerning the relief it will bring upon one point. The ingenious contrivers of newspaper symposiums cannot ask people now to say, in from two hundred to five hundred words, who ought to be poet laureate; and until there is another vacancy in the office which I hope Mr. Austin may fill as long as he likes, the whole literary class may devote itself to the business of making an honest living."

The same writer also says, concerning Mr. George Horton's little book, entitled, "In Unknown Seas": "His dedication is the only part of his book printed in small capitals, but it is rhymed and measured, 'and is even differently beautiful'" compared with the works of the poet Crane.

"Unworthy of thy heart, my friend,
Are these poor lines that I have penned;
And so I dedicate to thee
The nobler song I felt in me."

Furthermore he says: "I confess that these graceful verses put me in good humor with the little book at once, and disposed me to find more or less of the noble song at different places in it. But I liked for their own sake the courageous diction, the strongly flowing music, and the whole young heart of the poem, which wanders from coast to coast in all ages and all countries, and is both ship and sea for the vagrant voyage it makes. Some notion of what I mean may be gathered from a stanza of the passage called 'Sunrise upon the Ocean'":

"The stars grow brighter just ere night has painted
Among her revellers at dawn of day:
How oft, O queen, my soul with fear attainted,
Have I besought thee, and then wouldst not say,
Who dipt his brush in nameless seas and painted
Upon thy dreadful dome the milky way."

The "*Leslie's Weekly*" for the month of January contains a well-written article on "The Late Bernhard Gillam." Among other things the writer pays the cartoonist

the following glowing tribute : "Best of all, to those who knew him best and most intimately, Bernhard Gillam was a man of the sweetest and kindliest nature, of the broadest and most generous impulses and sympathies—a man who helped to brighten by the sunshine of his face every life with which he came in contact. Even when he smote some foul wrong or branded the wrong-doer, his stroke had no malice in it. It is thus as the simple man in the manliness of a royal nature that he will be remembered when the world's applauses have ceased and its lamentations are hushed. The one thing that abides is the character of men, and the memories that survive all other recollections are those which tell of nobility of life unostentatiously lived and persistently pursued."

EXCHANGES.

MARCUS S. HOTTENSTEIN, '96.—ED.

Under an ancient elm she stood,
  A fairy form in gray—
Her eyes were bright as the stars at night
  And she merrily trilled a lay.
I stood in the shadow and watched her face,
  It was eerie and passing fair,
As the ditty she sang so merrily rang
  On the waves of the evening air.
I was stirred to the depths of my very soul—
  Ne'er heard I a voice like that,
And I threw all I owned at her very feet,
  For she was my neighbor's cat.—*Ex.*

The woman's edition of the *Bucknell Mirror* is bright and interesting. It reflects great credit on the girls of Bucknell.

Yale has extended the course in medicine from three years to four.—*Ex.*

The University of Pennsylvania has sent a geological expedition to India.

One-sixteenth of the college students in the country are studying for the ministry.

Only recently has England realized the importance of the college journal. Her first college publication comes from the University of Edinburg.—*Ex.*

Said A to B, "I C U R
  Inclined to B A J."
Said B, "Your wit, my worthy friend,
  Shows signs of sad D K."—*Ex.*

On October 22, 1896, Princeton College will celebrate its 150th anniversary. There will be held an academic festival lasting three days, beginning October 20 and ending October 22. Then it is proposed to celebrate the anniversary by raising a large endowment for college and university work ; it is desired to develop Princeton both as a strong college and a great university ; and it is proposed to announce formally the assumption of the official title of Princeton University. It is expected that nearly all the alumni will be present, and other universities, both American and foreign, will be invited to send delegates. President Cleveland is to deliver an address on the occasion.

THE NEW WOMAN.

She has mastered Greek and Latin,
  She has read her Huxley through ;
She can sit in silk and satin
  And discourse on Trilby, too ;
She can argue evolution,
  She can bake a luscious tart ;
She is up in elocution,
  And a connoiseur in art.

She's the fountain head of knowledge,
  And at tennis she can play ;
She came riding home from college
  On a bike the other day.
But I've heard of something better,
  Since with her I plighted troth—
She can draw upon her papa
  For enough to keep us both !

—*Lafayette.*

It is said that Chicago University intends to publish a magazine similar to the *Century*, which will rival that periodical. It is to be called the *Lakeside Magazine*.

Once a Freshman was wrecked on an African
    coast,
  Where a cannibal monarch held sway;
And they served up the Freshman in slices on
    toast,
  On the eve of that very same day.

But the vengeance of heaven followed swift on
    the act,
  And before the next moon was seen,
By cholera morbus that tribe was attacked,
  For that Freshman was dreadfully green.

The Muhlenberg

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MARCH, 1896.

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THE MUHLENBERG.

"Litteræ Sine Ingenio Vanæ."

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The Victories of Peace.

By J. F. K. '96.

NEARLY twenty hundred years have elapsed since a divinely inspired prophet proclaimed the approach of that period wherein nation should not lift up sword against nation, neither should war be longer learned. Since that time this earth has resounded to the onward tread of the mightiest armies which ever placed conquering foot upon her bosom. Xerxes with his millions of followers has spread desolation and destruction on the soil of classic Greece; Alexander has received the homage of a subject world; Europe has been shaken from center to circumference by the tread of the mighty armies of Napoleon; in short, a universal battlefield, saturated with crimson blood, could bear testimony to the prevalency of strife and of "man's inhumanity to man."

At this moment we find the human heart actuated by the same motives, passions, and jealousies which existed in that day when sin was brought into the world and death by sin. This erring human heart of ours may still conceal the deceits of an Esau, the treachery of a Judas, the cruelties of a Nero, and the ambition of a Napoleon. This pride, selfishness, and desire for personal aggrandizement, which seems so prevalent in the human heart, find their due compliment in the conduct of one nation towards another. But since the utterance of that prophecy "Peace on earth and good will to men" has been promulgated by the lowly Nazarene and taught by his devoted followers, yet still onward sweeps the current of human strife and contention.

If the final triumph of peace depends upon the subjugation of all that is wicked and perverse in the human heart, it must be brought about by some agency which can control the evil passions and desires of men, and replace those vices by commendable virtues.

It is universally admitted that a veritably civilized nation is one which is truly christianized; therefore it follows that the virtue which exalts the civilized man above the savage is that which is brought about by the Christian religion.

The spread of that kingdom of which prophets spake, that will bring about a period of peace, will be coextensive with the spread of Christ's kingdom among men. This religion utterly fails of its purpose if it does not engender love in the human heart, the establishment of which in the heart of every individual would inevitably bear fruit in the form of international amity which would tend to the production of international boards of arbitration and to the settlements of questions of difference without any appeal to that last argument to which kings resort.

When Christ's kingdom shall have

been universally established, extreme selfishness will give place to more generous feelings of charity, which will lead men to a full and complete recognition of the fact that the promotion of the general welfare will advance his own. When all the nations of the earth will have accepted that religion which came from above, peace will then follow as naturally as night follows day or day the night, and will be as essential to the elevation of the best interests of men as each element of an organism is to the perfection of its entirety.

The last great battle in which all men of all nations will engage, will be attended neither with the roarings of cannon nor will its issue affect the condition of nations to a greater degree than that of any individual. On that invisible battlefield in the human heart the emissaries of the good and evil one will terminate the conflict which will decide the eternal destiny of the soul. When this conflict "'twixt truth and error" will have terminated, and truth, so long held in subjection, will be triumphantly liberated; when the stranger, who has been so long knocking at the door of the human heart, will be admitted,—then will the "Victories of Peace" be established simultaneously with the establishment of Christ's kingdom upon earth.

"Know the Opportunity."

By Christian C. Miller, '97.

THERE is no mistake so common among the youth of to-day as that of supposing that, in the daily pursuits of life, extraordinary talents are necessary to one who would achieve more than ordinary greatness, and then because they do not possess these talents, they lie supinely on their backs and watch the freighted ships of opportunity pass by without making the least effort to ascertain with what they are freighted or whither they may be bound.

If, as a certain writer says, "Nature abhors universal equality," then men are not equal. They were not born equal and we can find nothing in nature that would lead us to believe that nature permits equality in her creations. There are no human bodies just alike. No human minds are similarly constituted. In leaf and flower, in bud and blossom, in bird and fish, in mountain, sea, and plain—in every voice of nature she proclaims the eternal truths of unequal distribution of talent, of dissimilarity in humanity and the right of every man to have his own personality developed to its highest powers.

The reason why so many men fail in life is not because they lack opportunities, but because they do not know them when they present themselves, and thus they fail to avail themselves of the same. I heartily endorse the sentiments expressed by Horace Greely, when he says: "To the rightly constituted mind, to the truly developed youth, there always is, there always must be opportunity—opportunity to be and to learn nobly, to do and to endure." If, then, this be true—and I sincerely believe it is—then the flower of which Grey speaks in his elegy, when he says,—

> "Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
> And waste its sweetness on the desert air,"

is not always a flower possessing sweetness to waste on the desert air, but more frequently, indeed, the desert air is wasted on the flower.

You may sometime become a wonderful musical composer like Handel or Rossini, a great architect like Wren, or a marvelous wizard of electricity like Edison. You may be a Milton, a Dante, or a Shakespeare; but it is not necessary

that you make a great noise and attract the eyes of the whole world at the very outset of life. A volcano has never yet given warning when it was about to throw forth its accumulation of fire and lava. The most powerful forces in the universe are silent forces. For instance, who has ever heard the budding of an oak? Who has ever been deafened by the falling dews? Who was ever stunned by a solar eclipse? And so it has been with all our beacon lights of history, of physical science, of the superior intelligence of art and literature, who have attained to eminence. They simply knew their opportunities, improved them, went to work silently, yet with a strong determination to succeed, and these are the steps that all may follow.

"But," you ask, "are there opportunities for all?" Yes, whether you possess genius or not work you must, and it is *that* which God expects from all His people. The opportunities are ever round about us, and all that remains is for us to improve them. It matters not where we are or what our condition, our chances are always the same. There is nothing to discourage us if we wish to get along. No man can know what are his powers until he has tested them. Opportunities often present themselves when all around us seems dark and gloomy. Have you ever seen a magic lantern? If so, you have noticed how utterly impossible it is to see the pictures when flashed upon the sheet in a brilliantly lighted room; but as soon as the lights are extinguished the pictures become visible.

Yes, it was in the gloomy prison that Joseph had the opportunity to explain the dreams of Pharaoh's servants, which act afterward exalted him to the highest position in the kingdom. It was while in banishment on the isle of Patmos that God revealed Himself to John, and made the Book of Revelations a possibility. It was in the prison cell that John Bunyan saw the allegorical vision which made "Pilgrim's Progress" a possibility.

The world is ever waiting for someone to solve her numerous and difficult problems. She is ever waiting for someone to give expression to her ideas. If, then, there are any among you who fail to know your opportunities by the clear light, let me urge you to extinguish the light and look into the darkness of night; perhaps then, like the pictures of the magic lantern, your opportunities will appear before you in vivid colors.

The Holy Grail of the Nineteenth Century.

BY S. G. TREXLER, '96.

BEFORE man thinks of recording his own deeds; before his song comes to our aid with her well-written and authenticated accounts; when we know the deeds of our ancestors simply from tradition, we have presented to us a vast and intricate growth of myths and fairy-tales, a world of forest and enchantments drear, a region full of talismans and spells, sleeping castles, magical swords and lances, dishes which supply inexhaustible food, and heroes who achieve strange adventures.

But over this primeval forest of pagan imagination there gradually spreads a thick, confused mist of Christian tradition. The mist broods upon the woodland; myths and legends, fairy-tales and religious traditions are blended and transformed. The bleeding spear becomes a lance wherewith the Roman soldier pierced the side of Christ. The magic dish from which company never went away unsatisfied and which has the power of healing the wounded and restoring the dead, becomes the vessel which was used

in the Last Supper and in which the faithful Joseph received the blood of our Lord after the descent from the cross. The great restoring and delivering power of the world is this sacred chalice of the Holy Sacrament, and this is called the Holy Grail.

The Holy Grail, after the last Sacrament, fell into the possession of the Arimathean Joseph, who journeying brought it to Glastonburg,

"And there awhile it bode : and if a man
Could touch or see it he was healed at once
By faith of all his ills ; but then the times
Grew to such evil that the Holy Cup
Was caught away to Heaven and disappeared."

Thus it existed for five or six centuries none more than the tale of it. Till near the end of the reign of the good King Arthur there appeared no knight worthy to go in quest of the Holy Vessel.

But here we have a new era opening into the life of those fabled Britons. Redemption comes to them in the person of the noble knight, Sir Galahad. To him, yet a child, had the vision of the Holy Grail appeared, rose-red with beatings in it, as if alive ; and this was the commission for his adventures. Being dubbed knight, at the vigil of Pentecost he is suddenly led into the presence of the Round Table. The double rows of white angels with interlacing wings stand unseen and expectant above the circle, and in the midst is the Holy Grail, crying: "Galahad, O Galahad, follow me." Galahad, with golden hair and red robe, hangs back for a moment, reluctant, overawed, but undaunted, an image of heroic youth, facing his fate, but not fearing it. Girt with the bright hair of the virgin sister of Percival, with the shield of Bagdemagus he sets out on his quest. On his way he achieves many strange adventures, but rides many journeys in vain ; till on a certain day he comes to the crest of a hill where there is much storm and death.

Then Galahad knew that his hour was come, for over his head the Holy Vessel hung clothed in white samite. Through this swamp, part black and part white with the bones of men, Galahad is carried by a winged creature.

"Then above him all the heavens
Opened and blazed with thunder, such as seemed
Shoutings of the sons of God."

There appeared the city of the Holy Grail with Galahad king, and the sacred vessel is achieved.

We have just described the Holy Grail of the fourth century. But what is the Holy Grail of the nineteenth century? What is the trend of the social evolution we are undergoing? We have lived through a period when the very foundations of thought have been rebuilt. What, then, is the goal we are striving after? The condition of man sought for in the Middle Ages was the utter abnegation of the lower classes in the interests of the higher classes. But the goal of our advanced age is the directly opposite. The message of the nineteenth century to man is: "Cease to be the slave of nobles and despots who oppress thee ; thou are free and sovereign." Although this movement is communistic it is not socialistic. The gulf between the state of society toward which we are progressing and socialism is wide and deep. Socialism would suspend that personal rivalry and competition which has been the fundamental impetus behind all progress. What would society be if rivalry were eliminated? Progress is due to rivalry alone. The plants in the green sward beneath our feet are engaged in silent rivalry. The trees of the forest which clothe and beautify the soil are engaged in the same rivalry.

Thus it will be seen there can be little doubt as to the tendency of this present development. But what is it destined to accomplish in the future? The answer must apparently be that it will eventually bring all people into the rivalry of life, not only on conditions of political equality, but on conditions of equal social opportunity.

One of the most striking and significant spectacles of the times is Demos gradually emerging from the silence of long social and political serfdom. Nor does he come with the violence of r e v o l u t i o n foredoomed to failure, but with that slow, majestic tread which marks a natural evolution. He is no longer unwashed and illiterate, for we have universal education. He is no longer muzzled and without political power, for we have universal suffrage.

Every class, not only the laborer, is enjoying the healing properties of this Grail. What is the effect of the many charitable educational institutions? What is the effect of the many reforms in our larger cities? They all tend to that grand social evolution which shall bring equality to all classes. What has been the mission in life of some such men as George Peabody, Peter Cooper, George W. Childs, and Stephen Girard? Either directly or indirectly their aim was to give mankind equal privileges. The better classes desire this evolution for the sake of justice, the lower classes from necessity.

Modern peoples do not now consider the advantages of social equality, but they counsel on the necessity of it. As the opportunity has been more and more granted to the individual to follow without restraint wherever his capacity and abilities lead him, so also have all those features of vigorous enterprise, restless energy and indomitable activity which distinguished the leading branches of the European nations become more marked. Modern European progress is due to nothing but the strenuous conditions of life, accompanying the free play of forces resultant from the rivalry of existence on conditions of equality. Looking around us at the nations of to-day and noticing their actions, it is impossible to escape the conclusion that the progressive nations have everywhere the same distinctive goal. Social equality must be granted. Looking back upon the path of the world we see it strewn with the wrecks of nations, races, and civilizations which were too exclusive in granting rights.

But when we come to consider the facts of this evolution, then we become aware of the peculiar and exceptional nature of this phenomenon. It must be borne in mind that the party which has for ages held the people in subjection still reserves power to make it immeasurably stronger than its opponent. Yet by a long list of legislative measures we now behold this same party e d u c a t i n g, enfranchising and equipping its opponent in the struggle against itself. It is not the power of the advancing class that effects this change. But the retreating class has engaged upon an orderly retreat; it is abandoning its outworks, surrendering its positions, evacuating its entrenchment one after another all along the line.

The Holy Grail of the nineteenth century is social equality, and for us it embodies the same advantages the fabled fourth century Grail was reputed to possess. And here it is in our midst.. We are not compelled, like the Arthurian knights, to

> "Wander in many climes without avail,
> Spending our lives for the Holy Grail,"

but we may find it in the cup and crust which we share with the outcast leper.

It is better to fight for the good than rail at the ill.

Liberalism.

By W. H. S., '96.

"LIBERTY, Equality, Fraternity! There is nothing to add, nothing to retrench! These are three steps," says Hugo, "of the supreme ladder. Liberty is right; Equality is fact; Fraternity is duty."

The wrecks of systems mark the advance of thought. Upon the battered walls of prejudice are erected the new structures of Liberalism. When the curtain of antiquity rises upon our race, its moral condition is of the lowest and most degraded character. The world has sprung from the slavish toils of the past; from its ignorance and narrowness into a grand development of human life and thought.

In this nineteenth century a peculiar epoch has dawned upon civilization. We are in the midst of a revolution as great as that inaugurated by the Monk of Wittenberg. The ideal of this age is to rend the chains of despotism and be free. Liberalism is the "pillar of fire" which is leading the nineteenth century to the "promised land" of universal freedom and equality.

Devotion to Liberty is the means by which men rise to all highest and divinest things attainable in life. This noble principle of Liberalism has two powerful manifestations, the *Radical* and the *Conservative*, alike in their desire for change and improvement, but strikingly unlike in their conception of the manner in which this is to be accomplished. The Radical is destructive; the Conservative is constructive. The Radical is false; the Conservative, true Liberalism.

In prehistoric ages men lived in tribes and the father was supreme ruler. But when the tribes became too large for the father to be looked upon as leader, a chief was chosen. This is the first form of government, the Patriarchal. As civilization developed the patriarch found it necessary to strengthen his power, so he called on the supernatural. The gods became his allies. This was the political state of the peoples of every clime when they entered upon the stage of history.

In the dark ages the tyrant reduced his people to a condition of practical serfdom. Buddhism, Catholicism, and Idolatry bound the world as with adamantine chains. "Slave" was branded upon the far brow of woman!

> "Fairest and loveliest of created things,
> By our Great Author in the image formed
> Of His celestial glory, and design'd
> To be man's solace."

It is true that monarchies still exist; that India yet kneels at the altar of Buddha; that China yet worships Confucius. But the divine principle of Freedom will produce antagonisms and adjustments. Already the mutterings of a mighty revolutionary earthquake are starting the military despots from their thrones of authority. When the knell resounds throughout the civilized world announcing the death of the most magnificent tyranny ever known, Liberalism will once more have proved herself victor.

The pope is no longer head of Christ's church on earth. He is no longer mediator between God and man. He does not now exert any direct influence upon the political issues of nations. Christianity covers with its white wings of purity many altars in pagan lands. Draw back the curtain of prejudice and behold the universal development of woman.

It is true that Liberalism has moved slowly; but its every step is secure. Gradually has it moulded the convictions and tastes of man. The spirit of unrest which demands sudden and absolute change is that of *false Liberalism*.

Communism, extreme nihilism, and socialism are the offsprings of *false* Liberalism. Anarchy is the perfect outgrowth of this radical branch. "It demands the destruction of all existing forms of government and society. It is the absence of all government and the creation of certain minds incapable of correct observations." Were the excesses of the socialists and anarchists tolerated they would shortly prove more objectionable than the existing laws. That spirit which would destroy the sacredness of the marriage tie and the glory of the Christian home; which would divide all wealth; which would give worthy and unworthy equal privileges and rights; which would give equal prestige to the ignorant and the intellectual, is the spirit of false Liberalism.

Between the despotic side of the Czar and the recklessness of Russian nihilism; between the imperialism of French aristocracy and the communism of the masses; between the Italian autocracy and anarchy there is a liberal inclination toward broader views which may be called *true* Liberalism. This spirit has the courage of its convictions and boldly breasts the opposing storm. It is not iconoclastic. It tears down only that it may build better and firmer. Every nation has felt its influence in thought, morals, and society.

True Liberalism in government produces "a republic, the last link in a long chain of development." Representative legislation accomplishes this; it gives to the individual liberty—frees him from laws passed in the interest of the few. It gives power to every individual, in conjunction with the remainder, to govern and to decide the destinies of the State. The voter exercises, even if indirectly, the old royal privileges.

Liberalism, born in England, crushed under the tyranny of the Stuarts, sought refuge upon the untrodden shores of the new world. Freed from the fetters of ancient customs, it has moulded the model Republic—has given freedom to religion and has produced a broad and progressive society. America—

> "The land of the free
> And the home of the brave"—

is the true leader in Liberalism which "has erected the grandest structure of human government known to man's history."

When unborn generations turn backward the pages of time to study the history of the present they will learn of the splendor of French society; of the beauty of German literature and music; of the grandeur of English life; and above all, written in flaming characters of gold, may they learn of the glorious freedom of America—the home of Liberalism.

> "O Liberalism! Heavens choice prerogative,
> True bond of law! The social soul of property!
> Thou breath of reason! Life of life itself!"

Faith.

Dark as a dungeon my chamber
As, rising, I grope my way
Step by step to the window
That faces the far-off day.

So black is the night that I see not
Even the window bars,
Nor, straining my vision upward,
The palest glimmer of stars.

No faintest breath in the branches
Buried in caverns of gloom;
Even the rote of the ocean
Is hushed as the coming of doom.

Nothingness, nothingness reigneth
Above me, beneath and around;
A limitless realm of blackness,
A fathomless absence of sound.

And yet, bewildered and baffled,
One consciousness keepeth its sway;
I know, I am sure that my window
Faces the far off day!

THE MUHLENBERG.

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EDITORIALS.

BEFORE the appearance of the next issue of THE MUHLENBERG, the eagerly looked-for College annual, the Junior *Ciarla*, will attract the attention of the college world. Having in mind the excellence of former annuals, and the grand achievements of last year's efforts, we can nevertheless truthfully promise our readers that their most sanguine expectations will be realized, and that the merits of '97's *Ciarla* will certainly surpass all that have preceded it. The *Ciarla* is in print, and is now in the hands of the binders for completion.

The style in which the book is edited is novel and attractive, the colors of its cover are those of the class, while the cut is an entirely new conception. Very excellent contributions will appear in it by two men prominent in college and church circles.

Those who would have the completest compendium of college life; our alumni, who would be entertained with the fondest recollections of their student days; and our friends so interested in our efforts, will truly appreciate the opportunity given them to extend their patronage to the publishers of '97's *Ciarla*.

THE cartoon which appeared in one of our comic journals some time ago portraying the editor of the *World* as Atlas with the world on his shoulders, is very significant of the peculiar life-tenor of many journalists.

It is apparently imagined that editors are ordained with the dignity of a Nestor, standing at the head of the journalistic world echoing public opinion, and with a supposed prophetic instinct pointing out the consequences of the varying moods and impulses of national sentiment; but it only too frequently happens that editors occupy the position of an Atlas, crouched under the sphere of journalism, burdened and harassed by the criticism of a fastidious public.

Journalism is a literary field that should not be entered save by him who has the powerful aid of a classical training. Without this, he who should attempt to enlighten the public mind on affairs expected to receive an editor's attention, will find himself at bay. Even so with college journalism. How unenviable the editors' position.

THERE is a decided tendency in institutions of learning to-day to develop the athletic nature, and so lamentably neglect the intellectual. The fact is that among many educational in-

stitutions only a secondary interest is manifested in the arts of oratory and debate. The public is fast losing faith in the so-called institutions where athletics are a craze. The public press is continuously poking fun at the second-rate material so frequently exported from our higher colleges.

The results of intercollegiate athletics have been closely watched, and it has been ascertained that the oratorical abilities and the ability of argumentative, impromptu discussion is sadly wanting in a large percentage of graduates who have taken such a course.

There is a certain amount of energy possible to be exerted at a fixed rate, and hence if an excessive amount is expended in one direction the others will receive energy only in an inverse ratio.

Therefore, "boys," let us interest ourselves in our literary societies, perform our duties there faithfully and lend our entire aid in making the debates interesting.

Though the "boys of Muhlenberg" be not so prominent in the college world as to athletics, let us see to it that we make the most of our advantages, and by the time we shall leave our *Alma Mater* as alumni, we shall be able to "buck against" the grave questions that arise in active life, and hold up our end in any contest as intellectual athletes.

OUR ALUMNI.

PROF. GEORGE T. ETTINGER, PH.D., '80.—ED.

'72—This morning at 8.30 the Rev. M. O. Rath, accompanied by his two sisters, Miss Laura A. and Mrs. Francis G. Lewis, and G. F. Egner, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Hartzell, of this city, and Mrs. N. H. Kemmerer, of Emaus, will leave for New York. Rev. Rath and Mr. Egner will start on Saturday morning on their trip to the Holy Land. They will sail on the steamer "Werra," of the North German Lloyd line.

The first stop will be Gibralter, from thence to Genoa and Alexandria, where they will leave the steamer. From Alexandria they will go by rail to Cairo and Port Said on the Suez Canal, by way of Ismalla. From Port Said the tourists will sail to Joppa, from the latter place they will go by rail to Jerusalem, where they will spend six days.

After seeing the sights of that city they will go on a twelve days camping tour from Jerusalem to Damascus, thence from Damascus by the Anti-Lebanon and Lebanon Railroad to Beyrout, to Rhodes, Smyrna and Ephesus to Constantinople and from thence to Athens, Corfu and Naples, where they will take in Mt. Vesuvius, and from there to the Eternal City, Florence, Venice, Milan, and from there through Switzerland to Paris, London to Southampton, arriving home on May 21. The company will spend two days in Genoa, six days in Egypt, twenty-two days in Palestine and from two to four days at the other places.—*The Morning Call.*

'72.—Alumni of Muhlenberg College, residing in Lancaster County, met at the residence of the Rev. C. L. Fry in Lancaster city last evening and organized a Lancaster County Alumni Association. Charles B. Keller, of the Class of '72, was elected President, and S. R. Weaver, '90, Secretary. The Association proposes to join with Lebanon County graduates, and will probably meet every year at Mount Gretna.—*Chronicle and News.*

'73.—Prof Francis D. Raub, Superintendent of Public Schools, Allentown, Pa., is a candidate for reëlection. We have as yet heard of no opposing candidate.

'78.—At a recent meeting of the Lutheran Ministers of Lancastar, Pa., the Rev. Charles L. Fry read a paper on the "Eastern Question of the Armenian Persecution."

'78.—We understand that Emerson F. Schock, Esq., Alderman of the Fourth Ward, Allentown, encouraged by the recent Republican victory in the city election, has already declared his intention to be a candidate for Mayor three years hence.

'78.—The Rev. J. D. Woodring, pastor of Bethany United Evangelical Church, made the following annual report to his people yesterday: Received yesterday 20 members by profession of faith; number of members reported last year, 502; died, 7; withdrew, 4; moved away, 11; converted in year, 123; admitted by profession of faith, 116; by certificate, 9; present membership, 605; adults baptized, 9; infants baptized, 30; weddings, 13. Collections: Missionary, $380; conference claimance, $50; educational cause, $48; church extension, $15. Sunday-school officers and teachers, 68; total enrollment, 843. Amount collected and expended, $785; basket collection and envelope offerings, $2034.94.

'82.—Dr. S. C. Schmucker, of the West Chester Normal School, is doing advanced work under Dr. Macfarlane, formerly of Edinburg University, now of the University of Pennsylvania.

'84.—The degree of Doctor of Divinity has lately been conferred on the Rev. Herman C. Fox, pastor of the Harper Memorial Church, Philadelphia. The college that gave him the distinction is one of the oldest institutions of the South, namely, Rutherford College, North Carolina. Dr. Fox, it is remembered, graduated from Muhlenberg College in 1884. He was the first editor of THE MUHLENBERG, then known as the *Muhlenberg Monthly*. He won the Junior oratorical prize, and was one of the speakers at the unveiling of the Lutheran monument in 1883.

Dr. Fox has been eminently successful in his calling. His congregations have outgrown the capacity of the church on Twenty-ninth and Susquehanna Avenue, so that there has been $65,000 expended lately for its enlargement.

He is still a young man, being but thirty-six, and has a promising future before him.—*Allentown Item.*

'85.—The Rev. Frank F. Fry, Bethlehem, Pa., recently delivered a very interesting address before the Women's Missionary Society of St. John's Lutheran Church, Allentown.

'85.—At the last general convention of the Central Luther League of Bucks, Montgomery, and Chester counties, Dr. E. E. Johnson, of Pottstown, Pa., was elected President.

'87.—The Rev. M. J. Kuehner, formerly of Stettlersville, Pa., has accepted a call to Hilltown, Pa.

'87.—Trinity Lutheran Church, on East Lehman Street, Lebanon, Pa., the Rev. Frank M. Seip, pastor, celebrated its fifth anniversary on February 16. In the morning the pastor preached on "Our Past" and in the evening on "Our Future."

'88.—Dr. Henry F. Schantz has been elected Secretary of the Reading Homeopathic Medical and Surgical Association.

'88.—"The Germans in the New World," was the subject of a lecture delivered by the Rev. Edward F. Ritter in the Lutheran Church, Hazleton, Pa.

'89.—At the meeting of Lancaster pastors already mentioned, the Rev. Preston A. Laury, Marietta, Pa., read a very in-

teresting paper on the educational prominence of "Finland and the Finns."

'90.—Dr. Alfred T. Bittner, Allentown, has been appointed physician at the Lehigh County Almshouse.

'90.—We hope it is not too late to congratulate Dr. Alfred J. Yost, Allentown, upon the arrival of a little daughter.

'91.—The Rev. C. W. T. Strasser has accepted a call to the Lutheran charge composed of the churches of Bartonsville, Brodheadsville, Hamilton, and Mt. Eaton in Monroe County, Pa.

'94.—Frank C. Longaker is continuing his studies in Theology in the Theological Department of Wittenberg College, Springfield, Ohio. He is also doing post-graduate work in the college department.

'94.—We are pleased to note the recovery of Martin Trexler, who was obliged to undergo an operation for appendicitis.

LOCALS.

H. MORRIS SCHOFER, '97.—ED.

Weddings.

Conventions.

Theatre-going.

The regular monthly meeting of the College Missionary Society was held on February 18. The following papers were read: "The Church of Abyssinia," by Nothstein, '97; "The Place of the Lutheran Church in Missions," by Xander, '96; "The Modern Jew," by Schenck, '97. The Society is making efforts to assist St. Stephen's Sunday-school in raising a fund for the building of a chapel on the lot which they purchased some time ago. This Sunday-school was founded by the College Missionary Society in '89, and has ever since received some support from the same.

The annual convention of the Central Luther League of the Allentown Conference, held in St. Michael's Church, this city, on the 13th of February, in spite of the inclement weather, was well attended both in the afternoon and evening. The afternoon session was purely a business meeting. The election resulted in the reëlection of Dr. F. A. Garis as President, and Mr. F. K. Fretz, '97, as Vice-President. At the evening session two excellent addresses were delivered by Mr. E. F. Eilert, President of the National League, and Rev. G. C. F. Haas, President of the New York Ministerium and composer of the music of the "Luther League Rally Hymn." The music rendered by the choir was very commendable. The church was beautifully decorated with the colors of the League, while a chromo and bust of Luther, together with tropical plants, graced the front of the pulpit recess. The delegates from abroad expressed their sincere gratitude to the members of St. Michael's congregation and League for the friendly entertainment and kind hospitality which they, as delegates, enjoyed during their stay here.

The annual convention of the Sunday-school Union of the Allentown Conference was held in Salem Lutheran Church, Bethlehem, on Thursday and Friday, February 20 and 21. In addition to the regular order of exercises the convention celebrated the 350th anniversary of the death of Luther. Among other discussions, the following may be especially noted: "The Sunday-school; Its Mission," by Rev. J. S. Erb, and Rev. J. Strump; "How to Cultivate the Missionary Spirit," by Rev. J. E. Whitteker; "What Claim Has the Sunday-school on Church Members?" by Rev. F. M. Grahn; "Luther Dead Yet Speaketh," by Rev. J. D. Schindel; "The Teacher Out of the Class," by Rev. W. J. Bieber and Rev. I. B. Ritter; "The Teacher's Pre-

paration on the Lesson for the following Sunday,'' by Rev. S. A. Repass, D. D.; '' Festal Service for the School,'' by Rev. J. F. Lambert and Prof. C. A. Marks; '' How to Use the Catechism Effectively in the Sunday-school,'' by Rev. H. J. Kuder and Rev. M. H. Richards, D. D.; '' The Bible in the Sunday-school,'' by Rev. J. C. Rausch and Rev. J. W. Mayne.

A number of our students attended Miss Herring's recital at the Female College, and report the exercises as having been highly enjoyable. They consisted of elocutionary recitals interspersed with piano and vocal solos. After the exercises the audience enjoyed a social hour.

Euterpea's new officers are: President, Trexler, '96; Vice-President, Nothstein, '97; Recording Secretary, Bohner, '99; Corresponding Secretary, Berg, '99; Budget Editor, Klick, J., '99; Chaplain, Heist, L., '99; Critics, Ulrich, '96, and Stopp, '96.

The present officers of Sophronia are: President, Spang, '96; Vice-President, Kline, '97; Clerk, Kauffman, '98; Treasurer, Laubach, '98; Critics, Xander, '96, and Snyder, '96; Assistant Librarians, Kunkel, W., '99, and Buchman, '99; Budget Editor, Hartzell, '99; Chaplain, Steinbicker, '96.

PERSONALS.

JACOB A. TREXLER.—ED.

FACULTY.

Dr. Seip presided over the Sunday-school convention held at Bethlehem, February 20 and 21.

Dr. Richards attended the Sunday-school convention at Bethlehem, February 21, and gave a very interesting and practical talk on ''How to Use the Catechism Effectively in the Sunday-school.''

STUDENTS.

Fretz, '97, was elected Vice-President of the Central Luther League of the Allentown Conference.

Dr. W.: '' Be quiet!''

Schenck, '97: '' But, Doctor, Luther didn't keep quiet either.''

Dr. W.: '' But there is a slight difference between you and Luther.''

In Dr. G.'s room: That man Trilby.

Mr. Fehr, on the 15th of this month caught La Grippe, took him home, and ten days after that he returned without it.

Hartzell puts on an exceedingly sober face in the German recitation-room.

Dr. R. is exceedingly glad that Gruhler was the lucky man in the Junior drawing.

Dr. S. to Xander: ''You were small at one time?''

Xander, '96: '' I suppose so.''

From all appearances Lenker, '98, is trying to raise a beard.

At the fifth anniversary of the Silver Crescent Council, No. 572, Junior Order of United American Mechanics, of Hecktown, on Saturday, February 22, Fehr, '97, made a patriotic address.

This time it comes from Dr. B. ''The Seniors are the worst class in college.'' They were firing cherry stones the other day in his recitation-room.

Billheimer sent his photo to his girl sometime ago. Rumor has it that she framed it and hung it high up on the wall, above the mirror; then she sat down to do some sewing, singing: ''Everything is lovely when the goose hangs high.''

Gruber, '98, lost his well-earned degree of master of '' Artz.'' The rumor has it that a woman received the degree. We hope he will remain in good Muth (mood).

By the merest chance we heard of an important match which was brought off

at Reimer's boarding-house between Genzler and Ulrich, both of '96. There was for a long time a standing bet as to which of the two could eat the most waffles. After the contest the score stood 11 to 10 in favor of Ulrich.

Senior German, Snyder to Dr. W.: "*Mer hen der Spang gelecht (?) als president.*"

Spang, '96, to Dr. W.: "Doctor, they ought to establish a chair for the training of how to rear a family."

Dr. W., to class: "Spang wants to take a post-graduate course."

Reed says: "An interlinear is a geometrical figure. In Dr. E.'s room, a person hears about mixtilinears."

Mr. Francis Miller, '96, aged 21, went home to vote for the first time. He did not put in his appearance till six days after. The returns took all the vitality out of him. (He is a Democrat). Do not take it so hard Francis. There are others.

Ulrich, when asked whether he ever saw the Catskill mountains, answered: "No, sir; but I seen 'em kill mice."

Stiegerwalt's chum says when the time comes for the preparation of Dr. W.'s lessons he retires. Nevertheless he goes to class.

Jack Frost has taken kindly to Mr. Sieger's and Mr. Seiberling's ears.

Five Freshmen were caught playing cards by Dr. Seip. Now, this was serious; but the Doctor could not help laughing the way those Freshies scooted the minute his back was turned.

The way Dr. B. speaks Xander must be a fossil.

His fossils come from Lehighton.

Xander comes from Lehighton.

Therefore——.

Wenner, '98, has taken a room in College.

Rheinhard, '96, must be a horsey man, since he knows the records of all the horses even as far back as those of Juvenal's time.

WORLD OF LETTERS.

CHRISTIAN C. MILLER.—Ed.

WE wish especially to call the attention of the student-body to the excellent and well-written articles in our magazines for the months of February and March.

The February *Forum* contains a very spicy article on "Some Aspects of Civilization in America," by Chas. Eliot Norton, and while we do not agree with all that the writer has to say on the subject, yet the article is very readable and interesting. Among other things the writer says: "The necessity of popular education for the maintenance of free institutions has been, indeed, fundamental doctrine with us, and an article of the popular creed. But, as is so often the case, the existence of the theocratic article of faith affords no evidence of its effectiveness as a rule of life, and in spite of constant and serious efforts to promote popular education it is a simple delusion that the system of free schools established throughout the United States, and in which confidence is reposed as the main bulwark of the Republic, is sufficient to stem the flood of ignorance or to secure such education of the people as shall make them capable of intelligent self-government. Furthermore," the writer says, "the education which shapes a child for his duties as a man and a citizen is mainly that which he gains from the influence of his home and of the community to which he belongs. If these be good, the instruction which the school may give confirm them and add to them; but if they are bad, the schools do little to counteract them."

In the *Frank Leslie's Monthly* for March you will find the continuation of that highly interesting and at the same time instructive article, "Lee, of Virginia," with a picturesque paper, paying a glowing tribute to Major - General Henry Lee, of Revolutionary times. The writer speaks of the general as "the dashing dragoon and splendid orator, the chosen of Patrick Henry and the beloved of Washington, classic scholar and impassioned patriot, brilliant scion of a long-distinguished race, Governor of his native state, and perfect type of the Virginia gentleman, rearing his sons in religion, morality, and learning, solicitous above all that they should be taught to ride, shoot and tell the truth—General Henry Lee, the 'Light Horse Harry' of his soldier contemporaries and the father of General Robert E. Lee."

Among the other well-written articles worthy of note the following deserve more than a passing glance: "The Memory of Robert Burns," by Margaret E. Leicester Addis, and "The New South," by the Hon. John Y. Foster.

"A Sensational Incident Recalled." This is the heading of an interesting article in *Leslie's Weekly*, and to those of us who remember the sensation caused by Mr. Blaine's retirement from his post as Secretary of State during President Harrison's administration, this article will be of no little interest. Referring to the above mentioned incident, the writer says: "The truth in the case was that Mr. Blaine was unfortunate, and that retirement from active politics was through no fault of the President, and directly through no fault of Mr. Blaine's." Referring to the statesman's disposition, the same writer says: "It was one of Mr. Blaine's peculiarities to be influenced to an extraordinary degree by his surroundings. This was owing to his sensitive temperament. He could be depressed or made buoyant by the mere influence or will of those about him."

EXCHANGES.

MARCUS S. HOTTENSTEIN, '96.—ED.

America has 300 universities and England 94, yet there are 2,728 more professors in the latter than in the former.

The *Bachelor of Arts* offers a prize of $125 for the best short story written by an undergraduate subscriber.

The Seniors at Dickinson have made their appearance in cap and gown.

The gross foot-ball receipts of the University of Pennsylvania for last season amounted to $36,000.

The new building of the Allentown College for Women has reached completion. It will accommodate a society hall, chapel, and gymnasium.

Anything that promotes the practice of speaking ought to prosper. The chief vocations entered from these halls are preaching, teaching, law and medicine. To the three former, ability to speak effectively is indispensable. A sort of languor, however, has come over the students in their attitude toward the societies, and, like Turks in a rainstorm, we sit calmly down murmuring, "It is fate."—*Ex.*

You can ride a horse to water,
But you cannot make him drink;
You can "ride" your little "pony,"
But you cannot make him think.—*Ex.*

"Ex Cathedra" is a department in the *Lafayette* which finds few equals among other college journals. We always find it bright and refreshing.

The *Minnesota Magazine* contains a vivid description of the British Museum. The points of interest are so judiciously presented that one readily imagines himself within the walls of this great repository of noted curiosities.

The *Sibyl* of Elmira College maintains its high standard of excellence. The article on Alfred Austin, together with the short stories and poems, are all well written.

The Muhlenberg

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APRIL, 1896.

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THE MUHLENBERG.

"Litteræ Sine Ingenio Vanæ."

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Signs of the Times.

By Leo Wise, Esq., '92.

GREAT is the man who has an idea. Fortunate is he above the man who possesses riches, for the man who has riches does not possess fame, while he who has an idea has at least a very worthy imitation of it. Not facts but theories, not conditions but fancies, confront us on every side. When the idea is found it is spread broadcast over the land, and then what a tempest in a teapot begins to storm! Responses, doubts, recriminations, retorts, repartees, and apologies pile up on each other in one indiscriminate mass, so that at last the original idea is scarcely discernible. Research, examination, scrutiny, and analysis are never thought of, and the public seems at times to have forgotten the zetetic method and all systems of philosophy allied to it. Yet mistake not. In the laboratories and observatories of the world are more careful and painstaking men who, with the utmost labor and exactness, steadily push back the borders of the unknown and extend the confines of the known. But what cares the world about them until they make some startling discovery, some great advance in science, and then it ponders a little and has a new fact upon which to build fantastic hopes and erratic conceptions. Then what a jumble there is! The wild extravagances of German opera do not equal it. Broadcast over the land are strewn these germs of thought, to be twisted and contorted until even their originator would not know them. Were schools of philosophy the fashion at the present time, some of our modern reasoners would find distinctions enough where to the ordinary mind none existed, to put to shame a mediæval casuist. Truth is not desired but only novelty, as in a dime museum—the more hideous the monstrosity the greater its value. And so it goes. Absurdity succeeding paradox, farce, quibble, jargon, and twaddle until all are gathered together into one great farrago of pathos.

Mighty is the power of *vis inertiæ*. Contradictory as it may seem, mere sloth and irresolution are a great force when taken in hand and used by a master. This has been seen time and again in these United States. Every nationality is represented in our cosmopolitan life, and while the most of us stand about content to let the affairs of community, state, and nation drift as they may, there are always those bound together by some common bond of race or purpose who, counting on that very indifference which we exhibit, intend to steer the ship of state, great or small, where they will. Here the consummation easily follows the desire, for there are no barriers interposed.

When something occurs in their native land of some few thousand exiles, either

voluntary or involuntary, they raise their voices in loud lamentation and indignation. Because they make a noise and it is the only noise heard, the nation imagines that it is grieved at what it hears and, neglecting misery about us, sends words of hope and commiseration to distant climes, into countries whose geography probably many legislators have but a dim conception of. Fortunately, these expressions of sympathy, thus far, have only taken the form of public meetings, the signing of petitions, and resolutions of Congress. If it be true, as has been said, that he who gives to misery naught but words feeds with an empty spoon, then by this time even the spoon must be about worn out.

But if ideas bring their producer into prominence, and the *vis inertiæ* of the American people becomes more than a mere tendency, perhaps an attribute which may be reckoned on and dealt with as a known quantity, what can we term the newspaper, the originator and spreader of thought, the moulder of public opinion, the calculator of the possibilities of *vis inertiæ?* If you want a position, then seek the newspaper. No matter what kind of a job you may desire, from a place as mere chore boy to the highest office in the country, its influence is of paramount importance. If a man wishes to go to the Senate or become a ward constable, he must have the papers' influence, and, fortunately for him, he can always obtain it. There is but little difference whether advertising pages or editorial columns are wanted. All are at his disposal at so much a square, the price varying somewhat according to position near the head of the column and latest sensational murderer's true statement.

When glass was an article rare and dear and wine was kept in leather bottles, when it came to a question of preserving wine, of course, only the best could be kept. So, when old monks embellished missals, and carefully erased old parchments and turned them into palimpsests, they only transcribed what they thought had the highest merit, although their judgment was often at fault; and so, as every writing represented labor and skill spent upon it, the very fact that anything was in writing gave it an added weight. Now the condition is entirely reversed. Instead of the bottles being made for the wine, the wine is manufactured for the bottles. The result is that it does not stand long enough. It is not allowed to ferment sufficiently, and the dregs have no opportunity of settling, but the whole mess is served at once because there are more bottles to be filled. This is a most sad deterioration. Let it not be understood that nothing good is placed upon the market, but that the chances are that it will be so interlarded with other, to say the least, mediocre productions as to be almost undiscoverable. The quality of what appears in many newspapers may easily be imagined from the simple fact that its columns are filled at so much a line—as lumber and pipe are sold for so much a foot; as masonry and excavating are done at so much a cubic yard.

With all these opportunities it is no wonder that space-writers have taken full liberty with the American public and played upon their sympathies with all sorts of lamentations and lachrymations. If there is any faction which desires anything to be done by the American people, the way to secure it is simple and has been done time and again by taking advantage of their love of discussion, of their wish for new things, and their *vis inertiæ*. Suppose that there is some corporation which desires to have some measure passed by a State legislature.

Here is a case in which it is felt that it may be somewhat risky to attempt to create public sentiment favorable to it, so another tact is pursued. The papers are tended to, and nothing much is printed about it except that now and then small articles appear favoring some general plan such as the corporation wants. While the people in a dull, apathetic way are awaiting the arrival of election day, all over the State machinery is put in order which is worked by the corporation. When the primaries come, a candidate is put forward who, hale fellow well met, has lots of friends and can very likely be controlled. So everything is arranged while the people sleep, and when they awake they awake just in time to see the fruition of the scheme. Bourbon-like, they do not profit by past experience, but soon are again victims of the same circumstances. Here public opinion is controlled and quieted. But it can also be created. If a number of good-natured individuals have their feelings moved by the report of vast regions rendered arid by want of rain, and hear of a plan by which great amounts of explosives detonated at some height in the atmosphere cause rain, although against all of the laws of physics, they resolve that Congress must try it. Interested individuals take up the work. Soon reports of experiments, very successful, are reported in the ever-ready newspapers. True, the experiments take place in regions far distant from telegraph and railroad facilities and apparently wanting in inhabitants, but the papers chronicle their success. Editorials now are printed full of explanations, expostulations, complaints, and grumbling, and at last the people wonder why these requests are not granted by a hard-hearted Congress. After a while the mood changes and we have plaintiveness, deplorations, jeremiads, at the parsimoniousness of the Congress, and at last Congress, simply to shake off the incubus, gives whatever is asked for. Money is secured, tanks and mysterious-looking devices are purchased or constructed, and soon comes the news, which everybody in sober thought must have known before, that the experiment has proved a failure.

There is no special need to be pessimistic about the outlook, however. Since the newspapers have gone in the business of supplying individuals with the sensations which are produced upon some persons by stimulating drugs, they are having the same experience. That is, to produce the same result the dose must be strengthened and increased continually. While it has occurred that the sun set upon Europe with Frenchman hating German, and *vice versa*, with all their might, and that the next day both were eager to join forces to make an expedition against perfidious Albion, and soon after the French hoped for an alliance with England, all on account of newspaper articles, yet at the present time, while, with the unthinking, newspapers have a tremendous influence, yet headings which would have caused our grandfathers paroxysms of fear merely cause many of us to hunt up the joke column. One can not be constantly on the *qui vive*, and after the papers have talked war for years it has no effect on us. As long as it was possible to dodge an arrow or a javelin it was well to watch closely, but now, when dynamite bombs destroy everything within a radius of a few hundred feet, it is not worth while worrying. In this we are becoming somewhat fatalistic. When this awful, all-demolishing catalysis, which penny-a-liners have been prophesying for the longest time, comes, let it come. Constant goading at the same place often produces callousness, and it will only be when all become indifferent to newspaper criticism

and look for nothing but facts that the press will confine itself to facts, which is a consummation devoutly to be wished. Until then we must expect to see the Executive slandered, and our public men villified and ridiculed, as it is only by such means, as violent as possible, that any especial interest in any given subject can be aroused in many of the American people. The people as a whole are far too greatly swayed by such calumnies but are fast seeing through them, and until all do, until the body of unthinking individuals which swallow their morning dose of clap-trap placed in the editorial columns of their favorite paper and imagine that they think, becomes a nonentity—until then, in municipal as well as national affairs, eternal vigilance is indeed the price of liberty. Wise is that man who distinguishes truth from falsehood, the real from the simulated, and the purity of some idea which is born in an earnest, sincere brain from the pinchbeck schemes of the charlatan.

Socialism.

BY O. R. B. LEIDY, '96.

THE many and great inventions of this century have so radically changed the position and condition of the workingman of to-day as to give rise to a number of important movements.

The hope of social amelioration, with such laudable objects in view as equality, education, deliverance from poverty and burdensome toil, has led to the formation of societies on both sides of the Atlantic.

The name given to one of these movements is *socialism*. No sooner did this movement take any shape than it took a more distinctive form under the leadership of such men as Lasalle, Karl Marx, and others. They would transfer to the state all capital and all means of production; make labor compulsory; place all means of transportation in the hands of the state. But this, even among a people accustomed to one-man power, failed in producing the desired results. But in this country it has recently assumed different forms, and has become vastly more destructive of the poor man's rights and his well-being than conducive to his good.

It is not my intention to declaim against that comparatively modern curse known as the "trust." This is a spontaneous outgrowth of conditions, a fungus bred by unhealthy environments. We cannot cure the evil by prohibitory legislation, but by alterative treatment only.

But our monopolies, corporations, alliances, deals, with their professions to elevate the laboring man, are only different forms of socialism in disguise. Even that great, beneficent institution, the "Farmers' Alliance," is nothing more nor less than a form of socialism. And we conscientiously believe that if our farming population were to be led by the principles of the "Farmers' Alliance," ten years hence it would be just tenfold more wretched than to-day, even though led by such eminent lights as Simpson and Peffer.

We say, beware of these organizations, created, as a rule, by demagogues who promise you protection, equal rights, higher wages, etc., for such combinations are always maintained at the expense of the many for the benefit of the few. Should we be actually surprised if some of the aggregations of capital would hire a political economist to form a dietary scale, as was once done in London? The strength of it was as follows: "It is low in quantity, but it is sufficient to support nature. Yet within ten years of the passing of the Poor Law Act we heard of the paupers in the Andover Union gnawing the scraps of putrid flesh, and sucking the

very marrow from the bones of horses which they were employed to crush.''

It is a well-known fact that many of the men in the mining regions are paid next to famishing wages. This brings us to the *power* of capital; that is, the power which money once obtained, has over the labor of the poor, so that the capitalist can take all his produce to himself except the laborer's food.

We know that a relationship of capital to labor existed in the early military societies in the Greek states, and under the Roman Republic and Empire. We had it in a marked form under the institution of slavery, and it continued under the feudal system which preceded the rise of modern capitalism. With the discoveries of science, and their application to the wants of life, we have it only under another phase in the resulting era of expansion and capitalism in which we are now living.

The monopoly of capital becomes a fetter upon the mode of production, which has sprung up and flourished along with and under it. Centralization of the means of production and socialization of labor at last reach a point where they must become incompatible with their capitalist integument. This integument is burst asunder. The knell of capital private property sounds.

This nineteenth century, this remarkable era, clearly reveals to us a depressing and dispiriting feeling slowly and almost imperceptibly spreading even throughout this country, indicating that the old watchwords are losing their meaning and that we are eventually to be confronted with problems which the well-tried formulæ of the past have no power to solve.

The question which now presents itself is, What is the significance of this situation; and of that remarkable period of transition through which we are now passing? In the first place, that individualism which we so highly esteem and which has been so markedly associated with the stress and energy of life amongst the advanced peoples, must apparently, if the new views are to prevail, be relinguished.

Secondly, as an eminent writer puts it: The play of the competitive forces which has so largely contributed to the extraordinary expansion of the past, must be not only restricted but perhaps ultimately suspended in an era of soul-deadening and energy-restricting socialism on the one side, and general confusion and political insolvency on the other.

John Burns succeeded in England because it is a land of classes; he failed here because this is a land of free and equal men. These sentiments have the ring of true Americanism, and are partially true.

Forty years ago they would have been absolutely true. For a whole century this republic was, in fact, a place where all men were equal as to opportunity; but it is probably true that the climax of this era has been passed, and that the changed conditions now obtaining may in due time destroy the social and commercial equality which has been so long a source of pride to all Americans.

The concentration of wealth, the power of trusts, the greed of corporations, may yet create the ''classes'' to which we refer—the condition of British labor.

I do not wish to make the positive assertion that the danger line has been passed or even reached; but we should look ahead and avoid the rocks, if possible.

The prevailing spirit of reform, a frequent concomitant of industrial suffering and depression, will doubtless lead us to the light. The power of money in poli-

tics, the slavish adherence to ruinous financial methods, the winking at fraud, if perpetrated in high places, may all be swept away if the great heart of this American Republic can be reached and moved.

And this will come to pass. The pessimist who, reading the signs correctly, predicts the failure of our noble institutions, will see his gloomy prophecies swept away by a flood of that innate patriotism and common sense which are so universally characteristic of the American freemen.

"Footprints on the Sands of Time."

By John M. Yetter, '96.

MAN is a social being. His thoughts and actions are intertwined with those of his fellow men like the branches of a vine, whose tendrils, reaching out, clutch and bind together all surrounding objects into one great mass whose swayings are all results of common consent. It is natural to look upon a few as the principal actors in all great accomplishments. Nevertheless, when you read of Napoleon; when you go over the battlefields of Austerlitz, Jena, or Marengo; when you ascend the frosty Alps and view the corpses of soldiers still preserved in everlasting snow and ice, looking up to heaven and to God; when you talk of his campaigns, the devotion and valor of the "Old Guard," the kingdoms and empires that bowed to his will—do not forget that when he entered upon his career he found armies with bravery tested on many a gory field, officers the heroes of many campaigns, and France herself trained by long experience in revolution, violence, and war. Do not fail to give credit to the soldiers who endured all those years of suffering and horror; for I claim that the humblest private who performs his duty faithfully is as truly a patriot as the great general, though a single violet has never decorated his unknown grave.

Though Washington never wore a crown, his memory will retain its warmth in the American heart when French admiration for Napoleon shall have grown cold. I like the home-life of Washington; for while the French blush at the divorce of Napoleon and Josephine as a bad example for French homes, America looks with pride upon the example of Washington and Martha. For with an earnest determination they began life together with the wedding march and orange blossoms, and continued through joy and sorrow, victory and defeat, peace and war, all down the path of life to the same solemn gate of death where Adam and Eve, Abraham and Sarah, Isaac and Rebecca, bid each other their last farewell. May their example guard the American home as the "Stars and Stripes" guard the American nation.

Though Homer died many centuries ago, his Iliad still lives and continues to inspire the patriot, the soldier, and the student with undiminished effect. The works of Shakespeare have survived their author for years, and many an orator, a minister, or a student of human nature, look to them as sources of learning. The orations of Webster, with all their beauty and strength, are still the pride of the American scholar, and bid fair to endure as long as the granite rocks that stud the soil of his native state.

Although history may not record or people remember, yet we do much by our walk and conversation. Every thought helps to form our opinions, opinions mould popular sentiment, and popular sentiment rules the world. As a stone, thrown into a quiet bay, forms tiny waves seen but a few minutes sparkling in the sunshine, but which theoretically move on

and on cross the ocean, encircle the poles, and strike the shores of every land on the face of the globe, so our thoughts, though soon forgotten, go down through the ages with an influence that may be diminished but never lost. The words we utter are borne by the winds on and on beyond the stars to infinity, so that at the "great Judgment" the winds may be called upon to reproduce the words in our own presence. It is said that even the energy of the brain in thinking destroys the equilibrium of the electricity in the rocks forming beneath our feet, thus making an impression on them, that even the rocks may be called upon as true witnesses of our thoughts recorded on them in our own handwriting. But think of the effects of man's deeds upon himself. Why does the criminal fear the officer, the offender fear justice, and the wicked fear death? It is because Conscience has engraved the crimes, offences, and wickedness upon the pages of his memory, and continues to present them to him with accompanying fear of detection and punishment. He may baffle everything except his own conscience; she continues to convict him. If, then, one's deeds so affect nature, posterity, and his own soul, it is necessary that they be such that he may not be ashamed to have them made known in the presence of himself and his God.

In order that they may be so, conscience must be educated as well as intellect. It is said of Gen. Benjamin F. Butler that he possessed the largest brain on record in America; as a college student he stood at the head of his class everywhere except in spiritual development; in this he was at the foot. Yet, with all his advantages of intellectual training and natural ability, who would think of classing him among such of his country's honored as Webster, Clay, Lincoln, or Washington? He is but an example of the many who go through life with their bright intellects shining above their dead consciences like an electric light over a graveyard.

Neither poverty nor anything else but himself can prevent a man from making his life a blessing to the world, an honor to his Maker, and a great comfort to himself. History is full of the records of great men who arose from poverty and low station, whose influence has been felt through the ages. Although born in poverty, Columbus opened a new world to civilization and religion. Luther worked his own way through college, yet by his devotion to truth and the right he opened the Bible which had been closed for centuries; and allowed abundant streams of spiritual food to flow forth for the sinful and dying millions of mankind.

The good Nazarene Himself was born in the lowest depth of poverty, and yet, without spending a single day in gratifying His own desires, He took upon Himself the penalties of a condemned race; He bore the instrument of His own torture up Mount Calvary; and then with an agony that appealed to the sympathies of nature, which rent rocks, drew a veil of darkness over the earth, and opened the graves of saints that slept, our Lord broke the fetters of a sin-cursed world and opened the kingdom of Heaven to mankind.

Every man is a center of influence and is able to make his life useful and long; for life is not measured in months and years, but by that great pendulm of time, which, vibrating in an arc reaching from the cradle to the tomb, records his deeds on the dial of eternity. This record will follow him when life's pilgrimage is ended and he has reached that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler ever returns.

"Lives of great men all remind us
We *can* make our lives sublime;
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."

THE MUHLENBERG.

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EDITORIALS.

EASTER with its invigorating spirit has been here, and the Easter rabbit has done his duty and gone his way again. Vacation, which was so anxiously longed for, too, has vanished. It seems like awaking regretfully from a pleasant dream, with our mind thoughtfully lingering on scenes that were so dear and seemed so true. With the joys of vacation, our Easter speeches, the congratulations of our friends still ringing in choral confusion in our ears, we must not be blamed for resuming our studies with a slight feeling of reluctance.

In a few days, however, these impressions will fade from our minds, and we will again be lost in the turmoil of college life, drifting speedily on nearer to the goal.

THE American eagle is flapping his wings. The "Stars and Stripes" seem to wave with a more majestic flourish. The fire of patriotism is ablaze in the hearts of Americans. The Goddess of Liberty looks with compassionate countenance upon oppressed humanity. Nor are the students of her institutions disinterested. Among them patriotism is also fostered. In their recent demonstration, which brought forth quite a varied expression of popular opinion, some of their patriotic sympathy was manifested by "our boys." All that the "boys of Muhlenberg" desire to say in their defense is that a Christian education has taught them that tyranny and inhumanity must be remonstrated against. As they have been powerless otherwise to show their disapproval of the inhumanity perpetrated, they feel themselves perfectly justified in demonstrating legitimately their feelings of sympathy for the struggling Cubans.

WE had the extreme pleasure of attending the Intercollegiate Oratorical Contest, under the auspices of the Pennsylvania Intercollegiate Oratorical Union. The affair was a success from beginning to end, and much credit is due to Mr. Morrison, of Swarthmore, who had made such elegant arrangements for not only the contest but also for meetings of committees, entertainments, etc. The institution has rare facilities for accommodating delegates, visitors, and friends, inasmuch as they furnish board in the college building. The faculty and students also helped to make our visit a pleasant one. The refining influence of coeducation was apparent in the conduct of the students, and the effect of male and female

voices commingling in the college yells was, indeed, impressive. On ascending the rostrum all our colleges were honored in the vocal applause. The prizes awarded were the largest, except one, in the history of the Union. The decision was very close according to its announcement by one of the judges, so that it is generally conceded that while the right man received first prize, the one who received second was close to him. It seems to me that some of our colleges are making a mistake by deciding upon a man for their representative without a preliminary contest. The more contests a man enters the better he is prepared, and the more natural it is for him. In institutions where the reputation of the pupil and the institution depends upon the final examination conducted by examiners not connected with the institution, the pupils are not only given a knowledge of the subjects in which they are examined, but also trained to endure examinations by a multitude of preliminaries, and we think that our own as well as other institutions could be benefitted by the same practice. The contests, year after year, are growing into favor more and more, and we believe that the colleges can be better satisfied with intellectual than athletic contests.

OUR ALUMNI.

PROF. GEORGE T. ETTINGER, PH.D., '80.—ED.

Philadelphia Association. Invitations have been issued by the "Muhlenberg College Alumni Association of Philadelphia and vicinity" for the second annual banquet at the Bingham House, Philadelphia, Friday evening, April 17, 1896. The officers of the Association are: President, Prof. O. G. Schadt; Vice-Presidents, the Rev. Wm. H. Rickert, the Rev. Chas. J. Hirzel; Secretary, Evan B. Lewis, Esq., 1001 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia; Treasurer, Dr. A. Grant Loder.

'69.—We understand that the Rev. M. J. Kramlich, Allentown, Pa., again is a candidate for the nomination of Assemblyman on the Democratic ticket of Lehigh County. In the last contest he fell but a few votes short of the nomination.

'72.—Word has been received that the Rev. Myron O. Rath and party have landed in good condition, and are continuing their eastern tour under very favorable circumstances.

'73.—The Rev. John Nicum, D. D., is President of Wagner College, Rochester, N. Y.

'73.—Prof. F. D. Raub, Superintendent of Public Schools, Allentown, Pa., is a candidate for reëlection. As yet we know of no opposition to him.

'74.—From all accounts, Marcus L. C. Kline, Esq., Allentown, Pa., will succeed himself as Chairman of the Democratic County Committee of Lehigh. Within but a few weeks Mr. Kline has lost by death both his father, Mr. Edwin Kline, and his father-in-law, Mr. Samuel Keller. Both were highly respected citizens of Allentown.

'74.—James L. Schaadt, Esq., Allentown, has been elected Borough Solicitor of Coplay, Pa.

'78.—At the Fifth Annual Missionary Alliance Day, held under the auspices of the Reformed Theological Seminary, Lancaster, Pa., March 20, 1896, the Rev. Chas. L. Fry, Lancaster, Pa., delivered an address, "How can the missionary interest of the congregation be best aroused and maintained by the pastor?"

'78.—Hiram P. Kuntz, of Lattimer, Luzerne County, has announced himself as a candidate for the nomination of Register of Wills of that county.

'79.—At the recent election in Lebanon, Pa., George B. Schock, Esq., was chosen to represent his ward in the Select Council of the city.

'82.—David R. Horne, Esq., of Allentown, has announced himself as a candidate for the Republican nomination for Congressman in the Berks-Lehigh district.

'82.—Prof. S. C. Schmucker, Ph.D., of the West Chester Normal School, will deliver a series of scientific lectures on "Nature Lore" at the coming session of the Pennsylvania Chautauqua, Mt. Gretna, July 8 to August 4.

'84.—From the daily papers we learn that a new member has made his appearance in the family of the Rev. William D. C. Keiter, West Bethlehem, Pa.

'84.—Among the lecturers of the Pennsylvania Chautauqua appears the name of Prof. C. E. Wagner, of Franklin and Marshall College, who will deliver a series of lectures on "The Elizabethan Period of English Literature."

'85.—W. K. Mohr, Esq., Allentown, has been elected Borough Solicitor of Macungie. He is also a candidate for the Democratic Nomination of Prothonotary of Lehigh County.

'85.—Dr. Howard S. Seip has been reëlected Director of the Mechanics' Loan and Building Association of Allentown, Pa.

'87.—The Rev. James R. Brown, of Rebersburg, Pa., has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Schwarzwald congregation in Berks County.

'87.—On Sunday evening the members of the Trinity Lutheran church, on Lehman Street, the Rev. F. M. Seip, pastor, celebrated the fifth anniversary of the organization of the church.—*Lebanon Daily News.*

'90.—George S. Kleckner and Elmer Snyder, '95, have been elected members of the Glee Club at the Mt. Airy Theological Seminary.

'90.—A new son has arrived in the family of Rev. I. B. Kurtz, Trappe, Pa.

'90.—Dr. Alfred J. Yost, the very efficient Coroner of Lehigh County, is a candidate for reëlection.

'91.—The engagement of Joseph P. Shimer, of the carpet firm of Shimer, Weaver & Co., Allentown, to Miss Mattie Dutt, of the same place, is announced.

'92.—Leo Wise, Esq., is one of the Lehigh delegates to the Democratic State Convention to be held in Allentown in April.

'94.—Frederick W. Wackernagel, a member of the Middle Class at the Mt. Airy Seminary, served as pall-bearer at the funeral of the Rev. Dr. C. W. Schaeffer.

'95.—Preston A. Behler and Chas. E. Kistler will conduct select schools at Lynnville, Pa. The sessions will begin shortly after Easter.

'95.—Morris E. Schadt is a member of the Junior Class in the Reformed Theological Seminary, Lancaster, Pa.

LOCALS.

H. MORRIS SCHOFER, '97.—ED.

Vacation.

Easter Eggs.

Spring Chicken.

The Juniors have begun their work in the laboratory, and every Thursday and Friday afternoon the recitation-rooms and halls are filled with the odoriferous H_2S, so that the Freshmen are wondering what's in the "lower regions."

On the evening of March 17, the Freshman Class enjoyed a sleigh-ride to Nazareth, where they report having spent a very pleasant evening. Through the kindness of one of their classmen, we

are able to report the following toasts, which were given after the supper.

Toastmaster, P. S. Trumbower; "The History of Our Class," J. K. Hartly; "Our Motto," Berg; "Our Class Colors," F. N. D. Buchman; "Our Foot-Ball Team," W. J. Seiberling; "How the Rooms of '98 were done up on Friday Evening, January 30," H. R. McCollough; "Monday Morning's Scrap with the Sophs," H. A. Kunkle; "Our Faculty," Fred. Gruhler; "The Sporting Blood in Our Class," Reynard K. Hartzell; "The Prospects of our Livy Play," John Kopp; "The Sophs," Jonathan Klick; "Our Sleigh-Ride," Nathan Fritch. To the praise of the Sophomores it may be said that the Freshmen returned to find their rooms untouched. Moral: "Golden Rule."

On the night of March 14, the students showed their patriotism and their sympathy for the Cuban insurgents by an anti-Spanish demonstration on the College campus. A funeral pile was erected, consisting of old barrels, etc. The body of the Spanish Captain-General, Weyler (in effigy), was then perched on the top, and the whole pile saturated with kerosene. When the funeral pile was fired and was well ablaze, the Spanish flag was also consigned to the flames. Patriotic speeches were made by different students, which were received with cheers and applause.

The College Missionary Society held its regular monthly meeting in the College Chapel, March 17. The following papers were read: "The Armenians—who are they," by Weaver, '96; "Theodosius Vanderkemp, the Forerunner of Moffart and Livingstone," by Lenker, '98; and "The Old Lutheran Berlin Missionary Society," by Heist, '98.

On the evening of March 19, the Senior and Junior classes enjoyed a party at the home of Mr. S. A. B. Stopp, given in honor of his twenty-first birthday.

Euterpea's latest officers are: President, Weaver, '96; Vice-President, Klick, I., '97; Recording Secretary, Henry, J., '99; Corresponding Secretary, Lenker, '98; Critics, Kramlich, '96, and Trexler, '96; Chaplain, Fritch, N., '99; Budget Editor, Fetherolf, F., '99.

At a recent meeting of the Press Club the following officers were elected for the ensuing term: President, Genzler, '96; Vice-President, Nothstein, '97; Secretary, Heist, '98; Treasurer, Heldt, '97; Critics, Nothstein, '97, and Fretz, '97.

PERSONALS.

JACOB A. TREXLER.—ED.

FACULTY.

Dr. Seip has accepted his appointment as a judge for the Lehigh-Lafayette debate. The question to be debated is: Resolved, That the United States Government should *own* the railroads.

After Easter Dr. Richards will occupy the pulpits at Macungie and Emaus alternately, in place of the Rev. Roth, who is absent on a visit to the Holy Land, until he returns.

Dr. Wackernagel assisted the Rev. Schoener at South Bethlehem on Easter Sunday.

Following are the subjects of Dr. Richards's postprandial talks at Chautauqua this summer:

Good Afternoon.

The Church Fly.

A Theatrical Part.

The Penalty of Overmuch.

Flower and Thorn; or, The Purgatory Theory in Literature.

The Thinking Beyond.

The Conscience of Conscience.

The Color of the Footlights; or, Can We Take the Theatre Seriously.

The State's Object Lesson.

The Nineteenth Century Immigration of the United States.

The Mighty Dollar ; Materialism the Ruin of Democracies.

Who Are the Educated ?

England, Ally or Enemy.

Our Real Rulers.

"To Please Me," the Personal Equation.

Appreciative Christianity.

Fun or Folly.

Hypostatizing.

The Faith Fallacy.

The New Woman's Education.

A Plea for Dialect.

Myself and Otherselves ; Individuality.

David's Harp.

STUDENTS.

Dr. B.: "What kind of tissue do Cryptogams have?"

Stopp, '96: "Celluloid." (Cellular.)

Dr. E.: "What kind of poetry did Homer write?"

Fisher, '97: "Poesaic."

Dr. E.: "A good spoonful of dictionary would do no harm every now and then."

We hear that Henry, '99, claims that the article in the last issue on the five Freshmen was untrue, as he was present but did not play cards. He probably was keeping the score.

Dr. B.: "Which *is* the sternum?"

Steinbicker, '96: "The lower bone in the back."

Hartzell, '97: "Zwingli never drank beer."

Dr. W.: "No, he was frightened to death by his prophetic view of a certain monkey."

Not long ago a certain Soph became seasick on one of Bickel's schooners.

Dr. R.: "What kind of woman was Mary Queen of Scots?"

Kline, '97: "Well, she was a very fiery sort of woman."

Dr. R.: "W-e-l-l, n-o, but she was no iceberg by any means."

Reed, '97, must be under the yoke a good deal, for he says his father buys a gross of collars at a time.

Fehr, '97, is to give the opening address at the Freshmen German contest.

Miller, C., was afraid to take part in the demonstration, because he thought he would get into trouble with the Spanish Government.

After the Freshman sleigh-ride, Fetherolf, F., '99, was asked how he accounted for his not being drunk; he promptly replied that he couldn't get anything. But the best of all is (report has it) that this Lilliputian ate a Brobdingnag's meal of waffles.

Trumbower, '99, studies his bible, as you will see from the answer he gave in class: "Nebuchadnezzar was king of the Jews, etc."

J. M. Yetter, '97, President of the Pennsylvania Intercollegiate Oratorical Union, presided over the intercollegiate contest held at Swarthmore, at which our orator, J. Fred. Kramlich, '96, won second prize.

Kopp, '99, when asked whether he had any Personals, remarked, "No; and it is for the good of the class that we won't give any."

Fehr, 97, addressed the congregation of St. Mark's Lutheran Church at Anneville, on Missions, on the 22d of March.

Schenck (whistling out of the window to two children): "Those two little girls will flirt."

Schofer to Miller, F., at Stopp's "At Home," seeing something at the head of the table: "What are they going to do with that cheese?"

Miller, F.: "That is the ice cream."

Schofer collapsed.

Xander, 96, at 5 and 10-cent store, asked by one of the lady clerks: "What will you have?"

Xander: "I want some of that fantastical paper."

Lady: "Some what?"

X.: Some of that paper you put on shelves."

Lady: "Oh! you want shelf paper."

Dr. R.: "Twenty-five-cent cigars charged to charity."

Ulrich, '96: "Twenty-five for 25 cents?"

Dr. R.: "That's your basis. I said 25 cents a piece."

Referred question: Why are Leidy and Stettler always late for class?

WORLD OF LETTERS.

CHRISTIAN C. MILLER.—Ed.

ALLEN McLANE HAMILTON contributes a timely article on "The Perils of Small Talk," in the March number of *The Century*. He shows that the scarcity of ideas is the cause of limitation of expressions in all isolated localities where the happenings are of an ordinary kind. The writer says in part: "One who is obliged to listen to the conversation of people in public conveyances, in places of entertainment, and in elevators, cannot fail to be impressed with the extremely limited use of words and the adoption of *catch phrases* and slang, as well as with the vast amount of thought-saving expression, word repetition, and inapplicable phrasing employed. The indiscriminate use of adjectives and interjections which supply the place of words of delicate comparison, is a vice which betokens the abolition and impairment of healthy thought-speech function. The selection of good, simple English words of the most pregnant expressions will do much to keep the thought-speech centers in order. How far the use of slang is defensible is a matter of speculation. There is a constant injection into our language of terse expressions, many of which take their origin in the gutters and pails. So-called 'Americanisms,' not only find a place in the most serious utterances of statesmen and jurists and clergymen, but they are embalmed in kinds of literature where they would be least expected. They are often utterly devoid of philological character, and at best they are adopted because they are phonetic or associated with some contemporaneous occurrence. It is to be deplored that in this country, as well as elsewhere, there is such a difference of character between the written thought and the conversation."

Harper's Weekly is running a story, entitled "Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc," which will prove both interesting and profitable reading matter. Her trial at Rouen is described so vividly that we see in its author those qualities which charactize an artist. Speaking of her greatness, the writer says: "Joan of Arc was great always, great everywhere, but she was greatest in the Rouen trials. There she rose above the limitations and infirmities of our human nature, and accomplished under blighting and unnerving and hopeless conditions all that her splendid equipment of moral and intellectual forces could have accomplished if they had been supplemented by the mighty helps of hope and cheer and light, the presence of friendly faces, and a fair and equal fight, with the great world looking on and wondering."

EXCHANGES.

MARCUS S. HOTTENSTEIN, '96.—ED.

Any student at Cornell who receives eighty-five per cent. for a term mark is exempt from examinations.

One of the requirements of a man seeking college honors at Amherst is that his college expenses during the past year shall not have exceeded $500.

The University of Paris has enrolled 7,215 students; the University of Vienna, 6,220, and the University of Naples, 4,320.

The dining-room in Memorial Hall at Harvard accommodates 1,050 students.

College libraries in America are increasing their lists. The Johns-Hopkins library has now 60,000 volumes; that of Amherst, 61,000; Brown, 73,000; Dartmouth, 75,000; Michigan, 80,000; Lehigh, 90,000; Princeton, 91,000; University of Pennsylvania, 100,000; Cornell, 150,000; Columbia, 165,000; Yale, 180,000; University of Chicago, 250,000, and Harvard, 430,000.

The University of Chicago has a telescope seventy-five feet long, weighing six tons and having a forty-inch lens.

The college Greek-letter fraternities of the United States have a membership of 100,000.

The new dormitories now being erected at the University of Pennsylvania will be, when completed, the finest possessed by any university. Forty-four buildings unite to form one grand structure enclosing the yard.

It is boasted by Vassar that none of her graduates have been divorced.

Not quite half the representatives in Congress are college graduates.

It is reported that the faculty of a certain small college has applied the Röntgen photographic process to the examination of the brains of students for the purpose of ascertaining why they came to college.—*The Technical.*

The New England colleges of Brown, Wesleyan, Trinity, Williams, and Dartmouth have the honor system under discussion.

At Stanford University there is a students' fire company, which is trained for service by being called out unexpectedly on false fire signals.

The resignation of Dr. McKnight, President of Pennsylvania College, has been attributed to various reasons by the newspapers. "All these comments," says the *College Mercury*, "are merely speculations, and nothing is definitely known beyond the fact that Dr. McKnight has resigned and that his resignation was neither accepted nor withdrawn. It must be very much regretted that he has decided to sever his connection with the institution. During his presidency the college has been much more successful than in any other period of its history."

A new course has been started at Yale. It is the course in modern novels, the object of which is to teach students to read standard novels in a way to strengthen their mental powers instead of a mental debauch. At the end of the week each student is required to write a short review of the book.—*Ex.*

The Faculty of Roanoke College assigns to each of the Seniors, in January, a subject for a thesis to be prepared and handed in to the Professor of English by the middle of April. The subjects are selected with a view to original work, and it is believed that the investigation and comparison necessary for such work will be of the highest service to the students in familiarizing them with methods of research.

The Muhlenberg

·LITTERAE·SINE·INGENIO·VANAE·

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MAY, 1896.

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THE MUHLENBERG.

"Litteræ Sine Ingenio Vanæ."

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Fads.

BY SAMUEL A. BRIDGES STOPP, '96.

WE hear a great deal about fads to-day. All about us are men and women who take up every new thing as it comes along and bestow upon it so large a share of their time and attention that, like the Athenians in the days of St. Paul, they are wholly engrossed in seeing or hearing something new. Your individual experience confirms the truth of this statement, and the more you reflect on what your daily intercourse with men brings to your notice, the more are you impressed with the fact of the light estimate the many place on life. Vanity Fair still attracts the multitudes as it did when Israel's king uttered his words of wisdom and Bunyan languished in Bedford jail and Thackeray drew his pictures of London society. 'Tis but the repetition of human history; men are bringing forth things new and old in the great market of life.

What is the difference between a fad and a truth? Whether the fork or the spoon is to be used in eating certain kinds of food is but an indifferent matter; that we must eat in order to support life is axiomatic. Feathers or ribbons in the trimming of a hat depend upon the fiat of fashion; that whatever is beautiful in nature and art is to be used and enjoyed is a principle engraved upon men's hearts. Our sympathy with the persecuted Armenians has been largely a sentiment; that men must be tried for their confession of the truth is almost a corollary of truth itself. Our interest in the Cuban cause has been occasioned by strong popular feeling, but we are confident that a nation whose citizens are properly qualified for freedom and eagerly strive to secure it will in the end gain its independence. Some one has fancifully defined a fad according to the letters in the word as that which is *for a day*. Truth is for all time. Fads pass away; truth remains. Fads rest upon the whims and caprices of their authors; the truths essential to right living are written by God's own finger on the tablets of the heart. Yet so widespread is the tendency to adopt whatever is new without first proving its superiority to the old that we may call this preëminently an age of fads.

Does this assertion require proof? Take the matter of dress, especially woman's dress, for example. Is it not woman's prerogative to adorn herself with all the charms that nature and art can lavish upon her? But keeping in fashion is not always the surest means of enhancing beauty. Whatever innovations Parisian tailors decree must be accepted without hesitation by their loyal subjects, and to be in fashion the skirts must be widened, the sleeves inflated, the ribbons and rosettes and flounces and frills and

furbelows modified with almost every change of the wind. Have you ever seen two bonnets exactly alike? The general style of trimming is the same; but the varieties are as infinite as the wearers are numerous. If only a small fraction of the time expended upon mere trifles were devoted to some practical purpose, how much more real good might be done in the world?

As in every error there are always some grains of truth, so there certainly is a reason for every fad we encounter. It may not be a good nor sufficient reason, but we find that the fad can usually be traced to some general, well-known principle of which an erroneous application has been made. What if the tight-fitting sleeve is again coming in vogue? Common sense in dress and an appreciation of the individual type of beauty are the essentials of satisfaction and success in this momentous matter.

Turn your attention to modern society. Money gains admittance into the charmed circle even though, as in one of Carncross's clever sketches, the society dame in her silks and diamonds remembers stage tricks at inopportune moments. Fortunes are exchanged for titles, and wealth purchases divorces. Men hunt for legacies to-day as in the times of Horace and Juvenal, only they use different methods. The Four Hundred dance at charity balls for which they expend thousands of dollars upon costumes, while the meager proceeds are given to needy hospitals and houses of mercy. There are fashionable stores, fashionable streets, fashionable theatres, and fashionable churches. How much is done "for sweet charity's sake" that has but little charity in it! Keeping Lent consists more of conformity with the fashionable world than of transformation to the likeness of the Christ. It is the social vacation, the resting period between Yuletide and Easter gayeties. So numerous have social engagements become and so varied the obligations society imposes that the visiting card has an etiquette all its own, and the part it plays is wholly incomprehensible to the uninitiated. Modern life has become very much like modern labor, *mechanical*. Society, in the restricted sense of the word, is a big bubble, pleasant enough to look upon, but when it bursts, where is then its beauty?

The theatre does not exert an educating influence upon men's minds; it too often coarsely entertains and suggests what should never find place in a clean heart. The typical novel of the day hardly deserves to be glanced at and thrown aside. Its name is legion, and the minds that feed on its sickening sweetmeats are but sorry specimens of the *genus homo*. The new woman who sets herself up as man's antagonist is a fad; the new woman who realizes that she is entitled to equal recognition with man in the appropriate walks of life is simply assuming what is hers by right.

Numerous are the fads in the educational world. The beginner's work is to be play; everything must be made as easy as possible; only what will be directly useful in life shall be taught; yet the child and the youth is to receive a liberal education. What is the result? The pupil receives the shell without the kernel of knowledge. The modern languages have to a great extent supplanted the Latin and Greek of our fathers, and the ratio of men pursuing scientific studies to those taking classical courses is really astonishing. College courses are shortened, and the deficiency is made up by lengthening the name of the institution to the more pretentious "university." Men lament the passing of ora-

tory and yet are unwilling to give a little less time to athletics that they may cultivate this lost art. Not the labored oratory marked by brilliant rhetorical flourishes, but the ability to say a thing and to say it effectively is needed as much to-day as it ever was.

Nor are fads wanting in religion. Novelties in doctrine and practice seem as easy of acceptance as the changing styles in headgear, the size of the sleeves, or the cut of the coat. The Briggs' school of rationalism has its adherents as well as the new army of the Booths, God's American Volunteers. The Church of Christ is not in itself a sufficient means of saving the young, but various societies and leagues, whose methods are more attractive, must strengthen its arm. Man must needs amend God's plan of salvation to adopt it to his own advanced ideas. The popular preacher entertains his audience with lectures and harangues on varied themes. History, literature, politics, municipal irregularities, even social scandals are dispensed from the sacred desk, while the pure, life-giving Word is kept from men as in mediæval times when a few precious copies were chained to monastic walls. A chemical experiment to illustrate the Sunday evening lecture; stereopticon views; bicycle decorations to draw the wheelmen; young woman ushers; sleight-of-hand performances to amuse the young; celebrated operatic singers to render the music at the mass—these are but a few of the means used to make church-going attractive, and the plea that it is necessary to keep up with the times is urged in justification of the vagary. What a strange word *entertainment* is, to be applied to Sunday-school exercises! Has the Cross of Christ lost its attracting power? Will not the truth that makes men free at last prevail?

Yet the times are not growing worse. There is more brightness in life to-day than ever before. Fads come and go. Truth remains. In dress and at social functions lavish display is no longer considered in good taste, but daintiness and elegance are sought after and admired. Real merit receives recognition. Modern literature does not satisfy the most ardent intellectual craving, and there is a revival of whatever is standard in letters as often as a soul awakens to a consciousness of its own power and a sense of the responsibility resting upon it. When men realize the folly of the fad they seek for the truth of which it is the perversion. As the fires of martyrdom purified the primitive Church of its dross and brought out of the crucible the pure gold of steadfast faith, so modern infidelity and making light of sacred things only emphasize more forcibly the beauty of pure, unselfish lives, whose every deed is done "for Christ's dear sake." Fads are the unreal things of life. Truth alone is real. Not the visible but the invisible embraces the true wisdom. Such were the Platonic ideas. Such are the truths of revealed religion. Such, above all else, is the life "hid with Christ in God."

It is said that the tyrant who ruled Florence compelled Michael Angelo to carve a statue from a block of ice. The great genius must waste his master strokes on what would pass away as soon as it was exposed to the sunlight. But upon no such perishable material need we spend our strength. The soul is to be fashioned not after the fad of the moment but after the truth that endures. Our work will not perish. Matter shall pass away, but mind will remain in the form wherein we have moulded it to all eternity. Is not this both a warning and an encouragement? Does it not lead us to shun the shadowy fad that we

may seize the substantial truth? Does it not bid us plant our feet on the solid rock of unchanging verity?

Earth knows no sweeter prayer than that of the disciples who walked with the Master to Emmaus.

"Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me."

The Shipwreck.

By G. B. M.

IT has been my good fortune to notice the sea in varying moods. I have stood on the shore watching the breakers as they rolled in upon the pebbly strand with ceaseless motion. The night season has found me on the deck of a gallant barque, sweeping o'er the main, ever and anon the center of a great circle. Aloft, the pale moon swept with queen-like majesty, attended by myriads of stars whose pointed light rose and fell in the swell of the sea. At such a time my thoughts became introspective. I thought of Him Who dwelt above all, through all, and in all—the Creator and Artificer of all. Digression must be put aside as I am to witness a horror of the sea—a shipwreck.

Urgent business had called me away to a small fishing village on the East coast. The telegram read: "Come at once. Jack." My time was my own, for home and its pleasures had vanished with the death of my mother. I packed a few necessaries in my valise, hurried to the station, and at 10 P.M. found myself speeding to my destination.

There were but few travelers, it being the winter season when the fireside and a good book are the most genial companions. I tried to while away the time by reading, but fell to thinking of the telegram—its import.

Rain had begun to fall when we left Rocway. It was now descending in great sheets. Blinding flashes of lightning revealed glimpses of the rugged landscape, only to die away, making the darkness seem blacker than before. Faint peals of thunder were heard above the rumble of the train, which rocked from side to side as the wind, which now blew a hurricane, struck it. The scene became more dismal, for an infant set up a pitiful wail at the extinguishing of a light. I began to feel uneasy. Glancing at my watch I found that we were half an hour behind time. This lengthened to one hour, then to two hours. Now, thoroughly alarmed, I became apprehensive of our safety. My fears were soon dispelled. The door swung open and "Tzorgan! Tzorgan!" was called out.

On alighting I found that to get to my friend's house that night was impossible. I consequently took refuge in a cosy inn near the station.

Coffee, a warm supper, together with a little wine, were brought to me snugly ensconced before a roaring fire in the small parlor. The servant remarked, with an accent savoring of the Emerald Isle: "Shure, it's a long way ye've come on sich a dhirty night." "Yes," I answered, "business calls me." "Begorra, an' its nary a bizness wud take me out the loikes of a night loike this," she said.

The servant gone, I settled myself to enjoy the generous blaze of the fire, feeling grateful to Prometheus because he had first given it to man. How the wind whistled and roared, shaking the old house to its foundation, how——bang. My door flew open. The servant burst into my room. I sprang from my seat, surprised, saying: "What is the matter?" "Och, may the Lord help the poor craturs; there's a shipwreck," she blurted. Away she went to arouse the rest of the household.

Fortunately I had a stout mackintosh, boots, and a sou'wester, which were quickly donned.

The servant let me out whilst there was a momentary lull in the storm. I knew the way to the beach, whither I hurried as quickly as wind and rain would permit me. Groups of fishermen passed me. Solitary individuals were hurrying hither and thither in search of aid. It seemed as if the whole village was out. A shipwreck to these simple, honest-hearted folk meant human lives in peril; deeds of bravery to be performed; yes, if possible, to rob the sea of its prey. Arriving at the beach, I sought shelter near an old jetty. I grasped the railing for greater safety. There was nothing for me to do but look on. Repeated efforts had been made to launch the life-boat. Volunteers there were by the score. They could do nothing. Neptune had claimed the wreck. The lightning flashed in quick succession, revealing the vessel fast upon the rocks which lay at the entrance to the little cove.

Human forms were seen clinging to the rigging. Above the roar of the storm could be heard the shrill whistle of the boatswain, carried inshore by the wind, as he gave an order. The sailors could do nothing. Their strength was as that of babes battling with the waves, which swept the decks fore and aft.

"Away goes the mizzen!" a bystander cried.

We peered through the gloom. Fitful flashes of light revealed the sailors trying to clear the deck. They were looking death in the face, but bravely fighting for life.

"Down goes the fore topgallant!" I heard some one of the gathered group exclaim.

Oh! what a heart-rending scene to behold fellow-men fighting for life, yet within the jaws of death; to hear their piteous cries and shrieks of despair borne on the wings of the blast; to see them drop one by one to a watery grave; to think of the fond wife and loving mother waiting for her husband or her boy to come home. At first she is hopeful, then anxious, then dreads, finally gives up in despair.

Strong men hid their faces in agony. Wives wept at the dreadful sight. Mothers drew their sons closer.

"Their doom is sealed. Them chaps can't weather such a gale. The wind is dead inshore, and that there vessel is going to pieces. They'll all be in Davy Jones's locker 'fore long."

I turned—there stood my old friend Dani'l, as he was called. "Yes, Dani'l," I said, "May God have mercy upon them." "Ay! ay! poor lads"—the rest of the sentence was lost in the wind. We grasped the railing firmly. A blinding flash of light; a crash of thunder which seemed to shake the whole earth; the blast howled and shrieked at its height, then all was past. The storm had broken.

Another flash revealed nothing but the bare rocks over which the sea washed as if in high glee because it had devoured the prey. Nothing was now heard save the dull boom of the surf along the shore. I retraced my steps to the inn, unable to shut out of my mind the horrors of a night. Even now, after many years, when my thoughts recur to that scene I cannot prevent a shudder from passing over me.

LOVE'S IMAGE.

He whom I love of all mankind
Is the sole pattern to my mind.
No one is handsome and none wise
Save him who makes my Paradise.

EULOGY

On Howard P. Weber, '99, delivered before the Sophronian Literary Society, of which he was a member.

By J. M. Yetter, 96.

Mr. President and Fellow Members: Death has entered our midst. He has stretched forth his icy hand and claimed as his victim our collegemate and friend. I say friend, for I can find no one in college who is or ever was anything to him but a friend.

Last Saturday a number of us followed him to his last resting-place. It was a last act of honor done him by his college and classmates collectively, but something remains yet to be done. The pillow of flowers presented by his class was indeed a fitting emblem of the soul that shall blossom by the River of Life and the spirit that shall bloom in the Garden of God. These tokens *have* been offered. But to-day *we* do *more*—we magnify God in His servant.

"Mere eulogy is a waxen flower that melts in the hand that proudly grasps it; but true eulogy is a living flower, rooted alike in earth and sun." His eulogy shall be spoken for the living, not the dead. His account in the "Book of Life" is forever closed except a loving Saviour balance the account with Grace. Had another been taken from us it might not have been one to whom so much praise could have been conscientiously given. To me he was a scholar, companion, friend, and, lastly, a collegemate. For six years I had known him, and always considered him a person upon whom you could rely. As a scholar he was industrious and obedient. I was his teacher for seven months, and never was required to discipline him for either lack of study or ill-conduct. As a companion he was quiet and unassuming, always willing to contribute to the comfort and happiness of others. About the same bearing characterized him as a collegemate. He never shirked his duty in classroom or in study-room. As a fellow member of Sophronia Literary Society, I think we can all look upon his conduct with pride. He was always loyal to her interests. I have been told by a member of our sister society that he always noticed the care with which he guarded Sophronia's interests, and yet in such a way as to command the respect even of his opponents. His prospects for the future were, indeed, bright had he lived to see them realized. He had wealth enough to complete a very extended course of education; his reputation was such as to challenge any attack upon his character; his industry and determination was such as to overcome powerful obstructions. He spent his time at his books. His bible bore marks of perusal almost from lid to lid, and many of the most beautiful, thoughtful, and pathetic passages of the Holy Scriptures I found, when I examined the book after his death, marked by him with lead pencil. This, by some boys, might be laughed at, but if it furnishes amusement for them in life it will surely be poor comfort for them at death.

Howard P. Weber, was confirmed into the Reformed Church on the tenth of November, 1894. He entered the Freshman Class of our college in September, 1895, expecting to make the ministry his profession. On December 19 last he was stricken down with disease, which afterward developed into a case of inflammatory rheumatism. He, however, overcame the disease, and was beginning to be around again when he received a severe attack of typhoid fever. He met this second attack with his accustomed resignation, and again rallied, when he was attacked by laryngitis, to which he at last

succumbed. He died April 13, 1896, aged 17 years, 7 months, and 4 days. Through his long illness he but once complained, and then because he could not see why he could not get well. On the morning of his death he called his father and stepmother to his bedside, and offered them his hands. They clasped his hands, when his father asked him if he wished anything, to which he replied, "Don't say anything." They were his last words, for, with an upward gaze, he entered the realms of the eternal hereafter.

"Morning spread over earth her rosy wings
And that meek sufferer, cold and ivory pale,
Lay on his couch asleep. The gentle air
Came through the open window, freighted with
The savory odors of the early spring.
He breathed it not! The laugh of passersby
Jarred like a discord in some mournful tune,
But it marred not his slumbers—He was dead."

Thus Death has deprived his parents of a dutiful son, of whom they could well feel proud; his classmates of a trusted co-worker; our college of one in whom there were future prospects; and our society of a true and loyal member. So we plant on the grave of his memory not the weeping willow, for earth is already flooded with tears, but a tender violet, emblematic of modest love, remembering full well, "We are born for a higher destiny than of earth, for the realm where the rainbow never fades; where the stars will be spread out before us like the islands that slumber on the ocean; and where the beautiful beings that here pass before us like visions, will stay in our presence forever."

—It is life and not precept that gives to the boy his bent. Solomon could cover an entire acre with astute and prudent proverbs, but that was of no account with his son Rehoboam, who took his cue from his father's behavior and not from his father's philosophy.—*Dr. Parkhurst.*

THE MUHLENBERG.

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Assistant Editor-in-Chief,
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Alumni Editor,
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EDITORIALS.

BEFORE the appearance of the next issue of THE MUHLENBERG the Class of '96 will have passed the stage of active college life. The final examinations which will be held on May 18, 19, and 20 will be the consummation of a purpose bravely fought for. The common enemy—the classics and the sciences—with which some of us are still fiercely struggling, will then have to submit to the indisputable qualifications of '96's men as graduates. As such may they help to maintain the honor and dignity of their *Alma Mater* in whatever sphere of action they may be.

THE lecture course at Muhlenberg was very successful. The rapt attention manifested by the students showed appre-

ciation. The first of the series, delivered by the Rev. Dr. Harkey, of Kutztown, was a very able and eloquent discourse on "Agnosticism." The speaker was full of humor, and most happy in his illustrations. His victims were the disciples of Agnosticism, whom he held up mangled and torn to public gaze and ridicule. The Rev. Dr. Krotel, of New York City, one of the oldest, ablest, and most eloquent ministers in the Lutheran Church, delivered a second interesting lecture on "The Young Man Luther." Dr. Krotel possesses the power of presenting his subject extemporaneously in simple but clear and vivid language. He is one of the rare orators who speak from the fullness of the heart. The last lecture of the series was given by the Rev. J. S. Erb, '73, of Slatington, Pa. His subject was "The College Graduate; Is there Room for Him?" His remarks were very practical.

THE delightful season has again come when our students of the botanical science, with their tin cans dangling from their shoulders, and spade in hand, are tramping across the fields and along roadsides, over hills and through meadowlands, climbing the mountain ridges and clambering over rocky cliffs in search of choice specimens for their herbaria.

The arbutus and hepatica, the anemone and bloodroot, the saxifrage, dutchmen's breeches and spring beauty, the voilets and bluets, have all put in their appearance, and are already followed by the columbine and the celandine, the buttercup and daisy, the may apple and wild ginger, jack-in-the-pulpit and the lily. All these and many others are subjects of examination and study—victims of a vivisective and anatomical analysis.

Nor is botanizing the only occasion for such trips. The students of geology and mineralogy are among the inquisitive. Frequently they make trips across the country, guided by their favorite professor, for scientific research. These ramblings, indeed, will prove to be among the most delightful recollections of student life. Innumerable and profound are the lessons to be learned from Mother Nature by such research, and particularly lovable is she to the child of nature now that she has again put on her gorgeous apparel which the Great Teacher pronounced more glorious than Solomon's, of bible fame. Besides this mental training there is a wholesome hardiness and a healthful vigor of body acquired by such communion with Nature.

THE works of Shakespeare are immortal. They were not merely for our age, but for all ages; and whatever the decrease of interest in them on the part of a people for any time may be, it can be but temporary. To what extent the plays of Shakespeare are read and seen presented depends on two conditions — the reputation of the player, and the intellectual taste of the people. Because the great representatives, Booth and Barret, are no more, the favor of the legitimate drama should not wane, for inasmuch as Shakespeare is the poet and dramatist of every age, there will be a Booth for every age. As a fitting companion and successor to the great American tragedian, the country has called a young genius in the person of James Young, Jr. The press promises for Mr. Young a bright future. He is called "the rising star of tragedy;" "the most natural actor on the American stage, the coming great actor of the country;" "remarkable genius;" "a fitting successor of Booth." Hamlet is said to be his best production. The *Montgomery Advertiser* (Ala.) says: "The audience last

night was a critical and cultivated one, and James Young not only surprised and delighted them—he charmed them with his marvellous conception and rendition of Shakespeare's Hamlet. The encores were hearty and spontaneous outbursts of admiration for the young actor. He has no equal as an actor of his age on the American stage. His future will be watched with interest."

He will appear in Allentown next season in an elaborate presentation of Hamlet, Richard III, Richelieu, Lady of Lyons, and Fool's Revenge, and it is hoped that Mr. Young will meet with that encouragement that he so justly deserves.

OUR ALUMNI.

PROF. GEORGE T. ETTINGER, PH.D., '80.—ED.

Philadelphia Alumni Banquet. On Friday evening, April 17, 1896, the Philadelphia Alumni Association of Muhlenberg College held its second annual banquet at the Bingham House.

Fully fifty Alumni and friends of Muhlenberg attended the banquet. All were delighted with the success of the entire affair.

'72.—The Rev. Myron O. Rath, Allentown, Pa., is contributing a very readable series of letters on his Oriental tour to the Allentown *Item*.

'74.—Through the modest wants of the Berks County representatives at the Democratic State Convention, recently held in Allentown, Marcus C. L. Kline, Esq., the choice of Lehigh as delegate to the Chicago National Convention was defeated and Berks County took both representatives of the district composed of Berks and Lehigh Counties.

'75.—Edwin H. Stine, Esq., has retired from the firm of C. B. Krause & Co., furniture dealers, Allentown. The firm now consists of Chas. B. Krause and Oscar F. Bernheim, '92.

'78.—At the last bi-monthly meeting of the Lehigh County Medical Society, held at the Hotel Allen, Allentown, Dr. H. H. Herbst read a paper on "Some Observations on Moulds as a Cause of Disease," illustrated with drawings.

84.—The Rev. George M. Scheidy, Scranton, Pa., has been filling the pulpit of the Lutheran congregation at Monaco, Beaver County, Pa.

85.—Wilson K. Mohr, Esq., Allentown, is Second Vice-President of the Jefferson Club, a new Democratic organization. Wilson's boom for the nomination of Prothonotary is quietly but surely growing.

'86—J. Jeremiah Snyder, Esq., Allentown's silver-tongued orator, has accepted an invitation to deliver the Memorial Day address in Laurel Hill Cemetery, Philadelphia, under the auspices of Tyndale Post, No. 160, G. A. R. These will be among the principal Memorial Day exercises in Philadelphia.—Allentown *Chronicle and News.*

'87.—The Rev. F. M. Seip, pastor of Trinity Lutheran Church, Lebanon, left Wednesday morning for Florida. Mr. Seip's health has been poor for some time, and it is to benefit it that the trip is made. He has been granted a month's vacation by his congregation. The Rev. Seip is a son of the Rev. Dr. T. L. Seip, President of Muhlenberg College. —*Chronicle and News.*

'89.—The Rev. John W. Horine, pastor of the Lutheran Church of the Incarnation, Philadelphia, a graduate of Muhlenberg College and Mount Airy Theological Seminary, has been chosen to preach the baccalaureate sermon to the Class of '96, Reading High School, on June 21, in St. James' Lutheran Church,

Reading, of which his father, the Rev. Dr. M. C. Horine, is pastor.—Allentown *Item.*

'90.—Dr. Alfred J. Yost, Allentown, candidate for reëlection as Coroner of Lehigh County, is a member of the Executive Committee of the Jefferson Club.

'91.—We have been informed that Dr. W. H. Cooper will soon begin his practice in Pittsburg, Pa.

'91.—The spring term of Oley Academy, Oley, Berks County, Pa., has begun, under the able Principalship of M. S. Harting. This institution begun in 1857, and is enjoying a good and well-deserved patronage.

'92.—The Rev. Edwin M. Beysher, of Hobbie, Luzerne County, Pa., recently was married to Miss Dora T. Koons, of Philadelphia, Pa.

'92.—The Rev. Isaac H. Stettler, pastor of the Lutheran Church of the Redeemer, Falls of Schuylkill, Philadelphia, has resigned his charge.

'92.—At the recent Democratic State Convention, held at Allentown, Leo Wise, Esq., was one of the ten delegates representing Lehigh County.

'93.—George A. Kercher, who will soon be graduated by the Mt. Airy Seminary, has been chosen one of the speakers at the Commencement to be held on the evening of May 26.

'93.—Melville B. Schmoyer, of Trexlertown, a graduate of Muhlenberg in the Class of 1893, and a member of this year's class in Mt. Airy Seminary, has been elected pastor of St. John's Evangelical Lutheran Church, East Mauch Chunk.—Allentown *Item.*

'95.—P. A. Behler, a student at the Lutheran Theological Seminary at Mt. Airy, opened his select school at Steinsville on last Monday. Thirty-seven students are enrolled. Mr. Behler has engaged Elmer Creitz to assist him in the primary department, John F. Stine having resigned.—Allentown *Call.*

LOCALS.

H. MORRIS SCHOFER, '97.—ED.

The Sophomores are tramping over the hills and meadows around the city in search of botanical specimens.

The final examinations of the Senior Class will be held on May 18, 19, and 20.

The latest officers of Sophronia are: President, Snyder, '96; Vice-President, Keuling, '98; Clerk, Seiberling, '99; Corresponding Secretary, Kunkle, W., '99; Treasurer, Buchman, '99; Assistant Librarians, Hausman, '99, and Reagle, '99; Critics, Kline, '97, and Reed, '97; Budget Editor, Hartley, '99; Chaplain, Case, '99.

The Euterpean Literary Society are having their chairs repainted. The contract has been awarded to C. B. Krause & Co.

The College Press Club banqueted at Fink's Café on the evening of April 22. The following new members were admitted into the club: Nothstein, '97; Heist, '98; Gery, '98, and Lenker, '98. The following toasts were responded to: "The Press Club and its Relation to College," S. G. Trexler; "Our Friends," J. M. Yetter; "Press Club—Past and Present," W. M. Weaver; "Our Victories," Miller, F.; "Press Club—Its Future," F. K. Fretz; "Our New Men," Miller, C.; "Our Banquet," W. H. Fehr. The new members also responded to toasts. Genzler acted as toastmaster.

The funeral of Howard P. Weber, of Redington, Pa., a member of the Freshman Class, took place on the afternoon of April 18. The Freshman Class attended

in a body. Fritch, N., Gruhler, Kopp, Koch, Klick, J., and Case acted as pall-bearers.

The Sophronian Literary Society, of which Mr. Weber was a member, was represented by Yetter, '96; Trexler, '97, and Kunkle, H., '99. Although Mr. Weber was with us only till Christmas, he was with us long enough to command the respect and love of his teachers and fellow students.

The following resolutions were also adopted:

WHEREAS, the messenger of death hath taken from our midst an upright and loyal member, H. P. Weber, '99, therefore be it

Resolved, that it is with deep sorrow that we, his fellow members of the Sophronian Literary Society of Muhlenberg College, have heard of his death.

Resolved, that we hereby tender our heartfelt sympathies to the bereaved parents.

Resolved, that the members of this society wear a badge of mourning for ten days.

Resolved, that a copy of these resolutions be sent to his parents; that the resolutions be spread on the minutes of the society, and be printed in THE MUHLENBERG and in the *Easton Argus*.

Signed,
J. M. YETTER, '96,
BERNARD REPASS, '98,
H. A. KUNKLE, '99,
Committee.

PERSONALS.

JACOB A. TREXLER.—ED.

FACULTY.

Dr. Seip and Dr. Repass attended the quarterly meeting of the Executive Committee of the Lutheran Ministerium on April 7.

Dr. Wackernagel preached the Easter sermon in St. Peter's Lutheran Church, South Bethlehem.

STUDENTS.

Singmaster, '98, resumed his studies this term after his sickness since October 19, 1895.

Dr. R.: "That is 'womens,'" to Reed, '97, reading in Spencer's Fairie Queen.

Reed, '97: "In my book it is spelled w-o-m-e-n-s."

Dr. R.: "Well, we are used to pronounce that word 'womens.'"

Gruhler, '99, when asked to explain the instinct of the butterfly, answered: "It was the nature of the baste."

Dr. W., to Schenck: "*Ruhig, du Ritters Fraulein.*"

Reed, '97, is quite confident that he can win the Junior Oratorical Prize. He said: "I can write as well as any of 'em, I can speak as well as any of 'em, and my appearance is far superior to any of the rest." Yes, sir, Mr. Reed, we will not contradict you; but remember, "There is many a slip between the cup and the lip."

We heard of this not long ago. A Junior offered a suitable reward for the return of an umbrella. He don't remember having it after he left Bickel's.

Dr. E. to Miller, C., '97: "What does the Latin word *complectar* mean?"

Miller: "Engage."

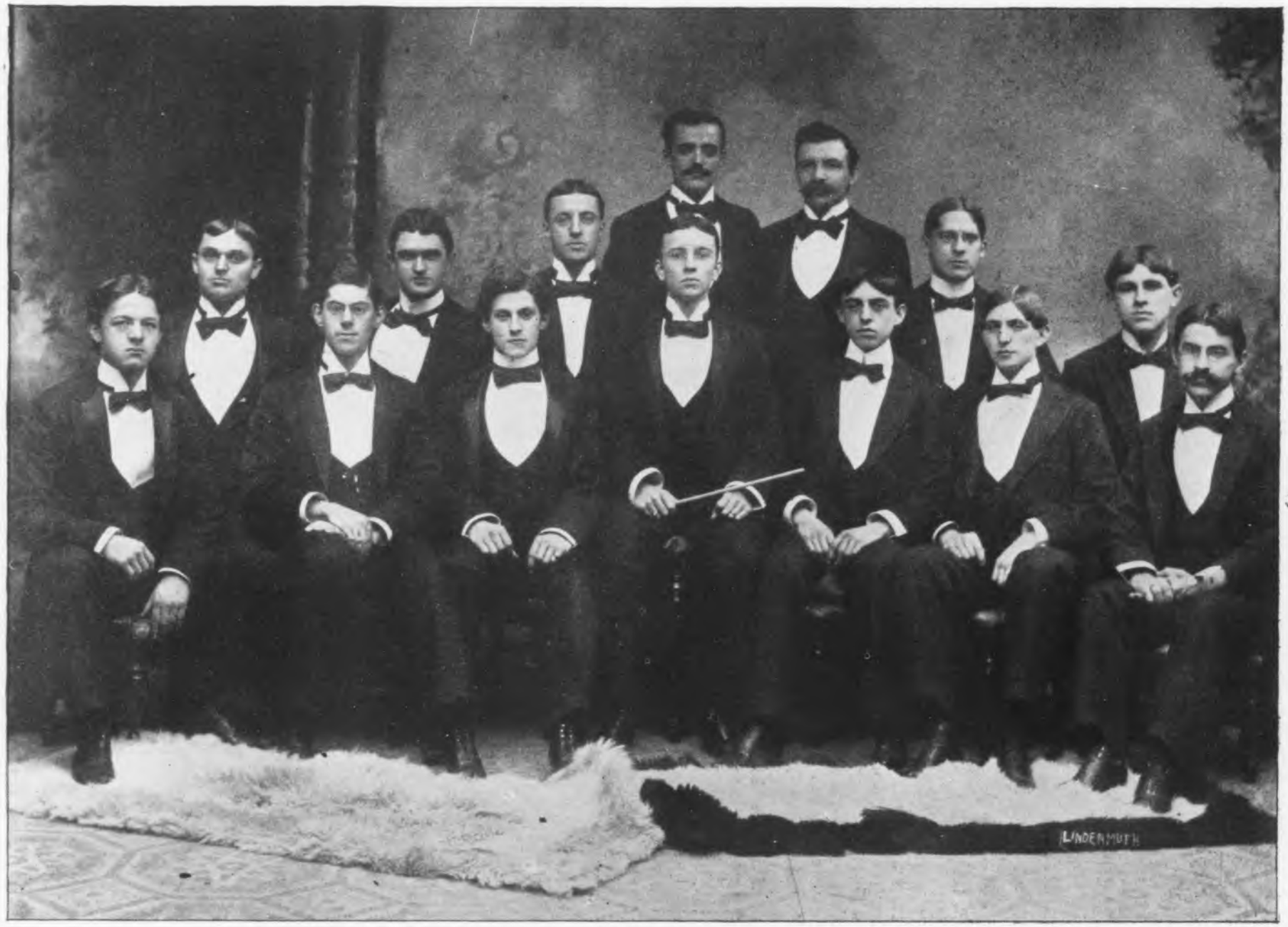
Dr. E.: "No, embrace. Of course, engage comes first."

Since there are so many rackets on the fourth floor, most of the boys have assumed names. The authorities may find the aliases of some of great assistance: H. H. Ike, J. O. Pete, C. L. Bill. The rest will probably be seen in the next issue.

Everybody wonders to whom of the Juniors Schofer, *as he says*, sold a speech for Junior day.

Xander, 96, distinguished himself during the first of the geological trips as a snake charmer. He also had many geological specimens to carry with him.

Fegely, of the Academic Department, alias "Birdie," is trying to reform Straup in politics.



W. F. Heldt. A. B. Yerger. J. F. Kramlich. G. I. Lenker. H. A. Kunkle. P. Z. Strodach. G. J. Case.
F. Gruhler. E. F. Laubach. W. E. Steckel. G. E. Kramlich. A. S. Hartzell. G. F. Erdman. W. H. Berk.

GLEE CLUB.

WORLD OF LETTERS.

CHRISTIAN C. MILLER, '97.—Ed.

THE May *Century* contains a highly interesting and, at the same time, instructive article on "The Election of a Pope," by William Roscoe Thayer, the author of "The Dawn of Italian Independence." In speaking of this matter, the writer says: "Election by ballot is the ordinary method. The ballots, when open, are about four inches long and three broad. In the first or upper section the cardinal writes his name; in the middle, the name of the candidate whom he proposes; in the lower section, some motto from the Scriptures. When he folds the sheet, his name, being inside, is covered by the lower section, and only the candidate's name on the seal comes uppermost. To guard against the ballots opening he seals it with a seal he has chosen, but it must not be one which the scrutators recognize. Going to the central table, he deposits the ballot in the chalice, repeating at the same time this formula: '*Testor Christum dominum qui me judicaturus est, me eligere quem secundum Deum judico elegi debere et quod idem in accessu praestabo.*'" Furthermore the writer says: "The final pageant, and the most gorgeous of all, coronation, is celebrated a few days later. It begins in the atrium of St. Peter's, where the Pope, seated on a throne, receives the homage of the archpriest and clergy of the basilica. Thence he is borne in procession through the church to St. Gregory's Chapel, where he is attired in the pontifical robes of state. As he comes out, a master of ceremonies stops him and, kneeling, holds before him a silver wand tipped with tow, which a cleric lights. As the tow burns, the master of ceremonies sings, '*Sancte Pater sic transit gloria mundi.*' After a second burning of tow, which symbolizes the evanescence of even papal pomp, the Pope proceeds to the high altar to receive the pallium. Mass is celebrated, during which the general clergy do homage; that concluded the Pope is borne to the balcony which overlooks the square of St. Peter's, and there, in the presence of tens of thousands of spectators, the miter having been taken off, the triple crown is placed on his head by the second cardinal deacon. 'Receive the tiara adorned with three crowns,' thus runs the ancient formula, 'and know that thou art father of princess and kings, the rector of the globe, the vicar on earth of our Saviour Jesus Christ, to whom is honor and glory, world without end.' The Pope then gives his benediction, '*urbi et orbi*,' the multitude applauds, and the pageant ends."

The same magazine also contains a "Journal of an Eye Witness of the Coronation of Alexander III," which, to those who are interested in the coronation of Czar Nicholas, which event is near at hand, will not only be interesting and instructive, but will also afford some assistance to the reader.

"In Bohemia with Du Maurier; or, Recollections of Artist Life in the Fifties," a timely and readable article contributed to the *Century* by Felix Moscheles. Among other things the writer says: "It has always been a source of legitimate pride to me to think that I should have been the tool selected by Providence to sharpen Du Maurier's pencil. There must have been something in my *verfluchte Physiognomie*, as a very handsome young German, whom I used to chaff, unmercifully called it, to reveal to Du Maurier those dormant capacities which had been betrayed in his eagle glance." The article is full of humorous drift and is worth reading.

In the *Harper's Monthly* for May you will find a timely and well-written article on "Mark Twain," by Joseph H. Twichell. Says the writer: "That no other literary man of his generation has achieved so extensive favor with the universal community of readers of all ranks as he has done, is a statement that will hardly be challenged by any. If all the world loves a lover, it also loves a humorist not much less. But there are circumstances with which the phenomenon of Mark Twain's conquest of millions of hearts, the earth over, so notable in itself, stands associated that, if taken into account, render it still more impressive.

EXCHANGES.

MARCUS S. HOTTENSTEIN, '96.—ED.

The Lotus is the name of a new magazine which was recently started by the students of several Western universities. It is modern in every way, abounding with original ideas and conceptions. The work of some of the best college authors and artists is contributed to its pages of Japanese paper, printed artistically in red and black.

The largest universities in the West, with the numbers of students in each, are as follows: Michigan, 2,864; North Western, 2,413; Wisconsin, 1,520; Minnesota, 1,828; Chicago, 1,265.

After the recent fire at the University of Virginia a trunk was found among the ruins of the rotunda containing the Lee correspondence of the Revolution, the letters being but slightly damaged.

The United States is the only country in the world that spends more money on education than on war equipments.

Harvard Law School takes just pride this year in having among her students forty-one Yale graduates.

Prof. Todd, of Amherst, with a small company, is making arrangements preparatory to taking observations of the solar eclipse in Japan next August. It is of interest to know that Prof. Todd is the only man who thus far successfully attempted to photograph any of the heavenly bodies with a reflecting telescope.

Ninety-two of Yale's alumni have been college presidents.

A newspaper called the *Morningside* has been lately established at Columbia, devoted to fiction and to verse.

Professor G. L. Burr, Professor of Mediæval History at Cornell, has been invited to aid the Venezuela Boundary Committee as an historical specialist.

The students at Ohio Wesleyan University are not allowed to attend theatres.

Oxford University has an annual income of $6,000,000.

The students of West Virginia University are compelled to attend chapel exercises under penalty of expulsion for three absences without good excuse.

The new athletic field at Princeton will contain eight tennis courts, three base-ball diamonds, and two foot-ball fields. The whole will be elaborately drained.

Two Chinese girls, who came to this country only three years ago, hardly knowing a word of English, stood highest in the recent medical examination at the University of Michigan.

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"Litteræ Sine Ingenio Vanæ"

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Baccalaureate Sermon.

By the Rev. Theodore L. Seip, D.D.

"*Be strong and of a good courage.*"—Joshua 1: 9.

THESE words are found in the charge given by the Lord to Joshua after the death of Moses. The great prophet and lawgiver Moses had succeeded, by the grace of God, in delivering His people from Egyptian bondage, and leading them through their forty years' wanderings in the wilderness to the borders of the promised land, which he himself was not permitted to enter. Moses went up from the plains of Moab, on the mountain of Nebo, to its very summit, Pisgah, where the Lord showed him all the land which He had promised to the children of Israel. After this wonderful vision Moses died, and was buried by God in a valley of the land of Moab in a grave unseen by mortal eye.

Moses had previously laid his hands upon Joshua, and consecrated him as his successor to lead the armies of Israel across the Jordan, conquer the promised land, and distribute the territory among the tribes. He had been commissioned to complete the work which Moses had begun, of turning a people of bondsmen into a nation with a country. Though Joshua was not a lawgiver or a prophet like Moses, and is not to be compared with him in greatness—for the Sacred Oracles themselves declare Moses the greatest of all the Old Testament prophets "whom the Lord knew face to face"—yet Joshua had been prepared by his religious training from youth, and as the minister of Moses, for the weighty responsibilities which were now laid upon him by the divine call.

Joshua, who had been raised to the highest position as the successor of Moses, had been an humble brickmaker among the bondsmen in Egypt. He had shared all their toils, their hardships, the experiences in his lowly and subject condition as a slave. He had witnessed the ten plagues, and the wonderful power of the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and was a devout worshipper all his life of the God of his fathers. He took part in the hurried triumph of the Exodus, when the Lord by the hand of his servant Moses delivered His people out of the hand and land of Pharaoh by conducting them dry-shod over the Red Sea.

Moses soon discovered the strength of character and the moral and physical courage of Joshua, and selected him for important services under his direction and command. He made him his minister. Joshua is first mentioned in his connection with the battle of the Amalakites, when he was chosen by Moses to lead the Israelites, and utterly routed the enemy. We next read of him in connection with Moses' ascent of Mt. Sinai to receive for the first time the two tables of stone. Joshua, his minister, accompanied him part of the way, and was the first to accost him in his descent. Soon after he was one of the twelve chiefs who were sent out to explore the

land of Canaan, and one of the two who brought back a favorable report. Just before the close of the wanderings in the wilderness, Joshua, who was one of the few survivors of the original exodus, was solemnly and publicly consecrated by Moses as his successor. God had given him a charge by the mouth of the dying lawgiver, and after his death renewed the command to Joshua to cross over the Jordan and possess the land. He seemed to hesitate in view of all the difficulties; for at this time the Canaanites were in their most flourishing period. The kings were bound together by treaties; the land was protected by walled towns and fortresses, and the armies were provided with horses and chariots. In addition to this the Jordan was impassable at this time, having "overflowed all its banks." The task was therefore no easy one. But Joshua hesitated only for a moment when the Lord said unto him: "Have not I commanded thee? Be strong and of a good courage. Be not afraid; neither be thou dismayed; for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest."

We have selected this charge of the Lord to Joshua as one that may appropriately be given to you at this stage of your career. You have completed one important period of your life, and are about to enter upon another fraught with many perils and difficulties. You may hesitate, like Joshua of old, to set out upon the new and untried tasks and pursuits that are before you; but we say to each one of you in the name of the Lord, "Be strong and of a good courage. Be not afraid; neither be thou dismayed; for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest."

Just as surely as Joshua had a work in life, for which the Lord by His providence had prepared and commissioned him, so truly has each one of you a mission to perform, *a work to do in this present world*. It may not be your mission, like Joshua's, to lead armies across swollen and impassable streams; to take fortified places and walled towns; to conquer giants and warrior hosts; and to establish and organize a nation on territory thus acquired. But you will each, nevertheless, have your own special mission to accomplish, which will require all your strength and courage to enable you to perform it successfully. As Moses of old passed away, and was in time succeeded by Joshua, so generation after generation of leaders in church and State, of men of high and low degree, in every walk in life, are gathered to their fathers, and others in succession come upon the stage of action to take their places and their work, and to carry it forward. So each one of you will find a work to do in your day and generation fitted to your abilities and attainments; it may be as leaders in great wordly enterprises; it may be humble followers; but certainly the Lord has a mission, a purpose for each one of His creatures, though men are often slow or even unwilling to find it for themselves, or, when found, to accept it.

The Lord in His providence usually leads men who follow His guidance to the work which they are to do in this world by the circumstances by which He has surrounded them, by the inclinations and the promptings of their own minds, by their own aptitudes and capacity for some special work, and by their invincible determination to devote themselves to it. There are and have been, however, all along the highway of the history of the human race great leaders, like Moses and others, who have been led by thorny paths and bitter experiences, and have been constrained against their own inclinations to enter upon the particular work for which the Lord intended them.

Others have hesitated for a time, like Joshua, to take up the task set for them, and for which the Lord had equipped them by mental and moral endowments, and had prepared them by their training and education. The choice of a profession or of a life-pursuit is of so great importance to every individual himself, and fraught with so much good or ill to those among whom and for whom he labors, and with so much of happiness or misery for him and them, that no man should make this choice without earnest and prayerful deliberation. He should earnestly endeavor to understand the leadings of Providence, and be willing to be guided by the Lord. Many, perhaps all of you, have chosen your future pursuit in life. We trust that you have made this choice after a conscientious and devout effort to know the will of God with reference to your particular mission, as indicated by the talents, the mental and physical equipments, which He has given you, the training and education which you have received, and the urgent demand for your labors in spheres where the harvests are already ripe for the reapers and the laborers are few.

College-bred men who have made a faithful use of their advantages are bound to forge their way to the front in the different spheres of activity in which they may engage. The history of our own and other countries abundantly proves this statement. While there are notable exceptions, men who have spent four years in college, even though they may not have been distinguished for their fidelity to study, have yet the aroma of college life about them, and have reaped benefits which they themselves may not appreciate or acknowledge. They can never entirely divest themselves of the ideas, the aspirations, the influences inspired in them by their participation in the college-community life, by their intercourse with professors and fellow students, and the religious and intellectual atmosphere which they breathed so long. A man must be abandoned in every sense of the word who would not be led, sooner or later, to higher endeavor and the choice of nobler aims in professional, business, and social life as a result of the impressions made on him during his course in college.

Assuming, then, that you have made a choice of the work to which you are to devote yourselves, the important question arises, *How are you to accomplish it successfully?* We answer this question in the words of the text, "Be *strong* and of *a good courage.*" It is only by strength of faith and character, and by courage to go forward like Joshua, in obedience to the command of the Lord, that you can ever expect to accomplish your mission, the work to which you are summoned. It was Joshua's faith in God and His promises that made him strong and courageous to go on and conquer apparently insurmountable obstacles. Faith removes mountains; and so if you would succeed you must have faith, above all, in God; faith in yourselves and in the integrity of your purposes; faith in your chosen work, and faith in your fellow men. Faith is an all-important factor in life. All your personal relations with your fellow men rest upon it. It is the bond which unites you to them. You can not respect or love a person unless you believe in him—unless you have faith in his character as respectable and lovable. You can not trust a man in ordinary business and social relations unless you have faith in his integrity and trustworthiness. It would be utterly impossible to transact the business of the world if men did not have faith in one another. Man was made for faith, and

faith makes the man. So with faith in one's pursuit. A man must believe in his work, its rightfulness, its necessity, its usefulness in the proper ongoing of things as ordered by God. He must have faith in it, like Joshua, and in proportion to the strength of his faith will he give all his energies earnestly to it and make a success of it. Without such a faith he will be half-hearted in his efforts and easily discouraged. Without faith he will be without strength and courage to go forward at the critical moment and conquer the difficulties that confront everyone sooner or later in his career. A man who would succeed in life after having carefully chosen his pursuit within the limit and range of his abilities, not thinking more highly of himself than he ought, must then humbly but firmly believe in himself. Trusting in God for grace and strength sufficient for every time of need, he must have faith in the purity of his motives, in the honesty of his purposes, in the powers and resources — mental and moral — with which the Lord has endowed him. But in order to have faith in himself he must above all else have faith in God. He must believe that God is his "refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble," otherwise he can have no faith in himself; for without the strength which God gives he is as a reed shaken by the wind, utterly weak and unable to withstand the storms of affliction and adversity which he must expect to encounter. With faith in God he can overcome the world, the flesh, and the devil. With faith in God he can accomplish what would otherwise be impossible. As Joshua by strength of faith in God led the Israelites on dry ground across the Jordan when it "overflowed all its banks" and was impassable to others, so you can do otherwise impossible deeds by the strength which comes with faith, and by a strong faith in God and His promises of help. In order to have success in your life-work you must be strong also in *character*. Like Moses and his minister Joshua, you must be men of firm principles who are not carried along by the popular but shifting currents of the time into all the dangerous eddies and whirlpools of error. You must be men of convictions rather than of opinions, firmly grounded on the Rock of Ages, on the truth taught by prophets and apostles, Jesus Christ Himself being the chief cornerstone. Your strength of character should be such as to enable your fellow men also to have faith in you, as well as you to have faith in them for like reason. You must have strength enough to say *no* when duty requires it, and your character should be such as to vouch for the fact to all men that you mean it and will stand by it, or, if necessary, even fall, like a good soldier at his post, in the defence of your position and convictions. You must have strength of character to resist evil in every form; the allurements of sinful pleasure; the blandishments of the artful; the flattery of the designing; the seductions of the vicious, and every temptation that would lead you away from the main purpose and duty of your mission. You must have strength of character to resist the sinful impulses of your own lower nature —to be masters of yourselves; for unless you can control yourselves you will be unable to control others, and to command the forces necessary to the successful accomplishment of your work. But the Lord's charge to Joshua was not only to be strong, but also of a good courage.

If Joshua needed a strong faith to undertake the passage of the Jordan under the conditions that prevailed, he also stood in sore need of a good courage, after he had crossed, to attack the walled

cities and towers with their armed hosts equipped with horses and chariots. But Joshua not only had the strength of faith necessary to cross the Jordan, but the courage also to go forward at the command of the Lord and to conquer the hosts of the enemy, together with their fortified places and countries. So you must have the courage to obey the voice of God in His Word, to "let your eyes look right on, and your eyelids straight before you," so that you "turn not to the right hand nor to the left," but go direct "toward the mark of your high calling in Christ Jesus, our Lord."

You must have a good courage in the face of opposition and difficulties which you must expect to meet in every calling, whatever it may be. You must have not only faith *in your faith*, but also the courage of your convictions, so that you may be strong enough to stand alone, if need be, rather than to prove false to your own conscientious convictions in order to please the multitude. You must have the courage to resist the popular but often ill-informed clamor of the day, and appeal to the sober, second judgment of those better informed for your justification. Whatever the occasion or question, you must always have courage to say and do that which is right, though you may suffer temporarily for your adherence to principle. You will not only have the approval of your own conscience, but command the respect and confidence of all good men, even of those who may not agree with you in your convictions. Rectitude and not utility, not mere selfish interest, must be your polar star to guide you in your conduct. If you have strength of faith and a good courage like Joshua to pursue such a course, which is also in accordance with the commands of the Lord, you will find in your career through life that rectitude and utility for the most part coincide—that to be good and virtuous is to be happy in the true sense of the word.

Having conscientiously decided according to your best judgment upon your pursuit, you must regard it, if you would succeed, as *a life work*. Joshua gave himself wholly to what God plainly revealed to him as his duty. Having set his hand to the plow he did not look back. To conquer the land of Canaan became his own aim and end in life. Having recognized that as his duty he made it his life work, never swerving from it until he accomplished his purpose. Nothing is more fatal to success than vacillation—change from one pursuit to another, and that repeatedly. There may be exceptions to this rule, but they are rare. When a man has made a choice, though possibly not the best, and has been trained for it and acquired skill in it, he will ordinarily succeed better in life by persisting earnestly and faithfully in his chosen pursuit than by flitting from one thing to another in the hope of discovering something for which he is better adapted by nature. It is proverbial that "a rolling stone gathers no moss," and the reason is not far to seek. Every time a person changes his occupation he loses almost all the benefit of the special skill and experience which he had acquired in his former position. His previous training and education for his special work count for little when he changes to some other. You must persevere to the end if you would obtain the crown of this life as well as of the next.

The longer you continue in the faithful discharge of the duties of your calling the more will you gain in knowledge, experience, and skill pertaining to it, and the greater will be your influence for good with those who are brought within its range. This is particularly true of

the learned professions, during the years of a man's efficiency and faithful activity, and it is by no means necessary to qualify the statement as applied to men in other pursuits. Fidelity, perseverence, strength of faith and character, courage to do the right, to go forward even in the face of obstacles, and to make one's self master of the circumstances rather than their slave, are sterling and sturdy qualities which make for success in any and every pursuit. If there be added to these a sense of consecration that makes the workman feel that in his humblest and meanest toil, as well as in his highest and most brilliant service, he is doing the work for which he was sent, accomplishing his mission as unto the Lord, his success will be assured.

Self-consecration is essential to the truest and highest success; a consecration that makes the laborer regard his toils, though secular, yet sacred, because done for the Lord as well as for men; a consecration that answers to the exhortation of the apostle: "Whether, therefore, ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God."

Young gentlemen of the graduating class: In addressing a few parting words to you, let me reverently use the words of the Lord in his charge to Joshua, which we have taken as the basis of our discourse this morning: "Be strong and of a good courage." As Joshua needed strength of faith in God and strength of character to cross the turbulent Jordan, and courage to move forward against the strong walls of Jericho and to the conquest of the promised land, so, too, you will need strength and courage to cross the troubled waters that may lie athwart your paths, and to conquer the strongholds that may, here and there, impede your further progress in the career upon which you are about to enter. Only have a strong faith and the waters of Jordan will divide; have courage and the walls of Jericho will fall. One of the aims of your college course was to develop such strength and courage within you for your life work. It was not our purpose merely to furnish your minds with a quantum of useful information in the different departments of human learning, to give you an intellectual and scientific training, but to develop your character to make of you men in the full sense of the term—men of strength and of a good courage for the toil and moil of the conflicts through which you must pass in your onward march and upward progress. To this end you received not only a secular and intellectual training of the head, but what is of far more importance — nay, absolutely essential to a complete education — a religious and spiritual culture of the heart. By instruction in the revelation of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, as contained in the inspired Scriptures of the Old and New Testament; by the faithful and prayerful use of the means of grace—God's Word and holy sacraments—you have been brought under the sacred influence of the Gospel, and we trust have had the love of God shed abroad in your hearts. You have received a Christian training, the only one that will fit you for this world and the next; the only one that will give you the strength and courage spoken of in our text. Without Christ all your training and attainments will avail but little, and that little only for the brief span of this earthly life. With Christ you can accomplish wonders; for He alone can impart the strength and courage necessary to sustain you in your daily trials and toils. Let me then urge upon you as my last counsel to make Him

your daily Teacher and Guide, to consecrate yourselves and your entire life-work to Him and His service.

Follow Him as the Captain of your salvation, and you will finally receive strength of faith and a good courage, so that when you come to the cold stream of the Jordan of Death, its waters will divide and afford you a happy entrance into the promised land of the heavenly Canaan.

The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus.

Valedictory.

By Marcus S. Hottenstein, Allentown, Pa.

MAN normally cherishes the desire of advancement and improvement. Physically and mentally his forces are being constantly modified. Human art and industry yield submissively to an unending succession of changes. In every case the final purpose of the agent is to attain to that which has never yet prevailed. With a great deal of confidence the world may look for progress in the future. There are innumerable possibilities which may result from our increased knowledge of nature and of the properties of matter through our observation of the phenomena which surround us. The extension and improvement of education, the increasing influence of science and art, of poetry and music, of literature and religion—the spread of all the powers which are tending to good—will elevate man and make him more able to feel the truth of the Italian proverb that "wherever light is, there is joy." Formerly the idea prevailed that there was some sort of ingratitude, perhaps even an impiety, in attempting to improve on what divine Providence had arranged for us. Thus Prometheus was said to have incurred the wrath of Jove for bestowing on mortals the use of fire. But this feeling has mostly died out. The highest civilization aims to substitute new and improved systems for the older and imperfect methods. Here originality finds its true place. It is through the cultivation of the individual powers and characteristics of its members that society does its duty and protects its interests; not by rejecting the stuff of which heroes are made, because it knows not how to make them.

We have only to look to Eastern countries for pictures of the despotism of custom. In those lands progress is at a standstill. China, for example, has intense veneration for antiquity and custom. This is the cause that has held in check for many centuries the intellectual growth of a people whose ancestors were highly civilized while the progenitors of European peoples were yet naked savages.

The wonders and beauties of the universe are indeed boundless. Any attempt to sketch their real excellence must at once appear imperfect and inadequate. Many, however, walk through the world like dreamers, as if they were in the world but not of it. Ruskin maintains that "the greatest thing a human soul ever does in this world is to see something, and tell what it saw in a plain way." We do not suppose that his eyes were better than ours, but how much more he saw with them! The true observer "finds good in everything."

> "The meanest floweret of the vale,
> The simplest note that swells the gale,
> The common sun, the air, the skies,
> To him are opening paradise."

It is but a feeble expression of the truth to say that the infinities revealed to us by science—the infinitely great in the one direction and the infinitely small

in the other—are never-failing sources of pleasure and instruction. What, then, may we not expect from the exertions of powerful minds called into action over an extent of territory far surpassing that which has hitherto produced the whole harvest of human intellect?

The future of man is full of hope, and who can foresee the limits of his destiny? Our life is surrounded with mystery, our own earth is a speck in boundless space; and not only the period of our own individual life, but that of the whole human race is, as it were, but a moment in the eternity of time. We cannot explain the origin nor can we foresee the conclusion.

To us who are even now standing on the threshold of the world's activity there is the consciousness of the great unknown. "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamed of in your philosophy." Thus far our training has clearly demonstrated that "we never know the extent of darkness until it is partially illuminated."

Knowing, then, how much remains to be achieved, our time has perhaps been well spent. To-day the scenes are rapidly shifting toward the end of a romantic, though important, act of our lives. Before the curtain shall have fallen there remains to be spoken the epilogue. It is not so much a recital of the past nor a prophecy of the future, but merely a simple word—farewell. It is a word which has never found a heart so out with human nature as to fail to respond to its magic. We realize the principles which our *Alma Mater* has inculcated, the foundations of character built up under her watchful eye. May she be crowned with the laurels of her loving sons. May her silent blessing rest upon us now as we bid her adieu. To you, our kind friends, we must say farewell. We have been associated with you from time to time, and have felt keenly that your kindness and sympathy have greatly added to our success. Hereafter we may engage in various pursuits, we may leave this beautiful city, we may be separated from you for a long season, but rest assured that the affection which has shed its sweetness all around our college days will ever be remembered.

Gentlemen of the Board of Trustees: The management of our institution deserves the highest praises. We know that the interests of Muhlenberg are well protected in your hands. May you always be the watchful guardians of our sacred treasure. May you fare well.

Gentlemen of the Faculty: Throughout our course you have endeavored to aid us by your counsel, and to guide us along the path that opens propitiously into the world's highway. It will be our effort to adhere firmly to the sound principles which we have learned from your lips and seen exemplified in your lives. We believe that in this way we can best show our appreciation. We tender you our heartfelt thanks, and our prayer is that long years may be granted you to carry on the noble work to which you have dedicated your lives.

Our honored President: We leave you with much reluctance. As a ripe scholar we admire and honor you, but as a teacher and warm friend we love you. You were a friend indeed when in the doubtful hour you advised us to do that which ultimately brought us the greatest good. Ever since your connection with Muhlenberg your labors have been successful. May they continue to be so in the future.

Fellow Students: Our places we bequeath to you. If there be aught of good in our records, it is for you to imitate. If we have made mistakes, it is for you to avoid them. Bear in mind that the honor

and success of our college depend in no small measure upon you. Let your criterion be duty. Should you do your duty while here, there is no room to doubt as to your future career.

Fellow Classmates: The hour of parting is at hand. With to-day's exercises we perform our last office as a class. Slowly and firmly were forged the links that bind us in friendship. We have grown into one another's lives, little realizing how firm the ties were becoming. To-day we receive from our *Alma Mater* the passport into the world. Not all will be sunshine. Let us bear up nobly under the burdens which are sure to be placed upon us. In bidding you Godspeed, my wish is that our lives will be in accord with what we have learned. Though our names may not be recorded in history, though our deeds be not heralded by the nation's lips, may we live for the improvement of ourselves and the good of our fellow men. May all of us aspire to the greater glories of the Eternal, and, pointing upward, reiterate the sentiment, "My Italy lies there."

But why pause? The busy world awaits us. It calls for action, not words. Let the purpose be noble, and the victory is ours!

Latin Salutatory.

By Samuel G. Trexler (Second Honor).

CIVES, amici: Nostri dies ludi praeteriti sunt. Quidam auctor scribit, tunc denique homines nostra bona intelligimus cum quae in potestate habuimus ea amisimus. Naturaliter piget nos eam academiam relinquere, ex qua fonte eruditionis multos annos perpotavimus. Semper maeremus cum locum relinquamus ad quem non nos posse redire certum est. Tandem omnes gaudemus magnum aliquid opus effectum esse.

Multi nobis suadeant dies ludi nihil nisi jucundam vitam sine curis esse et nos hic esse ut tempus a pueritia ad virilem aetatem peragamus. Si sententia, hoc jucundissimum tempus vitae est, constanter nobis praeponatur prospectus vitae non dignus hortatione est. Vere diurna opera praeposita nobis tam injucunda nobis pro aetate quam adversae res majoribus natu sunt. Eis experitis non sic videntur. Tristis compensatio sit, scire hoc debilitante nullum omnino discrimen jucundissimum tempus vitae esse.

Sapientiores tamen nobis suaserunt nobis dies ludi dies operis esse, sed etiam nobis confirmaverunt eos pernicessariam partem vitae esse. Haec prima disciplina fuit, scire ut nostra vita nobis penderet. Praeter nostra pensa haec magna pars eruditionis fuit. Dies ludi sua opera officiaque ferenda habent. Cogitatio, quattuor annos hic carentes cura vivamus et hoc nos magnis adaptet, est ridenda. Multi cives academiae fallaciis ignarorum monitorum et benignorum amicorum frustrati sunt. Speramus ergo fore ut ea fallacia eradicet, dies ludi nihil nisi jucunditas sunt. Nam hujus omnes nos, qui perfuncti sumus hoc, testes sumus.

Benigni doctores, vos omnibus viribus multos annos instillare mentibus pectoribusque ea pretiosa precepta, quae nos vitae adaptent, contenderunt. Saepe cum a via recta erraverimus, ad viam benigne nos reduxistis quae ad veram et nobilem virilem aetatem ducit. Semper nos sano consilio et benigna monitione juvistis. Semper viam splendidis coloribus spei illuminavistis. Ergo vos salvere jubeo.

Viri digni magna laude, fiduciarii, cujus labore et diligentia nos sequere hunc cursum certum est, qui nos juvistis magis quam scimus. Aestimantes plurimum vestrum animum et ingenium, et

vos salvere jubemus. Vos, cari comites scholae, cujus hortationes et humanitates semper nostros dolores temperaverunt, qui dies ludi beatos nobis fecistis, maximum salutem dico.

Vos, cives Allentoniensis, qui commemorationem jucundam nobis fecistis, salvere jubeo.

Doctores, fiduciarii, comites ludi, amici, cives, causa classis quae nunc adest plurimum vos omnes salvere jubeo.

The Supremacy of Individual Effort.

By Franklin K. Fretz, Perkasie, Pa.

JUNIOR PRIZE ORATION.

THE crowning point of a wonderful creation is reached in man. To him are given those attributes which place him in rulership over the whole realm of nature. He stands preëminently at the head of the grand series of ascents and advances in the organic world, and from the culmination of mere animal organization is translated into the realm of free spiritual being. 'Twas when "the Morning Stars first sang together and all the Son's of God shouted for joy" that he realized his true place in the universe, as the divine command was given him to replenish the earth and subdue it. This was the first faint ray of the Supremacy of Individual Effort, which has not been dimmed by the flight of ages, but has ever been growing brighter and brighter, and will reach the limit of its brilliancy only when "time shall chase the fallen worlds over the broad quicksands of eternity." Through it he is better to-day than ever. From the time that he pushed the matted hair from before his eyes and learned the divine decree, he has steadily progressed. It underlies everything that is great or lovely or enduring on this earth. It has made all mankind rich and happy. To it we owe our great advancement in civilization.

"The tissues of life to be
We weave with colors all our own;
And in the field of destiny
We reap what we have sown."

The doctrine of Man's Supremacy has stood for ages. It is the symbol of the irrefragable law of eternal justice; and what force is more remarkable in man—the quintessence of dust, yet little less than an angel! See it exemplified in Napoleon, the Charlemagne of the nineteenth century, who attained a height never reached before in the modern world, raised his whole family to the rank of princes, and placed three of his brothers on kingly thrones. It made his martial achievements astonishing, his military conceptions grand, original, and scientific alike. Through it he became the herald of revolution in war, and it gave him that quickness of movement which baffled and terrified generals who could not rise beyond the traditions of the past. Without the advantage of early birth or parentage, he rose to the highest pinnacle of human glory. His victories were unexampled, and it took all Europe to resist him. In short, through the supremacy of individual effort the obscure son of a Corsican lawyer became the herald of revolutionary France, and founded an empire which overspread the European continent.

But may we not also recognize it in a son of the New World who left a fame beyond that of any conquerer? Had you gone through Hardin County, Kentucky, in 1816, you might have seen a lonely cabin and, perchance, would have met on your way to that humble home a lean, lank, white-headed boy of seven carrying a basket of eggs to the country store. All the boys point sneeringly at the young lad, and jest about his Joseph-

like coat of many colors. But had they looked beneath the coat they would have seen a heart fired by its own greatness, which later rendered his services in the Black Hawk War indispensible, and led to the Presidential chair in the memorable year of '61 this comparatively unknown Lincoln.

Taken to Washington in the darkest period of our national history, his task was none other than peculiar and full of difficulty. The traitors of the South opposed every important order he issued, ridiculed every proclamation he promulgated, and sneered at every message he wrote. But no President ever stood firmer in the confidence of our people than he did after four years of a strong administration. He occupied the executive chair while rebels preached the divine rights of slavery, and denounced the heresies of the Declaration of Independence. "By day and by night he trod a way of danger and darkness." On his shoulders rested a government dearer to him than his own life.

Before his first term had ended the whole nation recognized his greatness, and he was reëlected by a popular majority of nearly 500,000. His second inaugural address was rich in meaning. "With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right," are words never to be forgotten. But his work in life was done, and it was not for him to reap the results of his great supremacy. He was stricken down by the hand of an assassin. To the grave he bore the shackles of four millions of human beings. Multitudes of men for the first time shed tears over the death of one whom they had never seen. Of him Henry Ward Beecher well said, "His life is grafted upon the infinite, and will be fruitful as no earthly life can be. Though dead he yet speaketh, and his blood as in so many articulate words pleads for *fidelity*, for *law*, for *liberty*."

As a direct outgrowth of the supremacy of individual effort fostered by the free institutions of our powerful Republic, we now may contemplate all the manifold sources of our country's greatness, and teach our posterity those invaluable lessons which are inevitably learned by the right use of one's powers and faculties. Through it a mighty revolution has been wrought during the past century, and already we stand on the threshold, nay, are even knocking at the doors, of a new which will be infinitely better and brighter and more glorious than this. Standing on the heights of the present, and looking off towards the future where the mists lie so thickly on the prospect, we can but feel that the greatest discoveries yet lie in store for us. Freed from the fetters of ancient thought and superstition which have bound man's mind like a Prometheus to the adamantine pillars reared by the superstition of the ages, one by one he has dispelled the doubts of former years. To-day nothing is too remote, no place too sacred for his daring eye to penetrate, and through the supremacy of individual effort we may soon expect to find out more of the secret of God, mount the heavens and hold our hearts in the tranquil upper air until the thunders of the battle of life shall have ceased to roar at our feet. Through it the great reforms in our social and political life must be inaugurated and all difficult international disputes settled. Animated by it we look for some leader to arise in that beautiful little island of Cuba, the Queen of the Lesser Antilles, and free its people from the cruel hands of mediæval slaughters, and permit its inhabitants to breathe the air of freedom, wafted by

kindly winds from American shores. Through it shall we not hope to silence those elements of commotion already at work in this beautiful Republic of ours which, unless checked, will convulse it to its foundations? Shall we not all strive to inculcate in the minds of native and alien a higher, clearer conception of the duties they owe to their State and country; hold up to them a grander, loftier, and nobler model of citizenship so that our own lives, towering in their immaculate grandeur, shall be an inspiration, a pillar of fire by night and a cloud by day, to the many pilgrims who, foot-sore and weary with care, have lost their courage and are ready to surrender to what they consider the inevitable. We must teach them that there is no position in life so unattainable, no fortress so impregnable, but that it will yield to the supremacy of individual effort.

"Life, I repeat, is energy of love
Divine or human; exercised in pain,
In strife, and tribulation; and ordained,
If so approved and sanctified, to pass
Through shades and silent rest to endless joy."

"Know, then, thyself; presume not God to scan,
The proper study of mankind is man.
Placed on this isthmus of a middle state,
A being darkly wise, and rudely great,
With too much knowledge for the skeptic side,
With too much weakness for the stoic's pride,
He hangs between; in doubt to act or rest.

* * * * * *

Created half to rise and half to fall;
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;
Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurled,
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world."

"That busy thing,
The soul, is packing up, and just on wing
Like parting swallows when they seek the
spring."

"In life's small things be resolute and great
To keep thy muscles trained; know'st thou when
fate
Thy measure takes? or when she'll say to thee,
'I find thee worthy, do this thing for me'?"

THE MUHLENBERG.

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Alumni Editor,
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EDITORIALS.

IT is with much pleasure that we introduce this Commencement issue of THE MUHLENBERG to the attention of the alumni and friends of the college, and we trust it will receive a welcome from each one, and will remain with you a treasured memento of our efforts.

WE desire particularly the alumni to keep alive the memory of their *Alma Mater*, and to keep her interests in mind. We need their sympathy and support. It is to her sons that *Mater Muhlenbergiensis* looks with pride. From them she can justly expect great things.

COMMENCEMENT is always interesting and important. To the Senior it is *the* event, while each undergraduate class is brought nearer to its

goal with each recurring season. Nor does it bring unmingled joy. The ties of friendship which so unconsciously bind hearts together in fraternal affection are then suddenly severed, and many a silent tear courses down a maiden's cheek for some loved one gone. Again, commencement season brings its sorrows when the end has not crowned the work of the year with promotion in consequence of wasted golden hours. Have we done our work as students faithfully, commencement will be an occasion of satisfactory pleasure and vacation of contented recreation.

COMMENCEMENT NEWS.

The Baccalaureate Sermon.

SUNDAY, JUNE 14.

THE exercises of the Twenty-Ninth Annual Commencement of Muhlenberg College were opened on Sunday morning by the service and preaching of the baccalaureate sermon by the President, the Rev. T. L. Seip, D.D., in St. John's Lutheran Church. The graduating class of twenty-two young men occupied the front pews in the middle aisle, and listened with attention to the excellent sermon which is found at the beginning of this number.

Reception to the Seniors.

MONDAY, JUNE 15.

A JOYOUS reception was given to the graduating class by the President and his estimable wife in their delightful home on Monday evening, June 15. The guests were pleasantly entertained, and amid the social charms of the occasion the evening passed all too quickly. Elegant refreshments were served, which received due appreciation from the delighted guests.

Among those present were: Misses Annie Seip, E. Hattie Seip, Adelaide Richards, Rose Richards, Carrie Cooper, Mame Schindel, Mame Fox, and Mary Seip, of Bath, and the Seniors, Messrs. W. Penn Barr, Fred. E. Cooper, Geo. W. Genzler, Geo. A. Greiss, Sam. J. Henry, Marcus S. Hottenstein, J. Fred. Kramlich, O. R. B. Leidy, M. U. Reinhard, J. J. Schindel, J. C. Slough, J. F. Snyder, Geo. T. Spang, S. A. Bridges Stopp, Paul Z. Strodach, Sam. G. Trexler, L. Domer Ulrich, W. M. Weaver, E. P. Xander, and John M. Yetter.

The Sophomore Banquet.

TUESDAY, JUNE 16.

THE editor of the *City Item* truthfully says: "It is not in the make-up of a Sophomore to take a back seat. Here is Commencement week with its graduation of the Seniors, oratorical contest of the Juniors, and Horodotus play of the Freshmen." The Class of '98, to be in line, resolved to have a banquet, and it was held on Tuesday night in the parlors of Rinn Bros. & Co. One of the firm had formerly been a member of the class. The members enjoyed a good time. The menu follows:

Hard and soft shell crabs, consomme, queen olives, celery, filled chicken, fish, Kentucky lamb, Mt. Holyoke potatoes, tomatoes, French peas, chicken salad, Worcester sauce, sweet bread browsed, mixed pickles, head lettuce, oranges, strawberries, bananas, assorted cakes, cherries, assorted nuts, Neapolitan ice cream, assorted chocolates, soda.

Mr. John T. Eckert was toastmaster, and the following toasts were responded to: "Our Banquet," B. C. Repass; "Our Victories Over the Freshmen," J. B. Gery; "Examinations," H. F. Hehl; "Our Botanical Trips," J. K.

Sullenberger; "The Junior Contest," J. B. Krause; "The Alumni Promenade," W. A. Billheimer; "'98's Box Decorations," C. D. Seaman; "Herodotus Play," B. F. Rinn; "The Summer Girls," E. T. Laubach; "The Class of 1900," M. L. Kleppinger; "'98's Men in Business," E. L. Kistler; "Our Prospective Junior Year," L. F. Gruber.

The Herodotus Play.

TUESDAY, JUNE 16.

FORMERLY Titus Livy had been the dread enemy of the Freshmen, but with the Class of '99 Herodotus holds that disagreeable place. On the evening of June 16, in the presence of a large audience which had assembled in the Academy of Music, the old Greek historian met his fatal doom at the hands of the doughty Freshmen. The Academy had been nicely decorated with colors of the college and of the different classes. The players gave a pleasing performance. The following was the cast of characters: Professor Herodotus, who knows his power, John Kopp; Hon. B. R. Morgan, agent for S. P. C. H., Peter S. Trumbower; R. E. Porter, representing "Evening News," F. N. Fritch; Mr. Chronics, with no mind of his own, Willis Beck; Dr. Slokure, Leidy B. Heist; Jack, Fweddy, George, Ed, members of '99, L. W. Fritch, W. A. Hausman, F. Gruhler, W. D. Kunkle; Miss Louise Morgan, Miss Terry, Miss Plaiced, three Fem. Sem. girls, Jno. G. Hartley, F. N. D. Buchman, Fred. Fetherolf. Foot-ball teams, spectators, etc., members of class.

The following is a synopsis of the play: Act I—Foot-ball grounds. "At last the S. P. C. H. has a great mission." Act II—Parlor of Hon. Morgan. "I will be revenged." Act III—Lawn of Hon. Morgan's residence. A week later. Act IV—Duelling grounds. "Three of a kind." "Horace Lucius Plato." "Revenged." The Herodotus Committee were the following: H. A. Kunkle, Chairman; Chas. H. Bohner, Secretary; C. J. Case, Chas. H. Reagle, F. N. Fritch.

Junior Oratorical Contest.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 17.

DESPITE the threatening skies and muddy streets a large crowd gathered to witness the forensic efforts of the Juniors. Clad in cap and gown they marched upon the stage of the Academy of Music and took their seats in two rows immediately in front of the Faculty, Trustees, and alumni, with the center occupied by President Seip. The following was the order of exercises: Music; prayer, by the Rev. Dr. F. J. F. Schantz. Music; "A Skeleton in the Closet," Willard D. Kline; "The Right of Suffrage," John F. Stine; music; "The Supremacy of Individual Effort," Franklin K. Fretz; "Our National Bulwark," Christian C. Miller; music; "The Martyrdom of Lincoln," William H. Fehr; "The World's Leaven," Archibald C. Schenck; music; "Altruism," Ira O. Nothstein; "Genius," Jay E. Reed; music; "The Unseen Powers," Alfred S. Hartzell; "Jingoism," Edgar E. Sieger; music; benediction, by the Rev. Mr. Apple.

The judges were the Rev. C. E. Wagner, '84, of Lancaster, Professor of English Literature at Franklin and Marshall College; the Rev. James L. Becker, '74, of Lansdale; and Hon. Harry G. Stiles, of Allentown. The rest of the Junior Class are the following: Wm. H. Berk, C. J. Everett, Wm. K. Fisher, Wilmer F. Heldt, A. H. Klick, Ira W. Klick, Wm. M. Kopenhaver, Geo. E. Kramlich,

Geo. F. Kuhl, Francis Miller, H. Morris Schofer, John H. Sykes, and Jacob A. Trexler.

The Society Reunions.

A GOODLY number of the alumni and friends were in attendance at the reunions held by the two literary societies. The College Club furnished much of the music for both societies. The Mandolin and Banjo Club rendered several selections in Sophronia, while in Euterpea the excellent new piano at the hands of Mr. Geo. E. Kramlich, '97, melodiously accompanied the songs of the "boys," among which were "Alma Mater" and "Euterpean Glee."

In Sophronia the Rev. Prof. W. Wackernagel, D.D., presided, and Frederick C. Kraff, '95, was Secretary. A number of excellent speeches were made by the Revs. Nelson Schmidt, Irwin Ritter, H. B. Richards, J. A. Scheffer, Luther Lazarus, Dr. Ettinger, and others.

In Euterpea, I. O. Nothstein, '97, opened the meeting and called Prof. Dr. Ettinger to the chair. After a few well-chosen remarks in his usual witty manner he proceeded to the exercises of the program. Among those who made addresses were Prof. O. G. J. Schaadt, the Revs. James Becker, O. E. Pflueger, H. B. Strodach, J. H. Neiman, C. E. Sandt, Messrs. Loos, Sieger, and Kercher, '93, and others.

Meeting of the Board of Trustees.

THE annual meeting of the Board of Trustees was held in the College Chapel on Wednesday afternoon. There was a full attendance of the members. The following were newly elected: The Rev. J. S. Erb, '73, of Slatington, the Rev. H. S. Fegley, of New Tripoli.

The following Trustees were reëlected: The Rev. S. A. Repass, D.D., the Rev. S. A. Ziengenfuss, and the Rev. C. J. Cooper, Treasurer.

The Treasurer reported that the receipts for the permanent fund during the year amounted to $9281.12, including $1200 for General Endowment Fund; $642.27 for the German Professorship Fund; $575.97 for debt; and that the expenditures were $8155.97, leaving a balance in bank of permanent fund of $1125.15; also that the receipts for the current fund amounted to $14,375.57 and the expenditures of current fund $14,288.32, leaving a balance in the current fund of $87.25; that the total endowment of the institution amounted to $137,284.81, and that the debt still amounted to $38,000.

It was reported also that the college came in possession of a house and lot in Mauch Chunk by the will of Jacob Bowman M.D., deceased; that H. G. Mohlman, of New York City, had given the College $1000 in memory of his only son, J. H. Mohlman, deceased; and also that H. K. Walt, of Philadelphia, had arranged to found a scholarship.

The following committees were appointed: Central Executive, Dr. Repass, President, the Revs. Ziegenfuss, Cooper, Schindel, Dr. Seip, the Rev. J. S. Erb, Messrs. Mosser, A. G. Saeger, T. W. Saeger, Shimer, and Erdman. Examination Committee, the Rev. Dr. Repass, the Revs. Erb, Schindel, and Cooper, and Messrs. C. J. Erdman and Thos. W. Saeger. Committee on Degrees, the Revs. Drs. Seiss, Repass, Spieker, Schantz, and Ochsenford.

The Board conferred degrees of Doctor of Divinity upon the Rev. A. Phillippi, Wytheville, Va.; the Rev. S. A. Ziegenfuss, '70, Philadelphia, Pa., and the Rev. S. E. Ochsenford, '76, Selinsgrove, Pa.; and the degree of Doctor of Laws upon

the Rev. A. Spaeth, D.D. The degree of Master of Arts was conferred upon H. P. Butz, '92, and upon the following members of '93 : Samuel B. Anewalt, Jr., Allentown, Pa.; William B. Brobst, Bernville, Pa.; the Rev. A. O. Ebert, New Tripoli, Pa.; Chas. J. Gable, Reading, Pa.; the Rev. Geo. A. Kercher, Kutztown, Pa.; Prof. Edwin T. Kunkle, Kresgeville, Pa.; the Rev. Wm. O. Laub, Siegfried's, Pa.; the Rev. A. W. Leibensperger, Maxatawny, Pa.; C. L. Lichtenwalner, Tarrytown, N. Y.; the Rev. Joshua Miller, Gilberts, Pa.; E. J. Mosser, Stein's Corner, Pa.; W. F. Mosser, New Tripoli, Pa.; William Rick, Reading, Pa.; Prof. C. E. Roos, New Orleans, La.; the Rev. M. B. Schmoyer, Trexlertown, Pa.; the Rev. P. Geo. Sieger, Stettlersville, Pa.; W. G. Smoyer, Allentown, Pa.; the Rev. Eugene Stettler, Mahanoy, Pa., and Harry A. Yetter, Ithaca, N. Y.

The degree of Bachelor of Arts was awarded to the entire graduating class.

The Board decided that hereafter nominations for honorary degrees would have to be made in writing signed by five members of the Board. The Executive Committee of the Board was charged with arrangements for the semi-centennial celebration of the occupancy of the grounds for educational purposes.

Commencement Day.

THURSDAY, JUNE 18.

COMMENCEMENT Day opened with matin services in the College Chapel at 8 o'clock. After the close of the devotional exercises President Seip announced the promotions. Mr. L. Domer Ulrich, in behalf of the graduating class, then made the Senior memorial presentation speech, and presented the '96 class picture, elegantly framed, to the Faculty and Trustees of the institution.

At 10 o'clock the Commencement exercises proper began in the Academy of Music, where the alumni, the friends of the graduates and of the college, assembled. The Academy was well filled with an appreciative audience.

The following was the order of exercises: Music; prayer, by the Rev. Jos. E. Seiss, D.D., LL.D., L.H.D., of Philadelphia; music; Latin Salutatory, S. G. Trexler (second honor); music; "The National Heart," W. Penn Barr ; "The Supremacy of Beauty," S. A. Bridges Stopp; music; "Civic Negligence," Samuel I. Henry; "*Der Heutige Proteus*," Geo. W. Genzler; music; "The Great Criterion," Frederick E. Cooper (third honor); music; "What Then?" Geo. S. Greiss; "Psychic Culture," John M. Yetter; music; "Man's Inhumanity to Man," W. M. Weaver; "John Jay's Treaty," Jere. J. Schindel; music; Valedictory, Marcus S. Hottenstein (first hnnor); music; conferring of degrees, by the President; distribution of prizes; announcements; benediction, by the President, Dr. Seip.

Prizes Awarded.

FIRST HONOR.

THE Amos Ettinger Honor Gold Medal, presented by Prof. Dr. Ettinger, was awarded to Marcus S. Hottenstein for attaining the highest average grade during the year in all studies.

BUTLER ANALOGY.

This prize of twenty-five dollars, presented by Cyrus R. Lantz, Esq., was awarded to Frederick E. Cooper, with special and honorable mention to S. A. Bridges Stopp.

JUNIOR ORATORICAL.

The "Clemmie L. Ulrich Oratorical Prize" of twenty-five dollars was given

to Franklin K. Fretz. Honorable mention was made of Alfred S. Hartzell and J. E. Reed.

BOTANICAL.

The Eliza Botanical Prize of fifteen dollars, presented by W. A. Passavant, Jr., '75, was awarded to Levi F. Gruber, of the Sophomore Class.

PHYSICAL CULTURE.

The Physical Culture Prize of ten dollars, from Dr. H. H. Herbst, '78, was awarded to John H. Sykes, of the Class of '97.

GERMAN.

Three prizes were awarded by the Senior German Literary Society to the Sophomores, and three by the Junior German Literary Society to the Freshmen for proficiency in German declamation. The Sophomore prizes were a History of the German Literature, Buchner's Bible Concordance, and a Biography of Famous Germans. They were awarded respectively to Messrs. W. A. Billheimer, Geo. I. Lenker, and W. S. Heist.

The Freshmen prizes were an excellent volume of Church History, Buchner's Bible Concordance, and Travels in Bible Lands. They were awarded respectively to Messrs. D. Elmer Fetherolf, Jonas Henry, and Jonathan A. Klick.

Meeting of the Alumni Association.

THE alumni meeting of 1896 was called to order by the President, Geo. D. Krause, '79, of Lebanon, on Thursday afternoon in the College Chapel. The Rev. Dr. Ochsenford offered prayer. Prof. Dr. Bauman was Secretary of the meeting.

The Class of '96 was received into the Association. Alderman Keiter was elected an honorary member of the Association. It was reported that a fund of $86.20 had been collected for a portrait of the Rev. Dr. Sadtler. The following committee was appointed to solicit subscriptions for the endowment of the Alumni Professorship of Muhlenberg College: The Rev. Dr. Ochsenford, President; Howard Seip, D.D.S., Secretary; Geo. D. Krause, the Rev. J. W. Mayne, and P. Geo. Sieger. The amount necessary for this purpose is $30,000. It is hoped that the committee will be able to report the full endowment of this professorship at the next triennial banquet of the Association.

The following members then pledged themselves for $100: The Rev. J. W. Mayne, '81; Prof. F. G. Lewis, '85; Dr. Howard S. Seip, '85; the Rev. E. A. Yehl, '85; R. J. Butz, Esq., '87; the Rev. C. E. Sandt; the Rev. J. H. Neiman, '71; M. J. Bieber, '91; the Rev. A. P. Pfleuger, '73; Drs. Ziegenfuss, '70, and Ochsenford, '76; Geo. D. Krause, '79; the Rev. P. Geo. Sieger, '93, and Geo. C. Loos, '94. Prof. Dr. Ettinger promised to contribute $2000 towards the endowment when the proper time would arrive. R. H. Beck, M.D., '71, occupied the chair in the absence of the President. The Recording Secretary, Dr. Bauman, was instructed to prepare memoirs of the deceased members, Prof. F. B. Knerr, '71, and the Rev. T. F. German, '87, to be read at the next meeting.

Class Reunion.

FROM the *City Item* we copy the following: "The class which was graduated in '86, the first under the presidency of Dr. Seip, held its deciennial reunion and banquet Tuesday evening at the Hotel Allen. Dr. Seip was the guest of honor. The banquet was a rich one, and the gastronomic excellence was

equaled by the social enjoyment. It was a happy night for the boys of '86 and their honored preceptor."

FRATERNAL.

The Alpha Iota Chapter of the Alpha Tau Omega Fraternity had a grand smoker at their hall Thursday night.

Clubs.

LITERARY.

AMONG the literary clubs of the college the Press Club holds a prominent position. The duty of its members is to publish the news of the college in the different papers and journals of the land. We quote the following from the Allentown *Leader*: "The present Press Club is the best and cleverest Muhlenberg ever had, both from the standing ability and energy. It consists of C. C. Miller, Reading; Franklin Fretz, Perkasie; Francis Miller, Philadelphia; Wm. H. Fehr, Nazareth; Geo. I. Lenker, Hickory Corners; Jacob B. Gery, Palm; W. S. Heist, Quakertown, and W. F. Held, Lehighton."

MUSICAL.

The College Glee Club, of which a picture appeared in the last number of THE MUHLENBERG, is an organization that has greatly distinguished itself. Under the able leadership of Mr. Geo. E. Kramlich, '97, it has won the fame of being the best of any glee club Muhlenberg ever had. At the reception of the brethren of the ministerium by the President, Dr. Seip, this association immortalized itself.

What an imposter Genius is;
How, with that strong mimetic art
Which forms its life and soul, it takes
All shapes of thought, all hues of heart,
Nor feels itself one throb it wakes;
How, like a gem, its light may shine
O'er the dark path by mortals trod,
Itself as mean a worm the while
As crawls at midnight o'er the sod.

—Mighty of heart, mighty of mind, magnanimous; this is indeed to be great; to become this increasingly is indeed to advance in life.—*Ruskin*.

A man from New Jersey, named Peter,
Desired that his food be made sweeter;
With musk he perfumed it,
And then he consumed it,
And became the first Jersey "musk-eater."

—"Young man," said a professor, as he caught a frisky Freshie by the shoulder, "I believe Satan has a hold on you."

"I believe he has," was the reply.

1776.

The Puritan maid,
With manner staid,
Spins the wheel.

1896.

The bloomer girl,
With a pretty curl,
Also spins a wheel.

These new electric wagons,
And the safeties, so they say,
Will soon be universal,
And the horse has had his day.
But college men, I fear me,
Won't change at this late day;
They will still retain their "ponies"
For to trot them on their way.

It required four years of my early youth
To master my A B C;
But now it is worse, for, to tell the truth,
It requires four years for A.B.

A FOOT-BALL PLAYER'S EPITAPH.

Here lies my flesh and broken bones,
Never again in this world to wake;
And over my fate my sad soul mourns—
I died for the want of more bones to break.

$3 a Day Sure. Send us your address and we will show you how to make $3 a day; absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free; you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address we will explain the business fully; remember we guarantee a clear profit of $3 for every day's work; absolutely sure; *write at once*.
ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., BOX A. A., DETROIT, MICH.